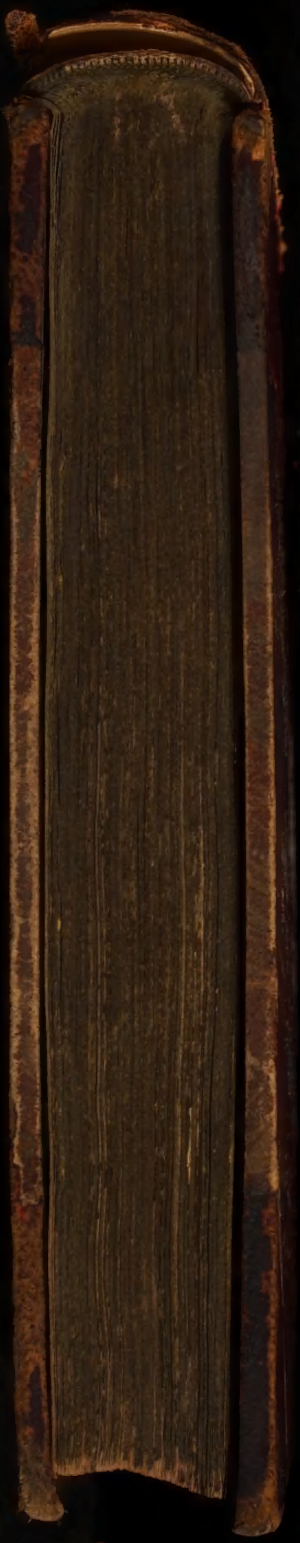
SEVEN
CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM



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The Famous

HISTORY

OF THE

Seven Champions

OF

CHRISTENDOM.

St. *George* of *England*, St. *Denis* of *France*, St. *James* of *Spain*, St. *Anthony* of *Italy*, St. *Andrew* of *Scotland*, St. *Patrick* of *Ireland*, and St. *David* of *Wales*.

SHEWING

Their Honourable Battels by Sea and Land: their Tilts, Justs, Turnaments, for Ladies: their Combats with Gyants, Monsters and Dragons: their Adventures in forraign Nations: their Enchantments in the *Holy Land*: their Knight-hoods, Prowess, and Chivalry, in *Europe*, *Africa* and *Asia*; with their victories against the Enemies of Christ.

Also the true manner and places of their Deaths, being seven Tragedies: and how they came to be called the seven Saints of *Christendom*.

The First Part.

LONDON,
Printed by *G. P.* for *Andrew Crook*, 1670.

16582.

To all Courteous Readers, RICHARD JOHNSON Wisheth encrease of vertuous Knowledge.

Gentle Readers, in kindness accept of my Labours, and be not like the chattering Cranes, nor Momus *Mates, that carp at every thing. What the simple say, I care not: what the spightful speak, I pass not: onely the censure of the conceited I stand unto, that is the mark I aym at: whose good likings if I obtain, I have won my race; if not, I faint in the first attempt, and so lose the quiet of my happy Coal.*

Yours in kindness to command,

R. J.

The Authors Muse upon the History.

THe famous facts, O *Mars*, deriv d from thee,
By weary pen, and painful Authors toyl,
Enrol'd we find ſuch feats of Chivalry,
As hath been ſeldom ſeen in any ſoyl.

Thy Enſigns here we find in field diſplaid,
The Trophies of thy victories erected;
Such deeds of Armes, as none could have aſſaid,
But Knights whoſe courage fear hath ne'r dejected.

Such Ladies ſaved, ſuch Monſters made to fall,
Such Gyants ſlain, ſuch Helliſh Furies queld;
That humane Forces, few or none at all,
In ſuch exploits their lives could ſafely ſhield.

But vertue ſtirring up their noble minds,
By valiant Conqueſt to enlarge their fames,
Hath cauſed them ſeek adventures forth to find,
Which regiſtreth their never dying names;
Then Fortune, Time, and Fame agree in this,
That honours gain the greateſt glory is.

The Honourable History of the seven Champions of Christendom.

CHAP. I.

Of the wonderful and strange Birth of St. *George* of *England*: how he was cut out of his Mothers womb, and after stolen from his Nurse by *Kalyb* the Lady of the Woods: Her love to him, and her gifts: and how he inclosed her in a Rock of stone, and redeemed six Christian Knights out of Prison.

AFter the angry Grecks had ruined the chief City in Phrigia, and turned King Priams glorious buildings to a waste and desolate Wilderness, Duke Æneas exempted from his native habitation, with many of his distressed Countrymen (like Pilgrims) wandred the World to find some happy Region, where they might erect the Image of their subverted Troy: but before that labour could be accomplished, Æneas ended his days in the confines of Italy, and left his Son Askanius to govern in his stead: Askanius dying, left Silvius to rule: Silvius deceasing, left the Noble and adventurous Brutus: which Brute (being the fourth descent from Eneas:) first made conquest of this Land of Britain, then inhabited with Monsters, Spanes, and a kind of wild people without Government, but by policy he overcame them, and stablished good Laws: where he found the first foundation of new Troy, and named it Troynovant, but since by process of time called London. Thus began the Isle of Britain to flourish, not onely with sumptuous buildings, but also with valiant and couragious Knights, whose adventurous and bold attempts in Chivalry, fame shall describe what oblivion buried in obscurity. After this the Land was replenished with

Cities,

Cities, and divided into Shires and Countries: Dukedoms, Earldomes, and Lordships, where the Patrimony of high and Noble minds: wherein they lived not then like Cowards in their Mothers bosoms, but merited renown by Martial Discipline: For the famous City of Coventry was the place wherein the first Christian of England was born, and the first that ever sought for forraign adventures, whose name to this day all Europe highly hath in regard: and for his bold and magnanimous deeds at arms, gave him this Title, The valiant Knight St. George of England, whose golden Garter is not only worn by Nobles, but by Kings, and in memory of his Victories the Kings of England fight under his Banner. Therefore Caliope thou sacred sister of Muses, guide so my pen, that it may write the true Discourse of this worthy Champion.

When nature by true consanguinity had recreated him in his Mothers womb, she dreamed to be conceived of a Dragon, which should be the cause of her death: which Dream she long concealed and kept secret, until her painful burthen grew so heavy that her Womb was scarce able to indure it, so finding opportunity to reveal it unto her Lord & Husband, being then Lord high Steward of England, she revealed her Dream after this manner. My Honourable Lord, you know I am by birth the King of Englands Daughter, and for these one and twenty years have I been your true and lawful wife. Yet never was in hope of Child till now, or that by me your name should survive: Therefore I conjure you by the pleasure of your youth, and the dear and natural love you bear to the Infant conceived in my womb, that either by Art, Wisdom, or some other inspiration, you calculate upon my troublesom Dreams, and tell me what they signifie: For these thirty nights past, my silent slumbers have been greatly hindred by greivous Dreams: for night by night no sooner could sweet sleep take possession in my sences, but methought I was conceived with a dreadful Dragon, which would be the cause of his Parents death: even as Hecuba the beauteous Queen of Troy, when Paris was in her womb, Dreamed to be conceived of a Fire-brand, which indeed was truly verified: for Paris having ravished the Paragon of Greece, and brought Helena into Troy, in revenge thereof the Grecians turned the Towers of Ilium into blazes of fire, Therefore

most

most dear and well beloved Lord prevent the like danger, that I be not the mother of a Viperous Son. These words struck such terrour to his heart, that for a time he stood speechless, but having recovered his lost senses, he answered her in this manner:

My most dear and beloved Lady, what Art, or Learning can perform, with all convenient speed shall be accomplished, for never shall rest take possession in my heart, nor sleep close up the closets of mine eyes, till I understand the signification of these thy troublesom Dreams. So leaving her in her Chamber, in company of other Ladies that came to comfort her in her melancholly sadness, he took his journey to the solitary walks of Kalyb, the wise Lady of the Woods, without any company except another Knight that bore under his Arm a white Lamb which they intended to offer unto the Enchantress. So travelling for the space of two days, they came to a thicket beset about with old withered and hollow trees, wherein they were entertained with such dismal croking of night Ravens, hissing of Serpents, bellowing of Buls, and roaring of monsters, that it rather seemed a Wilderness of Furies then a worldly habitation: by which they knew it to be the Inchanted Vale of Kalyb, the Lady of the woods, so pacing to the middle of the Thicket, they came to a Cave, whose Gate and Entry was of Iron, whereon hung a Brazen Horn for them to wind that would speak with the Sorceress. First, offering their Lamb with great humility before the postern of the Cave, then exempting all fear, they winded the Brazen Horn, the sound whereof seemed to shake the foundation of the earth: after which they heard a loud and hollow voice that uttered these words following:

Sir Knight from whence thou cam'st return,
Thou hast a Son most strangely born:
A Dragon that shall split in twin,
Thy Ladies womb with extream pain:
A Champion bold from thence shall spring,
And practise many a wondrous thing,
Return therefore, make no delay,
For it is true what I here say.

THis dark Riddle, or rather mystical Oracle, being thrice repeated in this order, so much amazed them, that they stood in doubt whether it were best to return, or to wind the brazen horn the second time: but being perswaded by the other Knight, not to move the impatience of Kalyb he rested satisfied with ỹ answer.

Thus he left the Enchanted Cave to the Government of Kalyb, and with all speed dispatched his journey to his native habitation: but in the mean time his Lady being overcharged with extream pain and bitter anguish of her labourlom womb, was forced either to the spoil of her infant, or decay of her own life: but regarding more the benefit of her Country then her own safety, and for the preservation of her Child, she most willingly committed her tender Womb to be opened, that her infant might be taken forth alive.

Thus with the consent of many learned Chirurgions, this most Noble and Magnanimous Lady, was cast into a dead sleep, her Womb cut up with sharp Razors, and the infant taken from the bed of his Creation. Upon his breast nature had painted the lively form of a Dragon, upon his right hand a bloody red Cross, and on his left Leg a Golden Garter: they named him George, and provided him three Nurses, one to give him suck, another to keep him asleep, and the third to provide him food. Not many days after his nativity, the fell Enchantress Kalyb, being the utter enemy to true Nobility, by Charms and Witchcrafts, stole this infant from the careless Nurses: At which time (though all too late) her Noble Lord and Husband returned, in good hope to hear a joyful delivery of his Lady, and a comfort of a Son: but his wished joy was turned into an unlookt for sorrow, for he found not only his Lady dismembred of her womb, but his young son wanting, without any news of his abode, which woful spectacle bereaved him of his wits, that for a time he stood senseless, like weeping Niobe, but at last brake into these bitter exclamations.

O Heavens! why cover you not the earth with everlasting Night? Why do these accursed eyes behold the Sun? O that the Waves of *Oenipus* might end my days, or like an exile, joy in banishment, where I may warble forth my sorrows to the whispering woods, that senseless trees may record my loss, and unnamed Beasts grieve at my want. What Monster hath bereaved me

of

of my childe? or what Tyrant hath been glutted with this Tragedy? O that the wind would be a messenger, and bring me happy news of his abode: if he be drencht in the deepest seas, thither will I dive to fetch him up: if he be hid in the caverns of the earth, thither will I dig to see my son: or if he like a feathered Fowl lie hovering in the air, yet thither will I flie and embrace him that never yet mine eyes beheld. But why do I thunder forth my exclamations thus in vain, when neither earth nor seas, nor any thing in earth nor seas will grant me comfort for his recovery?

Thus complained he many months for the loss of his Son, and sent messengers into every circuit of the Land, but no man proved so fortunate as to return him happy tidings. He thus being frustrate of all good hopes, stored himself with jewels, and so intended to travel the wild world, either to speed in his journey, or to leave his bones in some forraign region. Thus leaving his native Countrey, wandred from place to place, till the hairs of his head was grown as white as silver, and his beard like the thistle down, but at last he ended his travel in Bohemia, where, what for age and excessive grief, he laid himself down under a ruinated Monastery wall, & died: The Commons of that Country having knowledge of his name (by a jewel he wore in his bosom) engraved it in marble stone right over his Sepulchre, where we leave him sleeping in peace, and turn to his Son remaining with Kalyb the Lady of the woods in the inchanted Cave.

Now twice seven years were fully finished since Kalyb first had in keeping the noble St. George of England, whose mind many times thirsted after honourable adventures, and often attempted to set himself at liberty, but ỳ fell Inchantress tending him as the apple of her eye, appointed twelve sturdy Satyrs to attend his person, so that neither force nor policy could further his intent: She kept him not to triumph in his Tragedy, nor to spend his days in slavery, but feeding his fancy with all delights that Art and Nature could afford: for in him she fixed her chief felicity, & lusted after his beauty: But he seeking to advance himself by Martial Discipline and Knightly attempts, utterly refused her proffered courtesie, and highly disdained to affect so wicked a creature. She seeing her love bestowed in vain, upon a time being in a secret corner of the Cave, began to flatter him in this manner.

Thou knowest (my dear George) how worthily I have ser-

ved thy love and how for thy sake I have kept my virginity unstained, yet thou more cruel then the Tygers bred in *Libia*, rejectest me. Dear Knight, fulfil my desires, and at thy pleasure, my charmes shall practise wondrous things, as to move Heaven to rain showers of stones upon thy enemies, to convert the Sun to fire, the Moon to blood, or make a desolation of the whole World.

The Noble Knight St. George considered in his mind that love would make the wisest blind: Therefore by these her fair promises, he hoped to obtain liberty, the which moved him to make her this Answer.

Most wise and learned *Kalyb*, thou wonder of the world, I condescend to all thy desires, upon this condition, that I may be sole protectour and Governour of this Inchanted Cave, and that thou describe to me my Birth, my Name, and Parentage: Thereto she willingly consented, & began her discourse in this manner. Thou art by Birth, said she, Son to the Lord *Albert* high Stewart of *England*, and from thy birth to this day, have I kept thee as my child, within these solitary Woods: so taking him by the hand, she led him into a Brazen Castle, wherein remained as Prisoners, six of the bravest Knights of the world. These are, said she, six worthy Champions of Christendom; The first, is St. *Dennis* of *France*, the second, St. *James* of *Spain*, the third St. *Anthony* of *Italy*, the fourth St. *Andrew* of *Scotland*, the fifth St. *Patrick* of *Ireland*, the sixth St. *David* of *Wales*; and thou art born to be the seventh, thy name being St. *George* of *England*, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come. Then leading him a little farther, she brought him into a large fair Room, where stood seven of the goodliest steeds that ever eye beheld, six of these (said she) belong to the six Champions, and the seventh will I bestow upon thee whose name is *Bayard*: likewise she led him to another Room, where hung the richest Armour in the world: so chosing out the strongest Corslet from her Armory, she with her own hands buckled it about his breast, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a rich caparison: then fetching forth a mighty Fauchion, she put it likewise in his hand. Now (said she) art thou armed in richer furniture then was *Ninus* the first Monarch of the world; thy steed is of such force & invincible power, that whilest thou art mounted on his back, there can be no Knight in all the World so hardy as to conquer thee: thy Armour is of the purest

Lydian

Lydian steel, that neither weapon can pierce nor Battel Ax bruise: thy sword which is called *Ascalon*, is made of the Cyclops, that it will seperate and cut the hardest Flint, and hew in sunder the strongest steel: for in the Pummel lies such precious vertue, that neither treason, witchcraft, nor any other violence can be offered thee, so long as thou weerest it.

Thus the lustful Kalyb was so blinded in her own conceit, that she not onely bestowed the riches of her cave upon him, but gave him power and authority through a silver wand which she put in his hand, to work her own destruction: for comming by a huge great Rock of stone, this valiant Knight strok his charming rod thereon: whereupon it opened, & shewed apparently before his eys a number of Sucking Babes, which the Enchantress had murthered by her Witchcraft and Sorceries. O, said she, this is a place of horrour, where nought is heard but screcks & ruful grones of dead mens souls: but if thy ears can endure to hear them, and thy eyes behold them, I will lead thee the way. So the Lady of the woods, boldly steping in before, little doubting the pretended policy of S. George, was deceived in her own practices: for no sooner entred she the Rock, but he strook his silver Wand thereon, and immediately it closed, where she bellowed forth exclamations to the senseless stones, without all hope of delivery.

Thus this noble Knight deceived the wicked Enchantress Kalyb, and set the other six Champions likewise at liberty, who rendred him all Knightly courtesies, and gave him thanks for their safe delivery. So storing themselves with all things fitting to their desires, took their journeys from their Enchanted Grove, whose procedings, fortunes, and heroical Adventures shall be shewed in the Chapters following.

CHAP. II.

Kalybs Lamentation in the Rock of stone, her VVill and Testament, and how she was torn in peices by Spirits: with other things that hapned in the Cave.

BUt after þ departure of the seven worthy Champions, Kalyb seeing her self fast closed in the Rock of stone, by the policy of the English Kt. grew into such extream passion of mind, þ she cursed the hour of her creation, & bitterly banned all motions of Conjuration, the earth she wearied

with her crys, whereby the very stones seemed to relent, and as it were wept pearled tears, & sweat with anguish of her grief: the blasted Oaks ♀ grew about the Enchanted Rock, likewise seemed to rue at her exclamations, the blustering of winds were silent, the murmuring of birds still, and solitary dumbness took possession of every creature that abode within the circuits of the Woods, to hear her woful lamentations, which she uttered in this manner

O miserable Kalyb! accursed be thy destiny: for now thou art inclosed within a desolate and darksom den, where neither Sun can lend thee comfort with his bright beams, nor Air extend breathing coolness to thy woful body, for in the deep foundations of the earth thou art for evermore enclosed, that hast been the wonder of time for Magick: I that by art have made my journey to the deepest dungeons of hell, where multitudes of ugly, black, and fearful spirits have trembled at my charms: I that have bound the furies up in beds of Steel, and caused them to attend my pleasure like swarms of Hornets, that overspread the mountains of Egypt, or the flies upon the parched Hills, where the tawny tanned Moors do inhabit, am now constrained to languish in eternal darkness: VVo to my soul, wo to my Charms, and wo to all my Magick Spels, for they have bound me in this hollow Rock: pale be the brightness of the clear Sun, and cover the earth with everlasting darkness: skies turn to pitch, Elements to flaming fire, rore Hell, quake Earth, swel Seas, blast Earth, Rocks rend in twain, all creatures mourn at my confusion, and sigh Kalyb's woful and pitiful Exclamations.

Thus wearied she the time away, one while accusing Fortune of tyranny, another while blaming the falshood and treachery of the English knight, sometimes tearing her curled locks of bristled hair, that like a wreath of Snakes hung dangling down her deformed neck, then beating her breasts, another while rending her Ornaments wherewith she seemed more like a Fury then an earthly creature, so impatient was this Enchantress Kalyb, but being frustrate of all hopes of recovery, began again to thunder forth these termes of Conjuration: Come, come, you Princes of the Elements, come, come and tear this Rock in peices, and let me not be inclosed in this eternal languishment: Appear you shadows of black misty night, *Magot*, *Cumoth*, *Helveza*, *Zontomo*: Come when I call, *venite, festinate, inquam*. At which words the earth

began

began to quake, and the very elements trembled, and all the spirits both of Air, of Earth, of Water and of Fire, were obedient to her Charms, and by multitudes came flocking at her call: some from the fire in the likeness of burning Dragons, breathing from their fearful nostrils Sulphur and flaming Brimstone: some from the water in shape of Fishes, with other deformed creatures that have their abiding in the Seas: some from the Air the purest of the Elements, in the likeness of Spirits, and other bright shadows: and other some from the gross earth most ugly, black and dreadful to behold. So when these Legions of spirits had encompast the wicked Enchantress, Hell began to roar such an infernal and harsh melody, that the inchanted Rock burst in twain, and then Kalyb's Charms lost their effect: her Magick no longer endured then the term of an hundred years, the which as then was fully finished and brought to an end: then the Obligation which she subscribed with her dearest blood, and sealed with her own hands, brought as a witness against her, by which she knew and fully perswaded her self that her life was fully finished: therefore in this most fearful manner she began to make her last Will and Testament,

First, welcome (said she) my sad Excutors, welcom my grave and everlasting Tomb, for you have digged it in the fiery lakes of Phlegeton, my winding sheet wherein to shrowd both my body and contemned soul, is a Cauldron of boyling lead and brimstone, and the VVorms that should consume my carcass, are fiery forks which toss burning Fire-brands from place to place, from Furnace to Furnace, and from Cauldron to Cauldron, therefore attend to Kalybs woful Testament, and engrave the Legacy she gives in brass Rolls, upon the burning banks of Acheron.

First, These eyes that now too late weep hapless tears, I give unto the VVatry Spirits; for they have wrakt the treasures hidden in the deepest Seas, to satisfie their most insatiable looks: Next I bequeath these hands which did subscribe the bloody obligation of my perpetual banishment from joy, unto those spirits that hover in the Air: my tongue that did conspire against the majesty of heaven I give to those spirits which have their being in the fire: my earthly heart I bequeath to those gross Demons that dwell in the dungeon of the earth, and the rest of my condemned body, to the torments due to my deservings, Which strange and fearful Testament,

Tament, being no sooner ended, but all the Spirits generally at one instant, seized upon the Enchantress, and dismembred her body in a thousand pieces, and divided her limbs to the four Elements, one member to the Air, another to the Water, another to the Fire, and another to the Earth, which were carried away in a moment by the Spirits, that departed with such a horror, that all things within the hearing thereof suddenly died, both Beasts, Birds and all creeping Worms which remained within the compass of those inchanted Woods: the trees which before were wont to flourish with green leaves, withered away and died, the blades of grass perished for want of natural moysture, which the watry clouds denied to flourish in so wicked a place.

Thus by judgement of the heavens, senseless things perished for the wickedness of Kalyb, whom we leave to her endless torments, and return to the seven worthy Champions of Christendom, whose laudable adventures fame hath inrolled in the Books of Memory.

CHAP. III.

How St. George slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, and redeemed Sabra the Kings Daughter from death: How he was betrayed by Almidor the black King of Morocco, and sent to the Soldan of Persia, where he slew two Lyons, and remained seven years in Prison.

AFter the seven Champions departed from the Enchanted Cave of Kalyb, they made their abode in the City of Coventry, for the space of nine months, in which time they erected a costly Monument over the Herse of S. Georges Mother, and so in that time of the year, when the spring had overspread the earth with the mantles of Flora, they armed themselves like wandring Knights, & took their journey to seek for forreign Adventures, accounting no dishonour so great as to spend their days in idleness, atchieving no memorable accident. So travelling for the space of thirty days without any Adventure worthy the noting, at length they came to a broad plain, whereon stood a brazen Pillar, where seven several ways met, which caused the seven Knights to forsake each others company, and to take every one a

contrary

contrary way: where we leave six of the Champions to their contented Travels, and wholly discourse upon the fortunate success of our worthy English Knight, who after some few Moneths travel, happily arrived within the territories of Egypt, which Country as then was greatly annoyed with a dangerous Dragon: but before he had journied fully within the distance of a mile, the silent night approached, and solitary stilness took possession of all living things: at last he espyed an old poor hermitage, wherein he purposed to rest his horse, and to take some repast after his weary journey, till the Sun had renewed his morning light, that he might fall to his travel again: but entring the Cottage, he found an aged Hermit over-worn with years, and almost consumed with grief, with whom in this manner he began to confer.

Father (said he) for so you seem by your gravity, may a Traveller for this night crave entertainment within your Cottage, not only for himself but his horse, or is there some City near at hand, whereto I may take my journey without danger? The Old man starting at the sudden approach of St. George, replyed unto him in this order:

Sir Knight (quoth he) of thy Country I need not demand, for I know it by thy Burgonet, (for indeed thereon was graven the Armes of *England*) but I sorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy destiny to arrive in this our Cauntry of *Ægypt*, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the dead, such is the distress of this Land, through a dangerous and terrible Dragon, now ranging up and down the Cauntry, which if he be not every day appeased with the body of a true Virgin, which he devoureth down his venemous bowels, that day so neglected, will he breath such a stinch from his Nostrils, whereof grows a most greivous plague and mortality of all things, which use hath been observed for this four and twenty years, and now there is not left one true Virgin but the Kings Daughter throughout *Egypt*, which Damosel to morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the Dragon: Therefore the King hath made Proclamation, that if any Knight dare prove so adventurous as to combat with the Dragon, and preserve his Daughters life, he shall in reward have her to his wife, and the Crown of *Egypt* after his decease.

This large proffer so encouraged the English Knight, that he

he bowed either to redeem the Kings Daughter, or else to lose his life in that honourable enterprise. So taking his repose and nightly rest, in the old mans hermitage, till the chearful Cock, being the true messenger of day, gave him warning of the Suns uprise, which caused him to buckle on his Armour, and to furnish his Steed with strong habiliments of War, the which being done, he took his journey, guided only by the Old Hermit, to the Valley where the Kings Daughter should be offered up in sacrifice; But when he approached the sight of the Valley, he espied a far off a most fair and beautiful Damosel, attired in pure Arabian silk, going to sacrifice, guarded to the place of death only by Sage and modest Patrons: which woful sight encouraged the English Knight to such a forwardness, that he thought every minute a day, till he had redeemed the Damsel from the Dragons tyranny: so approaching the Lady, he gave her comfort of delivery, and returned her back to her Fathers Pallace again.

After this the Noble Knight, like a bold adventurous Champion, entred the Valley, where the Dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but he gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundred in the Elements: the bigness of the Dragon was fearful to behold, for betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his Scales glittering as bright as Silver, but far more harder then Brass, his belly of the colour of Gold, but more bigger then a Tun. Thus weltred he from his hideous Den, and so fiercely assailed the sturdy Champion with his burning wings: that at the first encounter he had almost felled him to the ground: but the Knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the Dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces. Whereat the furious Dragon so fiercely smote him with his venemous Tayl, that down fell man and horse, in which fall two of St. Georges Ribs were sore bruised: but yet stepping backward, it was his chance to leap under an Orange Tree, which tree had such precious vertue, that no venemous Worm durst come within the compass of the branches, nor within seven foot thereof, where this valiant Knight rested himself, until he had recovered his former strength: who no sooner feeling his spirits revived, but with an eager courage smote the burning Dragon under his yellow burnisht belly, with his trusty

sword

Sword Ascalon, whereout came such abundance of ugly venome, that it sprinkled upon the Champions Armour, whereby immediately through the impoysoned strength of the venome, his Armour burst in twain, and the good Knight fell into so grievous a dead swound, that for a time he lay breathless: but yet having that good memory remaining that he tumbled under the branches of the Orange Tree, in which place the Dragon could proffer him no further violence. The fruit of the Tree being of such an excellent vertue, that whosoever tasted thereof, should presently be cured of all manner of diseases and infirmities whatsoever. So it was the noble Champions good and happy fortune, a little to recover through the vertue of the tree, and to espy an Orange which a little before had dropped down, wherewith he so refreshed himself, that he was in short time as sound as when he began the Encounter. Then kneeled he down, and made his Divine supplication to Heaven, that God would send him (for his dear Sons sake) such strength and agility of body, as to slay the furious and terrible Monster: which being done, with a bold courageous heart, he smote the Dragon under the wing, where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon, with an easie passage, went to the very Hilt through both the Dragon's Heart, Liver, Bone and Blood, whereout issued such abundance of purple gore, that it turned the grass, which grew in the Valley into crimson colour, and the ground which was before parched, through the burning stinch of the dragon, was now drench'd with over-much moysture proceeding from his venemous bowels, where, at last through want of blood, and long continuance in fight, the Dragon yelded his vital Spirits to the force of the conquering Champion. The which being happily perfomed, the Noble Knight St. George for England, first yielding due honour to Almighty God for the Victory, then with his good Sword Ascalon cut off the Dragons Head, and pitcht it upon the trunchion of a Spear, which at the beginning of the battel he shivered against the Dragons scaly back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty Steed lay altogether in a swoun without any moving, which caused the English Champion with all speed to crush the juice of an Orange into his mouth: the vertue whereof presently expelled the venemous poyson, and recovered his former strength again.

There was as then remaining in the Egyptian Court one Almidor, the black King of Morocco, who long had prosecuted (in the way of Marriage) the love of Sabra the Kings Daughter, but neither by policy, means, nor manhood, could he accomplish what his heart desired: and now finding opportunity to express his treacherous mind intended to rob and spoil Saint George of his Victory, whereby he thought to attain his gracious favour and singular good liking of his Lady and Mistress, who loathed his company like the detested Crocodiles: even as the Wolf, though all in vain barks at the Moon, so this fantastical and cowardly Almidor, through many gifts and fair promises, hired twelve Egyptian Knights to beset the Valley where St. George slew the burning Dragon, and by force bereave him of his conquest, and so when this Magnanimous Champion of England came riding in Triumph from the Valley, expecting to have been entertained like a Conquerour, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have heard the Bells of Egypt Ring a joyful sound of Victory, or to have seen the Streets beautified with Bonfires, contrary to his expectation, he was met with Troops of Armed Knights, not to conduct him peacefully to the Egyptian Court, but by falshood and treachery to dispoil him of his life and honour: for no sooner had he ridden past the entry of the Valley, but he espyed how the Egyptian Knights brandished their Weapons & divided themselves to intercept him in his journey to the Court: by which he knew them to be no trusty friends, but vowed Enemies. So tying his horse to a Hathorn tree, he intended to try his Fortune on Foot, for fear of disadvantage, they being 12 to one: in this skirmish Saint George so valiantly behaved himself with his trusty Sword Ascalon, that at one stroke he slew three of the Egyptian Knights, and before the Golden diamond of Heavens had wandred the Zodiack the compass of an hour, some he dismembred of their heads, some had their limbs lopt off, some their bodies cut in twain, and some their intrals trailing down; so that not one was left alive to carry news to Almidor, the black King which stood (during all the time of the Skirmish) afar off upon a Mountain top, to behold the success of his hired Champions. But when he saw the Egyptians bloody Tragedies, and how the happy fortune of the English Knight had won the honour

of

of the day, he accursed his destiny, and accused the Queen of Chance with cruelty for disappointing his pretended enterprise: but having a heart still fraught with all wicked motions, secretly vowed in his soul, to practise by some other treachery Saint Georges utter confusion: so running before to the Court of King Ptolomy, not revealing what had happed to the twelve Egyptian Knights, but crying, Victoria, Victoria, the Enemy of Egypt is slain. Then Ptolomy immediately commanded every Street of the City to be hung with rich Arras and imbroidered Tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous Chariot of Gold, the wheeles and other timber-work of the purest Ebony, the covering thereof of pure Silk, Cradle-bard with pure Staves of Gold: likewise an hundred of the noblest Peers of Egypt, attired in Crimson Velvet, mounted on Silk-white Coursers, with rich Caparisons, attended the comming of Saint George. Thus were all appointed for his honourable Entertainment, which they performed in such solemn order, that I lack Eloquence to describe it: for when he first entred the Gates of the City, he heard such a melodious Harmony of heavenly sounding Musick, that it seemed in his conceit to surpass the sweetness of all that ever he had heard before. Then they most Royally presented him with a sumptuous and costly ball of gold, & after invested him in that Ebony chariot, wherein he was conducted to the Pallace of King Ptolomy, where this noble & Princely minded Champion, surrendred up his Conquest and Victory to the hands of the beauteous Sabra: where she with like Courtesie, and more humility requited his bounty: For at the first sight of the English Knight, she was so ravished with his Princely countenance, that for a time she was not able to speak: Yet at last taking him by the hand, she led him to a rich Pavilion, where she unarmed him, and with most precious salves imbalmed his wounds, & with her tears washed away the blood: which being done, she furnished a Table with all manner of delicates for his repast, where her Father was present, who enquired of his Country, Parentage, & Name: after the Banquet was ended, he enstalled him with the honour of Knight-hood, & put upon his feet a pair of golden spurs. But Sabra who fed upon the Banquet of his love, conducted him to his nights repose, where she sat upon his bed, and warbled forth most heavenly melody upon her

Lute, till his senses were overcome with a sweet and silent sleep, where she left him for that night, after his late dangerous battle. No sooner did Auroras radiant blush display the beauty of the East and the Sun shew his morning countenance, but Sabra repaired to the English Champions lodging, and at his first uprising presented him with a Diamond of most rare and excellent vertue, the which he wore upon his finger. The next that entred his lodging, was the treacherous Almidor, the black King of Morocco, having in his hand a bowl of Grecian Wine, which he offered to the Noble Champion St. George of England, but at the receit thereof, the Diamond the Lady gave him, which he wore upon his finger, waxed pale, and from his nose fell three drops of blood, whereat he started, which sudden accident caused the Kings Daughter to suspect some secret poison compounded in the wine, and thereupon so vehemently screeked, that a sudden uproar presently overspread the whole Court: whereby it came to the Kings intelligence of the profered treachery of Almidor against the English Champion: But so dear was the love of the Egyptian King, to the black King of Morocco, that no belief of treachery could enter into his mind.

Thus Almidor the second time was prevented of his practice, whereat in mind he grew more enraged than a chased Boar; yet thinking the third should pay for all, he expected a time wherein to work his wicked purpose, which he brought to pass in this manner.

Many a day remained Saint George in the Egyptian Court, sometimes revelling among Gentlemen, dancing and sporting with Ladies, other times in Tilts and Turnaments, with other honourable Exercises: Likewise long and extream was the love that beautrous Sabra bore to the English Champion, of the which this treacherous Almidor had intelligence by many secret practices, and many times his ears were witnesses of their Discourses. So upon an Evening, when the Gorgeous Sun lay level with the ground, it was his fortune to wander under a Garden Wall, to take the coolness of the Evenings aire, where unseen of the two Lovers, he heard their amorous discourses as they sat dallying under a bower of Roses, courting one another in this manner:

My

My souls delight, my hearts chief comfort, sweet *George* of *England*, said the love-sick Sabra, Why art thou more obdurate than the flint, whom the tears of my true heart can never mollifie? how many thousand sighs have I breathed for thy sweet sake, which I have sent to thee as true messengers of my love, yet never wouldest thou requite me with a smiling countenance? Refuse not her, dear Lord of England, that for thy love will forsake Parents, Country, and inheritance, which is the Crown of Egypt, and like a Pilgrim follow thee throughout the wide world: O therefore knit that Gordian knot of Wedlock, that none but death can afterwards untie, that I may then say, The Sun shall loose his brightness, the Moon her splendant beams, the Sea her tydes, and all things under the cope of heaven grow contrary to kind, before Sabra the heir of Egypt prove unconstant to sweet George of England.

These words so fired the Champions heart, that he was almost intangled in the snares of love, which before time only affected Martial Discipline: he yet to try her patience a little more, made her this answer: Lady of Egypt, canst thou not be content, that I have ventured my life to free thee from death, but I should link my future fortunes in a womans lap, and so bury all my honours in oblivion? No, no, Sabra, George of England, is a Knight, born in a Country where true Chivalry is nourisht, and hath sworn to search the world, so far as ever the lamp of Heaven doth lend his light, before he tie himself in the troublesome state of Marriage; therefore attempt me no more that am a stranger and a wanderer from place to place: but seek to aim at higher states, as the King of Morocco, who will attempt to climb to Heaven to gain thy love, and good liking: At which speeches she suddenly replyed in this manner:

The King of Morocco is as bloody-minded as a Serpent, but thou more gentle then a Lamb; his tongue as ominous as the screeching night Owl, but thine more sweeter then the morning Lark: his kind imbracings like the stinging Snakes, but thine more pleasant then the creeping Vine. What if thou beest a Knight of a strange Country, thy body is more precious to mine eyes, than Kingdomes to my heart. There stay (Replyed the English Champion) I am a Christian, thou a Pagan; I honour God in

Heaven thou earthly shadows here below: therefore if thou wilt obtain my love and liking, thou must forsake thy *Mahomet*, and be christened in our Christian Faith. With all my soul, (answered the Egyptian Lady) I will forsake my Countrey Gods, and for thy love become a Christian: and therewithal she burst a Ring in twain, the one half she gave to him in pledge of love, and kept the other half for her self: and so for that time departed the Garden.

During all the time of these their Discourses, the treacherous minded Almidor stood listning to their speeches, and fretted inwardly to the very gall, to hear the bitterness of his heart reject his former courtesies: Therefore intending now or never to infringe their plighted hand, went in all hast to the Egyptian King, and in this manner made his supplication.

Know great Monarch of the East, that I have a secret to unfold, which toucheth nearly the safeguard of your Countrey. It was my chance this evening at shutting up of Titans golden gates, to take the comfort of the Western breathing air under your private Garden walk, where I heard (though unseen) a deep pretended Treason betwixt your Daughter and the English Knight, for she hath vowed to forsake her gods, and believe as Christians do, and likewise she intends to flie from this her native Countrey, and go with this wandring Traveller, which hath been so much honoured in your Court.

Now by Mahomet and all our Countrey gods we Egyptians commonly adore (said the King) this damned Christian shall not gain the conquest of my Daughter's love, for he shall lose his head, yet not in our Egyptian Court, but by violence elsewhere. Therefore Almidor be secret in my intent, for I will send him to my Cousin, the Persian Souldan, from whence he shall never return to Egypt again, except his ghost bring news of his bad success unto my Daughter: and thereupon they presently contrived this Letter.

The Letter to the Souldan of Persia.

PTolomy King of Egypt, and the Eastern Territories, send Greeting to thee the mighty Souldan of Persia, great Emperour of the Provinces of bigger Asia. This is the request upon the League

of

of Friendship betwixt us, to shew the bearer hereof, thy Servant Death: for he is an utter enemy to all *Asia* and *Africa*, and a proud contemner of our Religion. Therefore fail not in my request, as thou wilt answer on the Oath, and so in haste farewell.

Thy kinsman Ptolomy the King of Egypt.

Which Letter being no sooner subscribed and sealed with the Great Seal of Egypt, but St. George was dispatched with Embassage for Persia, with the bloody Sentence of his own destruction; to the true delivery whereof, he was sworn by the honour of his Knight-hood, and for his pawn he left behind him his good Steed, and his trusty sword Ascalon in the keeping of Ptolomy the Egptian King, only taking for his purboy, and false Travel one of the Kings Horses.

Thus the innocent Lamb betrayed by the wily Fox, was sent to the hunger-starved Lyons Den, being suffered not once to give his Lady and Mistress understanding of his sudden departure, but travelled day and night through many a long and solitary Wilderness, without any adventure worthy the memory, onely hearing the dismal cry of Night-Ravens thundring in his ears, and the fearful sound of Scritch-owls in the crevices of the earth, and such like messengers of mischance, which foretold some fatal accident to be at hand: yet no fear could daunt his noble mind, nor danger hinder his intended travel, till he had sight of the Souldans Pallace, which seemed more like Paradise, then any other earthly habitation; for as the Historie reports, the Walls and Towers of the Pallace were of the purest Marble Stone, the Windows of carved silver Work, enamelled with Indian Pearl, beset with latten and chrystal Glass, the outward walls and buildings painted with Gold, the Pillars and Gates were all of Brass: about the Pallace was a River of a great breadth and depth, over the same stood a stately Bridge erected up with sumptuous workmanship of graven Images, under the Bridge a hundred Silver Bells were hung by Art, so that no creature might pass into the Pallace, but they gave warning to the Souldans Guard; at the end of the Bridge was built an Alablaster Tower,

whereon

whereon stood an Eagle of Gold, his eyes like the richest pretious Stones, the brightnesse whereof glistered so much, that all the Pallace did shine with the light thereof.

The day that Saint George entred the Souldans Court, was when the Persians solemnly sacrificed to their gods Mahomet and Apollo, which unchristian Procession so moved the impatience of the English Champion, that he took the Ensigns and Streamers whereon the Persian gods were pictured, & trampled them under his feet: whereupon the Pagans presently fled to the Souldan for succour, and shewed him how a straunge Knight had despised their Mahomet, and trampled their Banners in the dust. Hereupon he sent an hundred of his armed Knights to know the cause of that suddain uproze, and to bring the Christian Champion bound to his Majesty: but the Persian Knights were entertained with such a bloody banquet, that some of their heads tumbled in the mirp streets, & the Channels overflowed with streams of their blood: the Pavements of the Pallace were over-spread with slaughtered men, and the Walls be-sprinkled with purple goze: so victoriously he behaved himself against the Enemies of Christ, ere the Sun had declined the west, he brought to ground most part of the Souldans Knights, & enforced the rest, like frighted sheep to flye to the Souldan for aid and succour, which as then remained in the Pallace with a Guard of a thousand Souldiers: who at the report of this unexpected uproze furnished his Souldiers with Habiliments of War, and came marching from his Pallace with such a mighty power, as though the strength of Christendom had been to invade the Territories of Asia. But such was the invincible courage of S. George, that he encountred with them all, and made such a massacre in the Souldans Court, that the Pavements were covered with slaughtered Persians, and the Pallace Gate stuffed with heaps of murthered Pagans. At last the Larum Bells were caused to be rung, and the Beacons set on fire, whereat the Commons of the Countrey rose in Armes, and came flocking about the English Champion like swarms of Bees: whereat though his long encounter, & the multitude of his Enemies, his never daunted courage was forced to yield, and his restlesse arm wearied with fight, constrained to let his weapon fall to the ground.

Thus

Thus he whose fortitude sent thousands to wander about the Banks of Acaron, stood now obedient to the mercies of his Enemies which with their brandishing Weapons and sharp edged Fauchions environed him about.

Now bloody minded Monster (said the Souldan) what Countrey-man soever thou art, Jew Pagan, or misbelieving Christian look for a sentence of severe punishment, for every drop of blood thy unhappy hand hath here shed: Frist thy skin with sharp Razors shall be pared from thy flesh alive: Next thy flesh with burning Irons seared from thy bones: lastly, thy cursed Limbs drawn in peices joynt from joynt, with untamed Horses. This bloody judgement pronounced by the Souldan, moved S. George to reply in this manner:

Great Potentate of Asia, I crave the liberty and law of Armes, whereto all the Kings of the earth are by Oath ever bound: First, my descent in my native Country is of Royal blood, and therefore challenge I a combate: Secondly, an Embassador am I from Ptolomy the King of Egypt, and therefore no violence should be proffered me: Lastly, the Laws of Asia grant me safe conduct back to Egypt, therefore what I have done, Ptolomy must answer: And thereupon he delivered the Letter Sealed with the Great Seal of Egypt, the which was no sooner broken up and read, but the Souldans eyes sparkled like fire, and upon his countenance appeared the Image of wrath and discontent.

Thou art by the report of Ptolomy (said the Souldan) a great contemner of our Gods, and despiser of our Laws: Therefore his pleasure is, that I should end thy days by some unhumane death the which I swear by Mahomet, and all my Country Gods to accomplish: and thereupon he gave him in keeping to an hundred of the Janniſaries, till the day of Execution, which was appointed within thirty days following. Hereupon they disrobed him of his apparel, and attired him in simple and base array: his Armes that late were employed to weld the mighty Target and toss the weight Battell Axe, they strongly fettered up in Iron Bolts: and those hands which were wont to be garnished with Steely Gauntlets, they bound up in hempen bonds, that the purple blood tricked down from his fingers ends, and so being dispoyled of all Knightly Dignity, they conveyed him to a deep dark, & desolate Dungeon, wherein the golden Sun did never shew his splendent

Beames, nor never could the comfortable light of Heaven be seen betwixt the day & night, no difference could he make; ꝑ Summers parching heat, and Winters freezing cold, were both alike; his chiefest comforts were to number the Persians he had slain in the conflict, one while pondring in his restless thoughts the ingratitude of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, another while remembring his Love, and vow, and deep affection that he bare to the Egyptians Daughter, and how unkindly she took his departure, carving her Picture with the nails of his fingers upon the Walls of the Dungeon: to which senseless substance he would many times thus complain.

O cruel Destinies why is this grievous punishment allotted to my Penance? Have I conspired against the Majesty of Heaven, that they have thrown this vengeance on my head? shall I never recover my former liberty that I may be revenged upon the causers of my imprisonment? frown angry Heavens, upon these bloody minded Pagans, these daring Miscreants & professed enemies of Christ, and may the plagues of Pharaoh light upon their Countreys, and the miseries of Oediphus upon their princes: that they may be witnesses of their Daughters ravishment, and behold their Cities flaming like the burning Battlements of Troy. Thus lamented he the loss of his liberty, accursing his birth day, and hour of his creation, wishing that it never might be numbred in the year, but be counted ominous to all ensuing Ages. His sighs exceeded the number of the Ocean sands, and his tears the water bubbles in a rainy day, as one diminished, another presently appeared.

Thus sorrow was his company, and dispair his chief solicitor, till Hyperion with his golden coach had thirty times rested in Thetis purple Pallace, and Cynthia thirty times danc't upon the Christal Waves, which was the very time when as his moans should end, according to the severe and cruel judgement of the souldan of Persia. But by what extraordinary means he knew not. So expecting every minute to entertain the wished messenger of death, he heard a far off the terrible roaring of two hunger starved Lyons, which for the space of four days had been restrained from their food and naturall sustenance, only to devoure and staunch their hunger starved bowels with the body this thrice renowned

renowned Champion: which cry of the Lyons so terrified his mind that the hair of his head grew stiffe, and his browes sweat water through anguish of his soul, so extreamly he feared the remorsles stroke of Death, that by violence he burst the Chains in sunder wherewith he was bound, and rent the Curled Tresles from his Head, that were of the colour of Amber, the which he wrapped about his Armes against the assault of the Lyons, for he greatly suspected them to be the Messengers of his Tragedy, which indeed was so appointed, for at that same instant they descended the dungeon, brought thither by the Janniſaries, only to make a full period of the Champions life: but such was the invincible fortitude of S. George, and so politick was his defence that when the starved Lyons came running on him with open jawes, he valliantly thrust his sienewed arms into their throats (being wrapped about with the hair of his head) whereby they presently choaked, and so he pulled out their hearts.

Which spectacle the Souldans Janniſaries beholding, were so amazed with fear, that they ran in all haste to the Pallace, and certified the Souldan what had happened, who commanded every part of the Court to be strongly guarded with armed Souldiers, supposing the English Knight rather to be some monster, ascended from the deep, than any creature of humane substance, or else one possessed with some divine inspiration, for by the force of Armes had accomplished so many adventurous Stratagems: such a terrour assailed the Souldans heart seeing he had slain two Lyons, and slaughtered two thousand Persians with his own hands, and likewise had intelligence how he slew a burning dragon in Egypt, that he caused the Dungeon to be closed up with Bars of Iron, lest he should by policy or Fortitude recover his Liberty, & so endanger the whole country of Persia: in here he remained in want, penury and great necessity, for the term of seven Winters, living only upon Rats and Mice, with other creeping Wormes which he caught in the Dungeon. During which time he never tasted the bread of Corn, but of Ezau, & channel water which daily was served him through iron gates where now we leave S. George languishing in great misery, & return again into Egypt where we left Sabra the Champions betrothed Lady lamenting the want of his company, whom she loved dearer then any Knight in the world.

Sabra that was the fairest Mayd that ever mortal eyē beheld, in whom both Art and Nature séemed to excell in curious Workmanship, her body being straiter then the stately Cedar, her beauty purer then the Paphian Quéens: the one with over burthened grief was quite altred, and the other stained with flods of brakish tears that daily trickle down from her fair Chéeks: where upon sate the very Image of discontent, the Map of Woe, and the only Mirror of sorrow, she accounted all company loathsom to her sight and excluded the fellowship of all Ladies, only betaking her self to a solitary Cabinet where she sate sowing many a wofull stop upon a crimson coloured Sampler: whereon sometimes she bathed wounded hearts, with luke warm tears ỳ fell from the conduits of her eyes, then presently with her crisped locks of hayre which dangled down her Ivory neck, she dryed up the the moysture of her sorrowfull tears: then thinking upon the plighted promises of her dearly beloved Knight, fell into these passions & pitifull complaints.

O Love (said she) more sharp than the pricking byar, with what inequality dost thou torment my wounded heart, not linking my dear Lord in the like affection of minde? O Venus if thou be imperious in thy Deity to whom both Gods and men obey, command my wandring Lord to return again, or grant that my soul may flie into the Clouds that by the winds it may be blown into his sweet bosome, where now lives my bléeding heart. But foolish fondling that I am he hath rejected me, & shuns my company as the Syrens (else had he not refused the Court of Egypt where he was honoured as a King) and wandred the world to séek another love. No, no, it cannot be: he bears no such unconstant minde. & I greatly fear, some treacherous hath bereaved me of his sight, or else some stony Prison includes my George from me. If it be so, sweet Morpheus, thou God of Golden Dreams, reveal to me my Loves abiding, that in my sleep his shadow may appear, and report the cause of his departure. After this passion breathed from the mansion of her soul, she committed her watchfull eyes to the government of sweet sleep, which being no sooner closed but there appeared as she thought, the shadow and very shape of her dearly beloved Lord, Saint George of England, not as he was wont to be flourishing in his glittering Burgonet of Steel, nor mounted on a stately Jennet, deckt with a crimson Plume of spangled Feathers

thers, but in over-worn, and simple attyre, with pale looks, & lean body, like to a Ghost risen from some hollow Grave, breathing as it were, these sad and wofull passions:

Sabra, I am betraid for love of thee,
And lodg'd in hollow Caves of dismall night:
From whence I never more shall come to see
Thy loving countenance and beauty bright;
Remain thou true and constant for my sake,
That of thy love they may no conquest make.

Let Tyrants think if ever I obtain,
What e e is lost by Treasons cursed guile:
False Egypts scourge I surely will remain,
And turn to streaming blood Pharaos smile;
That damned dogge of Barbary shall rue,
The dolefull Stratagems that will ensue.

The Persian Towers shall smoak with fire,
And lofty Babylon be tumbled down:
The Cross of Christendome shall then aspire
To wear the proud Egyptian triple Crown.
Jerusalem and Juda shall behold
The fall of Kings by Christian Champions bold.

Thou Maid of Egypt, still continue chaste,
A tyger seeks thy Virgins name to spill;
Whilst George of England is in prison plac't,
Thou shalt be forc't to wed against thy will.
But after this shall happen wondrous things,
For from thy womb shall spring three mighty Kings.

This strange and wofull speech was no sooner ended but she awaked from her sleep, & presently reached forth her white hands thinking to imbrace him: but she catch'd nothing but brittle Aire which caused her to renew her former complaints. O wherefore died I not in this my troublesome dream said the sorrowful Lady) that my Ghost might have haunted those inhumane Monsters

which

which have thus fasly betrayed the braveſt Champion under the Cope of Heaven! For his ſake will I exclaim againſt the ingratitude of Egypt, and like raviſht Philomel, fill every corner of the Land with Ecchoes of his wrong: my woes ſhall exceed the ſorrows of Dido Queen of Carthage, mourning for Æneas. With ſuch like paſſions wearied ſhe the time away: till twelve Months were fully finiſhed; at laſt her father underſtanding what fervent affection ſhe boze to the Engliſh Champion, began in this manner to relate.

Daughter (ſaid the Egyptian King,) I charge thee by the band of nature and the true obedience thou oughteſt to bear my age, to baniſh and exclude all fond affections from thy mind, and not thus to ſettle thy love upon a waundring Knight, that is unconſtant and without habitation: thou ſeeſt he hath forſaken thee, and returned into his own Country, where he hath wedded a wife of that Land & Nation: therefore I charge thee upon my diſpleaſure to affect and love the black King of Morocco, that rightfully hath deſerved thee in Marriage, which ſhall be ſhortly honourably holden to the honour of Ægypt; and ſo he departed without any Anſwer at all: By which Sabra knew he would not be croſſt in his will & pleaſure: therefore ſhe ſighed out theſe lamentable words:

O unkind Father to croſs the affection of his Childe, & to force love where no liking is: Yet ſhall my mind continue true unto my dear beloved Lord; although my body be forced againſt nature to obey, and Almidor have the honour of my Marriage bed: Engliſh George ſhall enjoy my true Virginity, if ever he return again to *Egypt*; and thereupon ſhe pulled forth a Chain of Gold, & wrapt it ſeven times about her Ivory neck. This (ſaid ſhe) hath been ſeven days ſteept in Tygers blood, and ſeven nights in Dragons milk, whereby it hath obtained ſuch excellent vertue, that ſo long as I wear it about my neck, no man on earth can enjoy my Virginity: though I be forced to the ſtate of Marriage, and lie ſeven years in Wedlocks bed, yet by the vertue of this Chain I ſhall continue a true Virgin.

Which words were no ſooner ended, but Almidor entred her ſorrowfull chamber, and preſented her with a Wedding Garment, which was of the pureſt Median Silk, imbost with pearl and rich refined Gold, perfumed with ſweet Syrian Powders: it was

of

of the colour of the Lilie when Flora hath bedecked the fields in May with natures Ornaments: glorious and costly were her Vestures, and so stately were the Nuptial Rights solemnized, that Egypt admired the bounty of her Wedding: which for seven days was holden in the Court of Ptolomy, and then moved to Tripolie, the chief City in Barbary, where Armidors forted Bride was crowned Queen of Morocco: at which Coronation the Conduits ran with Grecish Wines, and the streets of Tripolie were beautified with Pageants, & delightful Shews. The Court resounded such melodious harmony as though Apollo with his silver Harp had descended from the Heavens: such Tilts and Turnaments were performed betwixt the Egyptian Knights, and the Knights of Barbary, that they exceeded the Nuptials of Hecuba the beautious Queen of Troy: which honourable proceedings we leave for this time to their own contentments, some Masking, some Dancing, some Revelling, some Tilting, and some Banqueting. Also leaving the Champion of England Saint George, mourning in the Dungeon in Persia as you heard before, and return to the other six Champions of Christendome, which departed from the Brazen Pillar, every one his several way, whose Knightly & noble adventures if ỹ Muses grant me ỹ bounty of fair Castalian springs I will most amply discover to the honour of all Christendom.

CHAP. IV.

How S. Dennis the Champion of France lived seven years in the shape of an Hart, and how proud Eglantine the Kings Daughter of Thessalie, was transformed into a Mulberrie Tree, and how they recovered their former shapes by means of *Saint* Dennis his Horse.

CAlling now to mind the long and weary Travels S. Dennis the Champion of France endured, after his departure from the other six Champions at the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the former Chapter, from which he wandred through many desolate Grove and Wilderness, without any adventure worthy the noting, till he arrived upon the Borders of Thessalie (being a Land as then inhabited

habited only with wild beasts: wherein he endured such a penury & scarcity of victuals, that he was forced the space of seven years to feed upon the Herbs of the Field, and the fruits of Trees, till the hairs of his head were like the Eagles feathers, & the nails of his fingers to birds claws: his drink the dew of heaven, the which he licked from the flowers of Meadows, the Attire he clothed his body withall, bay leaves and broad Docks that grew in the Wood, his Shooes the barks of Trees, whereon he travelled through many a thorny brake: But at last as it was his fortune or cruel destiny, (being over prest with the extremity of hunger) to taste and feed upon the berries of an inchanted Mulberry Tree, whereby he lost the lively Form and Image of his humane substance, and was transformed into the shape & likeness of a wild Hart: which strange & sudden transformation, this noble Champion little mistrusted he espyed his misshapen form in a cleer Fountain, which nature had erected in a cool and shady Valley: but when he beheld the shadow of his deformed substance, and how his head late honoured with a Burgonet of Steel, now dishonoured with a pair of Silvan horns: his face whereon the countenance of true Nobility was lately chearfull, now covered with a beastlike similitude, & his body late the true Image of magnanimity, now over-spread with a hairy hide, in colour like to the fallow Fields; which strange alteration, nor a little perplexed the minde of S. Denis, that it caused him with all speed (having the natural reason of a man still remaining) to repair back to the Mulberrie Tree again, supposing the Berries he had eaten, to be the cause of his Transformation, under which tree the distressed Knight laid his deformed limbs upon the bare ground, and thus wofully began to complain.

What magick Charms (said he) or other bewitching Spels, remain within this cursed Tree, whose wicked fruit hath confounded my future Fortunes, and converted me to a miserable estate; O thou Celestiall directer of the World and all you pittifull Powers of Heaven, look down with kindly countenance upon my hapless Transformation: and bend your brows to hear my wofull lamentation: I was of late a man, but now a horned Beast, I was a Souldier, and my Countreys Champion, but now a loathsom Creature, and a prey for Dogs; my glistring Armour is exchanged

ed into a Hide of Hair, and my brave Array, more baser then the lowly Earth: henceforth instead of Princely Pallaces, these shady Woods must serve to shroud me in: wherein my Bed of Down must be a heap of Sun-burn'd Mosse: my sweet recording Musick the blustering winds, that with tempestuous Gusts, do make the Wilderness to tremble: the company I dayly keep must be the Silvane Satyrs, Driades, an airy Nymphs, which never appear to worldly eyes, but in twilights, or at the prime of the Moon, the Stars that beautifie the Chrystal Vayl of heaven shall henceforth serve as Torches to light me to my woful Bed: the scowling Clouds shall be my Canopy: my Clock to count how time runs stealing on, the sound of hissing Snakes, or else the croaking of Toads.

Thus described he his own misery, till the watry tears of calamity gushed out in such abundance from the Conduits of his eyes, and his scorching sighs so violently forced from his bleeding breast, that they seemed as it were to constrain the untamed Bears, and mercilesse Tygers to relent his moans, & like harmlesse Lambs sit bleating in the woods, to hear his woful exclamations.

Long and many days continued this Champion of France in the shape of an Hart, in more distressed misery than the unfortunate English Champion in Persia, not knowing how to recover his former likenesse, and humane substance. So upon a time as he lamented the loss of natures Ornaments, under the branches of that Enchanted Mulberry Tree, which was the cause of his Transformation, he heard a grievous and terrible groan, which he supposed to be the induction of some admirable accident that would ensue: So taking truce for a time with sorrows, he heard a hollow voice breath from the Trunk of that Mulberry Tree, these words following.

The Voice in the Mulberry Tree.

Cease now to lament thou famous man of France,
With gentle ears come listen to my moan,
In former times it was my fatal chance
To be the proudest Maid that ere was known:

By birth I was the Daughter of a King,
Though now a breathleſs Tree and ſenceleſs thing.

My Pride was ſuch that Heaven confounded me,
A Goddeſs in mine own conceit I was:
What Nature lent, too baſe I thought to be,
But deem'd my ſelf all earthly things too paſſe:
And therefore Nectar and Ambroſia ſweet,
The food of Heaven, for me I counted meet.

My pride contemned ſtill the bread of Wheat,
But purer food I daily ſought to find,
Refined gold was boyled in my meat,
Such ſelf-conceit my Fancies fond did blind:
For which the Gods above transformed me,
From humane ſubſtance to this ſenceleſs tree.

Seven years in ſhape of Hart thou muſt remain,
And then the pureſt Roſe by Heavens decree,
Shall bring thee to thy former ſhape again,
And end at laſt thy woful miſery;
When this is done be ſure you cut in twain,
This fatal Tree wherein I do remain.

After the voice had breathed theſe ſpeeches from the Mulberry Tree, he ſtood ſo much amazed at the ſtrangeneſſe of the words, that for a time his ſorrows bereaved him of his ſpeech, and his long appointed punishment conſtrained his thoughts to loſe their naturall underſtanding: But yet at laſt recovering his ſences, though not his humane likeneſſe, he bitterly complained of his hard misfortunes.

O unhappy creature (ſaid the woful Champion) more miſerable than Progne in her Transformation and more diſtreſſed then Acteon was, whoſe perfect picture I am made: His miſery continued but a ſhort ſeaſon, for his own dogs the ſame day tore him in a thouſand pieces, & buried his Transformed Carkaſſe in their hungry bowels: mine is appointed by the angry deſtinies, till ſhort times the ſummers Sun hath nearly repleniſht his radiant

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brightnes, and seven times the Winters Rain hath washt me with the showres of Heaven. Such were the complaints of the Transformed Knight of France, sometimes remembring his former fortunes, how he had spent his days in the honour of his Countrey: sometimes thinking upon the place of his Nativity, renowned France, ỳ Nurse & Mother of his life: sometimes treading with his foot (as for hands he had none) in sandy ground, the print of the words the which the Mulberry Tree had repeated, and many times numbring the minutes of his long appointed punishment, with the Flowers of the Field. Ten thousand sighs he daily breathed from his breast, & still when the black & pitchy mantles of dark night overspread the Azurd Firmaments, and drawn her Sable Curtains before the brightsom windows of the Heavens, all creatures took their sweet reposed rest, and committed their tyred eyes to quiet sleeps: All things were silent, except the murmuring of the running Waters, whose sounding Musick was the chiefest comfort this distressed Champion enjoyed: the glittering Queen of night, clad in her chrystal Robes three hundred times a year, was witness of his nightly Lamentations: the wandring Howlet, that never sings but in the night, sat pelting over his head: the rufull weeping Nightingale with mournful melody, cheerfully attending on his Person: for during the limitation of his seven years misery, his trusty Steed never forsook him, but with all love and true diligence attended upon him day and night, never wandring away, but ever keeping him company: If the extream heat of Summer grew intollerable, or the pinching cold of winter violent, his Horse would be a shelter to defend him.

At last, when the tearm of seven years was fully finished, and that he should recover his former substance, and humane Shape, his good Horse which he tendred as the Apple of his eye, clambered a high and steep Mountain, which nature had beautified with all kind of fragrant Flowers, as odiferous as the Garden of Hesperides: from whence he pulled a branch of purple Roses, and brought them betwixt his teeth to his distressed Master, & being in his former passions of discontent, under the Mulberry Tree. The which the Champion of France no sooner beheld, but he remembred that by a purple Rose he should recover his former si-

multitude and so joyfully received the Roses from his trusty stæd: then casting he his eyes up to the Celestial Throne of heaven, he conveyed these consecrated Flowers into his empty stomach.

After which he laid him down upon the bosome of his Mother Earth, where he fell into such a sound slæp, that all his senses and vital Spirits were without moving for the space of four and twenty hours. In which time the Windows and Doors of Heaven were opened, from whence descended such a shower of Rain, that it washed away his hairy form and beast-like Shape: his horned head and long visage were turned again into a lively Countenance, and all the rest of his members, both Arms, Legs, Hands, Fæt, fingers, Toes, with all the rest of Natures Gifts, received their former shape.

But when the good Champion awaked from his slæp, and perceived the wonderful workmanship of the heavens, in transforming him to his humane likenesse: First, he gave honour to Almighty God: next kissed the Ground, whereon he had lived so long in misery: then beholding his Armour which lay hard by him, bestained and almost spoyled with rust: his Burgonet and kæn edged Curtle-axe besmeared over with dust: Then lastly, pondring in mind, of the faithful service his trusty stæd had done him, during the time of his calamity, whose sable coloured Mane hung frizling down his brawny Neck, which before was wont to be pleated curiously with artificial knots, & his Forehead which was wont to be beautified with a Tawny Plume of Feathers, now disfigured with over-grown hayr: whereat the good Champion S. Denis of France so much grieved, that he stroaked down his jetty back, till the hayr of his body lay as smooth as Arabian silk: then pulled he out his trusty Fauchion, which in many kerne assaults and dangerous combats had bæn bathed in the blood of his Enemies, which by the long continuance of Time idle, was almost consumed with cankered Rust, but by his labour and industrious paing, he recovered the former beauty and brightnesse again.

Thus both his Sword, his Horse, his Martial Furniture, and all other Habiliments of War, being brought to their first & proper qualities, the Noble Champion intended to persevere and go forward in the adventure, in cutting down the Mulberry-Trée:

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So taking his Sword, which was of the purest Spanish steel, gave such a stroke at the root thereof, that at one blow he cut it quite in sunder, whereout presently flashed such a mighty Flame of fire, that the Mane from his Horse neck was burned, & likewise the hayre of his head had bin fired, if his Helmet had not preserved him: and no sooner was the flame extinguished, but there ascended from the hollow tree a naked Virgin (in shape like Daphne which Apollo turned to a Bay-tree) fairer then Pigmaleons Ivory Image, or the Northern driven snow, her eyes more cleer then the Iris Mountains, her cheeks like Roses dipt in Milk, her lips more lovelier then the Turkish Rubies, her Alablaster Teeth like Indian Pearls, her Neck seemed an Ivory Tower, her dainty Breasts a garden where milk-white Doves sat & sung: the rest of Natures lineaments a stain to Juno, Pallas, or Venus, at whose excellent beauty, this valiant and undaunted Champion more admired then her wonderful Transformation: For his eyes were so ravished with such exceeding pleasure, that his tongue could endure no longer silent, but was forced to unfold y secrets of his heart, & in these terms began to utter his mind.

Thou most Divine and singular ornament of nature, said he, fairer then the feathers of the silver Swan that swim upon Meanders Chrystal Streams, and far more beautiful than Aurora's Morning Countenance, to thee the fairest of all fairs, most humbly and only to thy beauty do I here submit my affections: Also I swear by the honour of my Knight-hood, and by the love of my Country of France (which vow I will not violate for all the Treasures of rich America, or the golden Mines of higher India) whether thou bee'st an Angel descended from heaven, or a Fury ascended from the vast Dominions of Proserpine: whether thou bee'st some Fairy or Silvan Nymph, which inhabits in the fatall Woods, or else an Earthly Creature, for thy sins transformed into this Mulberry Tree, I am not therefore judge. Therefore sweet Saint, to whom my heart must pay his due devotion, unfold to me thy Birth, Parentage, and Name, that I may the bolder presume upon thy Courtesies. At which demand this new born Virgin, with a shamefast look, modest gesture, sober grace, and blushing countenance, began thus to Reply.

Sir Knight, by whom my life, my love, and fortunes are to be comman-

commanded, and by whom my humane shape and natural form is recovered: First know you magranimous Champion that I am by Birth the King of Thessalies Daughter, and my Name was called for my beauty proud Eglantine: For which contemptuous pride, I was transformed into this Mulberrie Tree, in which green substance I have continued fourteen years. As for my love thou hast deserved it, before all Knights in the world, and to thee do I plight that true promise before the Omnipotent judger of all things: and before that secret promise shall be infringed, the Sun shall cease to shine by day, and the Moon by night, and all the Planets forsake their proper nature.

At which words the Champion gave her the courtesie of his Country, and sealed her promises with a loving kiss.

After which, beautiful Eglantine being ashamed of her nakedness, weaved her self a Garment of green Rushes, intermixed with such variety of sundry Flowers, that it surpassed for workmanship the Indian Maidens curious Webs: her crisped Locks of hair continued still of the colour of the Mulberry tree: whereby she seemed like Flora in her greatest royalty, when the Fields were decked with natures Tapestry.

After which she washed her Lilly hands, and Rose-coloured Face in the dew of heaven: which she gathered from a bed of Violets. Thus in green Vestments, she intends in company of her true love, (the valiant Knight of France) to take her journey to her Fathers Court, being as then the King of that Country: where after some few days travel, they arrived safe in the Court of Thessaly, whose welcomes were according to their wishes, and their entertainments most honourable: for no sooner did the King behold his Daughters safe approach, of whose strange Transformation he was ever ignorant, but he fell in such a deadly swoon through the exceeding joy of her presence, that for a time his sense were without vital moving, and his heart imbraced so kindly her dainty body, & proffered such courtesie to the strange Knight, that Saint Denis accounted him the mirror of all courtesie, and the pattern of true Nobility.

After the Champion was unarmed, his stiff and weary Limbs were bathed in new Milk & white wine, he was conveyed to sweet smelling fire made of Juniper, and the fair Eglantine conducted

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by the Maidens of Honor to a private Chamber, where she was disrobed of her Silvan array, and apparelled in a Suit of purple silk: in which Court of Thessaly we will leave this our Champion of France with his Lady, and go forward in the Discourse of the other Champions, discovering what Adventures happed to them during the seven years: But first how Saint James the Champion of Spain fell in love with a fair Jew, and how for her sake he continued seven years dumb: and after, if Apollo grant my muse the gift of Scholerism, & dip my Pen in the Ink of Art, I will not rest my weary hand till I have explained the honourable proceedings of the Knights of England, France, Spain, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, to the honour of Christendom, and the dishonour of all the professed Enemies of Christ.

CHAP. V.

How St. James the Champion of Spain, continued, seven years dumb for the love of a fair Jew, and how he should have been shot to death by the Maidens of Jerusalem, with other things which chanced in his travels.

NOw must my Muse speak of the strange Adventures of S. James of Spain, the third Champion & Renowned Knight of Christendom, & what happened unto him in his seven years Travels through many a strange country by Sea and Land, where his honourable Acts were so dangerous & full of wonder, that I want skill to express, & art to describe: also I am forced for brevities sake, to pass over his fearful & dangerous battel with ỳ burning Drake upon ỳ flaming Mount in Sicil, which terrible combat continued for the space of seven days and seven nights. Likewise I omit his Travel in Capadocia, through a wilderness of Monsters: with his passage over the Red Seas, where his Ship was devoured with Worms, his Partners Drowned, and himself, his Horse and furniture safely brought to Land by the Sea Nimphs and Mermaides: where after his long Travels, passed perils, and dangerous Tempests, amongst the hoyterous billows of the raging Seas, he arrived in the unhappy dominions of Juda, unhappy by reason of the long & trou-

troublesome misery he endured for the love of a fair Jew. For, comming to the beautiful City Jerusalem, (being in that Age the wonder of the world, for brave Buildings, Princely Pallaces, gorgeous Mountains, and time wondring Temples) he so admired the glorious Situation thereof (being the richest place that ever his eys beheld) that he stood before the walls of Jerusalem, one while gazing upon her golden gates, glistering against the Suns bright countenance, another while beholding her stately Pinnacles whose lofty peeping tops seemed to touch the clouds; another while wondring at her Towers of Jasper, Jet, & Ebony, her strong and fortified walls three times double about the City, the glistering Spires of the Temple of Sion, built in the fashion and similitude of the Piramides, the ancient Monument of Greece, whose Battlements were covered with steel, the Walls burnisht with Silver, and the ground paved with Tin. Thus as this ennobled and famous Knight at arms stood beholding the Situation of Jerusalem, there suddenly thundred such a peal of Ordnance within the City, that it seemed in his ravished conceit, to shake the Vale of Heaven, and to move the deep Foundations of the fastned Earth: whereat his Horse gave such a sudden start, that he leaped ten foot from the place whereon he stood. After this he heard the sound of Drums, and the cheerful Ecchoes of Brazen Trumpets, by which the Valiant Champion expected some honorable Pastime, or some great turnament to be at hand, which indeed so fell out: for no sooner did he cast his vigilant eys toward the East side of the City, but he beheld a Troop of well-appointed Horse come marching through the Gates: after them twelve armed Knights mounted on twelve Warlike Courlers, bearing in their hands twelve blood-red Streamers, whereon was wrought in silk the picture of Adonis wounded with a Boar: after them the K. drawn in a Chariot by Spanish Jennets, (which being a certain kind of Steeds engendred by the wind) The Kings Guard were a 100 naked Moors, with Turkish bows & darts, feathered with Ravens wings: after them marched Celestine the King of Jerusalems fair daughter, mounted on a tame Unicorn. In her hand a Jabelin of Silver, & armed with a breast-plate of Gold, artificially wrought like the Scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were an hundred Amazonian Dames clad in green Silk: after them followed a number

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of Squires and Gentlemen, some upon Barbarian Steeds, some upon Arabian Palfries, and some on foot, in pace more nimble than the tripping Deer, and more swifter than the tamest Hart upon the Mountains of Thessaly.

Thus Nebuzaradan Great King of Jerusalem(for so was he called) solemnly hunted in the Wilderness of Juda, being a Country very much annoyed with wild beasts, as the Lyon, the Leopard, the Boze, and such like; in which exercise, the King appointed as it was proclaimed by his chief Herald at Armes, (the which he heard repeated by the Shepheard in the Field,) that whosoever slew the first wilde beast in the Forest, should have in reward a casket of Steel, so richly ingraven, that it should be worth a thousand sheckles of silver. Of which honourable enterprise when the Champion had understanding, and with what liberal bounty the adventurous Knight would be rewarded, his heart was fraught with invincible courage thirsting after glorious attempts, not onely for hope of gain, but for the desire of honour, at which his illustrous and undaunted mind aimed at, to eternize his deeds in the memorable records of Fame, & to shine as a Chrystall Mirrour to all ensuing Times. So closing down his Bever, and lacking on his furniture, he scoured over the Plains before the Hunters of Jerusalem, in pace more swift than the winged winds, till he approached an old unfrequented Forest, wherein he espyed a huge & mighty wild Boze lying before his Hollow den, gnawing upon the mangled joynts of some Passenger, which he had murthered as he travelled through the Forest.

This Boze was of wonderfull length and bigness, and so terrible to behold, that at the first sight he almost daunted the courage of the Spanish Knight: for his Monstrous head seemed ugly and deformed, his eyes sparkled like a fiery Furnace, his Tusks more sharpe then pikes of steel, and from his nostrils fumed such a violent breath, that it seemed like a tempestous Whirle-wind, his Bristles were more harder then seven times melted Brasse, & his Tail more loathsome than a wreath of Snakes: neer whom, when Sr. James approached, and beheld how he drank the blood of Humane creatures, and deboured their flesh, he blew his silver Horn, which as then hung at the Pummell of his Saddle, in a Scarfe of green silk: whereat the furious Monster rouz-

ed himself, and most fiercely assailed the Noble Champion, which most nimbly leaped from his Horse, and with his Spear stroke such a violent blow upon the breast of the Boze, that it shivered into twenty pieces: Then drawing his good Fauchion from his side, he gave him a second encounter: but all in vain, for he stroke as it were upon a Rock of Stone, or a Pillar of Iron, nothing hurtfull to the Boze: but at last with staring eys, (which sparkled like burning Steel) and with open Jawes, the greedy Monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive: but the nimble Knight as then trusted more upon policy, than to fortitude, and so for advantage skipped from place to place, till on a sudden he thrust his keen edged Curtle-Ax down his intestine throat, and so most valiantly split his heart in sunder. The which being accomplished to his own desire, he cut off the Bozes head, and so presented the honour of the combat to the King of Jerusalem, who as then with his mighty Train of Knights were but now entred the Forrest: who having graciously received the gift, & bountifully fulfilled his promises, demanded the Champions Country, his religion, and place of his Nativity: who no sooner had intelligence that he was a Christian Knight, and born in the Territories of Spain, but presently his patience exchanged into a great fury, and by these words expressed his cankered stomack toward the Christian Champion.

Knowest thou not, bold Knight (said the King of Jerusalem) that it is the Law of Juda to harbour no uncircumcised man, but either to banish him the Land, or end his dayes by some untimely death? Thou art a Christian and therefore shalt thou dye: not all thy Country Treasures, the Wealthy Spanish Mines, nor if all the Aples, which divide the Countreys of Italy and Spain, were turned to Hills of burnisht Gold, and made my lawfull Heritage, they should not redeem thy life. Yet for the honour thou hast done in Juda, I grant thee this favour by the Law of Arms to choose thy death, else hadst thou suffered a rigorous torment. Which severe judgement so amazed the Champion, that desperately he would have killed himself upon his own sword, but that he thought it a more honour to his country to die in the defence of Christendom.

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So like a true Enobled Knight, fearing neither the threats of the Jews, nor the impartial stroke of the fatal Sisters, he gave this sentence of his own death. First, he requested to be bound to a Pine Tree with his breast laid open naked against the Sun: then to have an hours respite to make his supplication to his Creator, and afterwards to be shot to death by a true Virgin.

Which words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarmed him of his furniture, bound him to a Pine Tree, and laid his breast open, ready to entertain the bloody stroke of some unrelenting Maiden: but such pity, meekness, mercy, & kind lenity lodged in the heart of every Maiden, that none would take in hand or be the bloody Executioner of so brave a Kt. At last the Tyrannous Nabuzaradan gave strict commandment upon pain of Death that Lots should be cast betwixt the Maids of Juda that were there present, and on whom the Lot fell, she should be the fatal executioner of the condemned Christian. But by chance the Lot fell to Celestine the Kings own Daughter, being the paragon of beauty, & ỳ fairest Dame then living in Jerusalem, in whose heart no such deed of cruelty could be harboured, nor in whose hand no bloody weapon could be entertained. Instead of deaths fatal Instrument, she shot towards his breast a deep straigned sigh the true messenger of love, & afterwards to heaven, she thus made her humble supplication.

Thou great Commander of Celestial moving powers, convert the cruel motions of my Fathers mind, into a spring of pitifull tears, that they may wash away the blood of this innocent Knight, from the habitation of his stained purple soul. O Judah and Jerusalem, within whose bosomes lives a Wilderness of Tygers, degenerate from natures kind, more cruel then the hungry Canibals, and more obdurate than untamed Lyons: what merciless Tygers can unrip that breast, where lives the image of true Nobility, the very pattern of Knight-hood, and the Map of a noble mind? No, no, before my hand shall be stained with Christians blood, I will like Scilla, against all nature, sell my Countries safety, or like Medea wander with the Golden Fleece to unknown Nations.

Thus, and in such manner complained the beautious Celestine the Kings Daughter of Jerusalem, till her sighs stopped the passage of her speech, and her tears stained the natural beauty of her

Rosie cheeks: her hair which glittered like to golden wires, she besmeared in dust, and disrobed her self from her costly Garments, and then with a train of her Amazonian Ladies, went to the King her Father, where after a long suit, he not only obtained his life, but liberty, yet therewithal his perpetual Banishment from Jerusalem, & from all the borders of Juda, the want of whose sight more grieved her heart, then the loss of her own life. So this Noble and praise worthy Celestine returns to the Christian Champion that expected every minute to entertain the sentence of Death, but this expectation fell out contrary: for the good Lady after she had sealed two or three kisses upon his pale lips, being changed through the fear of Death, cut the bands that bound his body to the Tree, into many peices, and then with a flood of salt tears, the motives of true love, she thus revealed her mind.

Most Noble Knight, and true Champion of Christendom, thy life and liberty I have gained, but therewith thy banishment from Juda, which is a Hell of horror to my soul: for in thy bosome have I built my happiness, and in thy heart I account the Paradise of my true love: thy first sight and lovely countenance did ravish me, for when these eyes beheld thee mounted on thy Princely Palfry, my heart burned in affection towards thee: therefore dear Knight, in reward of my love, be thou my Champion, and for my sake wear this Ring, with this Posie engraven in it, *Ardeo affectione*, and so giving him a Ring from her finger, and therewithal a kiss from her mouth, she departed with a sorrowful sigh, in company of her Father and the rest of his Honourable Train, back to the City of Jerusalem, being as then nèer the setting of the Sun. But now S. James the Champion of Spain, having escaped the danger of Death, and at full liberty, to depart from that unhappy nation, he fell into many cogitations, one while thinking upon the true love of Celestine (whose name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the cruelty of her Father: then intending to depart into his own Country, but looking back to the Towers of Jerusalem his mind suddenly altered, for thither he purposed to go, hoping to have sight of his Lady and Mistress, and to live in some disguised sort in her presence, and be his loves true Champion against all

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Commers. So gathering certain black Berries from the trees he coloured his body all over like a blackamoze: but yet considering that his country speech would discover him, intended likewise to continue dumb all the time of his residence in Jerusalem.

So all things ordered according to his desire, he took his Journey to the City, where with signs and other motions of dumbness, he declared his intent, which was to be entertained in the Court and to spend his time in the service of the King. Whose countenance when the King beheld, which seemed of the natural colour of the Moors, he little mistrusted him to be the Christian Champion whom before he greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest Indian Knights that ever his eye beheld: therefore he exalted him with the honour of Knight hood, and appointed him to be one of his Guard, and likewise his Daughters onely Champion. Thus when S. James of Spain saw himself invested in that honourable place, his soul was ravished with such exceeding joy, that he thought no pleasure comparable to his, no place of Elisium but the Court of Jerusalem, and no goodness but his beloved Celestine.

Long continued he dumb, casting forth many a loving sigh, in the presence of his Lady and Mistris not knowing how to reveal the secrets of his mind.

So upon a time, there arrived in the Court of Nabuzaradan, the King of Arabia, with the Admiral of Babylon, both presuming upon the love of Celestine, and craving her in the way of Marriage, but she exempted all their motions of love from her chast mind, only building her thoughts upon the Spanish Knight, which she supposed to be in his own Countrey.

At whose melancholly passions her importunate Suitors, the King of Arabia, and the Admiral of Babylon marvelled; and therefore intended upon an evening to present her with some rare devised Mask. So chusing out fit consorts for their Countrey pastimes, of which number the King of Arabia was chief, and first Leader of the Train, the great Admiral of Babylon was the second, and her own Champion S. James the third, who was called in the Court by the name of the Dumb Knight, in this manner the Mask was performed.

First entred a most excellent Consort of Musick, after them

the

the aforesaid Maskers in cloth of Gold, most curiously imbroidered and danced a course about the Hall, at the end whereof the King of Arabia presented Celestine with a costly sword at the Hilt whereof hung a silver Globe, and upon the point was erected a Golden crown: then the Musick sounded another course, of which the Admiral of Babylon was Leader, who presented her with a Vesture of pure silk, of the colour of the Rain-bow, brought in by Diana, Venus, and Juno: which being done, the musick sounded the third time in which course S. James (though unknown) was the Leader of the Dance, who at the end thereof presented Celestine with a Garland of sweet flowers, which was brought in by the three graces, and put upon her head. Afterwards the Christian Champion intending to discover himself unto his Lady and Mistress, took her by the lilly hand, & led her a stately Morisco Dance, which was no sooner finished, but he offered her ỹ Diamond ring which she gave him at his departure in the woods, the which she presently knew by the Posie, and shortly after had intelligence, of his long continued dumbness, his counterfiet colour, his changing of nature, & the great danger he put himself to for her sake: which caused her with all the speed she could possibly make, to break off company and to retire into a Chamber which she had by, where the same evening she had a long conference with her true and faithfull Lover and adventurous Champion: and to conclude they made some agreement betwixt them, that the same night unknown to any in the Court, she had Jerusalem adue, and by the light of Cynthia's glistring beams stole from her fathers Pallace, where in company of none but S. James, she took her journey towards the Country of Spain. But this noble Knight by policy prevented all ensuing dangers, for he shod his Horse backwards, whereby when they were missed in the Court, they might be followed the contrary way.

By this means escaped the two lovers from the fury of the Jews, and arrived safely in Spain, in the City of Sivil, wherein the brave Champion S. James was born: where now we leave them for a time to their own contented minds. Also passing over the hurly burly in Jerusalem for the loss of Celestine, the vain pursuits of adventurous Knights, in stopping the Ports and Havens, the preparing of fresh Horse to follow them, and the mustering of

Souldiers

Souldiers to pursue them the frantick passions of the King for his Daughter, the melancholy moan of the Admiral of Babylon for his Mistris and the woful lamentation of the Arabian King, for his Lady and love: we will return to the adventures of the other Christian Champions.

CHAP. VI.

The terrible Battel betwixt St. Anthony the Champion of Italy, and the Gyant Blanderon; and afterwards of his strange entertainment in the Gyants Castle, by a Thracian Lady, and what hapned to him in the same Castle.

IT was at the same time of the year when the earth was newly decked with her Summers livery, when the noble and Heroical minded Champion S. Anthony of Italy arrived in Thracia, where he spent his seven years travels to the honour of his Country, the glory of God, and to his own still lasting memory: For after he had wandred through Woods and Wildernesses, by Hills and Dales, by Caves and Dens, and other unknown passages, he arrived at last upon the top of an high and steepy Mountain, whereon stood a wonderfull huge and strong Castle which was kept by the most mighty Gyant under the cope of Heaven, whose puissant force all Thracia could not overcome, nor once attempt to withstand, but with the danger of their whole Country. The Gyants name was Blanderon, his Castle of the purest Marble stone, his Gates of yellow Brass, and over the principle Gate was graven these Verses following.

Within this Castle lives the scourge of Kings,
A furious Gyant, whose unconquered power,
The Thracian Monarch in subjection brings,
And keeps his Daughters Prisoners in his power:
Seven Damsels fair this monstrous Gyant keeps,
That sings him Musick while he nightly sleeps.

His bars of Steel a thousand Knights have felt,
Which for these Virgins sake have lost their lives;

For

For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,
This most intestine Gyant still survives:
Let simple passengers take heed in time,
When up this steep Mountain they do clime.

But Knights of worth and men of noble mind,
If any chance to travel by this Tower,
That for these Maidens sakes will be so kind,
To try their strengths against the Gyants power,
Shall have a Virgins prayer both day and night,
To prosper them with good successful fight.

After he had read what was written over the Gate, desire of Fame so incouraged him, and the thirst of Honour so imboldned his valliant mind, that he either vowed to redeem those Ladies from their servitude, or dye with honour by the furp of the Gyant. So going to the Castle Gate, he stroke so vehemently thereon, with the Pummel of his Sword, that it sounded like a mighty thunder-clap: whereat Blanderon suddenly started up, being fast a sleep close by a Fountains side, and came pacing forth of the Gate with an Oke tree upon his neck: who at the sight of the Italian Champion so lightly flourished it about his head, as though it had been a light Turtle-Axe, and with these words gave the Noble Champion entertainment.

What furp hath incenst thy overboldned mind (proud pincack) thus to adventure thy feeble force, against the violence of my strong Armes? I tell thee hadst thou the strength of Hercules, who bore the Mountain Atlas on his shoulders, or the policy of Ulisses by which the City of Troy was ruinated, or the might of Xerxes, whose Multitudes drank up the Rivers as they passed: yet all too feeble, weak and impotent to encounter with the mighty Gyant Blanderon, thy force I esteem like a blast of wind, and thy strokes as a few drops of water: Therefore betake thee to thy Weapon, which I compare to a Bul rush, for on this ground will I measure out thy grave, and after cast thy feeble Carkery with one of my hands, headlong down this steepy Mountain.

Thus boasted the vain-glorious Gyant upon his own strength. During which time, ỳ valarous & hardy Champion had alighted from

from his horse where after he had made his humble supplication to the heavens for his good speed, and committed his fortune to the imperial Queen of destiny, he approached within the Giants reach, who with his great Oak so nimbly beskird him, with such vehement blows, that they seemed to shake the earth and to rattle against the wall of the Castle like mighty thunder-claps, & had not the politick Kt. continually shipped from ẏ fury of his blows, he had been bruised as small as flesh unto the pot, for every stroke that the Giant gave, the root of his oke entred at the least two or three inches into the ground. But such was the wisdom and police of the worthy Champion, not to withstand the force of his weapon, till the Giant grew breathless, and not able through his long labor to lift the oke above his head, & likewise the heat of the Sun was so intolerable (by reason of the extream heighth of the mountain, & the mighty waight of his Iron Coat) that the sweat of the Giants brows ran into his eyes, & by the reason he was so extream fat, he grew so blind, that he could not see to endure combat with him any longer, & as far as he could perceive would have retired or run back again into his own Castle, but that the Italian Champion with a bold courage assailed the Giant so fiercely, that he was forced to let his oke fall, & stand gasping for breath, which when this noble Kt. beheld, with a fresh supply he redoubled his blowes so courageously, that they battered on the Giants armour like a storm of winters hail, whereby at last Blanderon was compelled to ask the Champion mercy, & to crave at his hands some respite of breathing: but his demand was in vain, for the valiant Knight supposed now or never to obtain the honour of the day, and therefore rested not his weary arm, but redoubled blow after blow till the Giant for want of breath, and through the anguish of his deep gashed wounds, was forced to give the world a farewell, and to yield the riches of his Castle to the most renowned Conqueror S. Anthony the Champion of Italy: But by that time the long & dangerous encounter was finished, and the Giant Blanderon's head discovered from his body the sun sat mounted on the highest part of the Elements, which caused the day to be extream hot & sultry, the Champions Armour so scalded him, that he was constrained to unbrace his Coyfet, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and so sat his body on the cold earth, onely to mittigate his overbur-

thened heat, But such was the unnatural coldness of the Earth, and so unkindly to his over-laboured body, that the melted grease of his inward parts was cooled suddenly, whereby his body received such unnatural distemper, that the vapours of the earth stroke presently to his heart, by which his vital air of life excluded, and his body without sense or moving: where in the mercy of pale Death he lay bereaved of feeling for the space of an hour.

During which time fair Rosalinde (one of the Daughters of the Thracian King being as then Prisoner in the Castle) by chance looked over the Walls, and espyed the body of the Gyant headless, under whose subjection she had continued in great servitude, for the time of seven months, likewise by him a Knight unarmed as she thought panting for breath, the which the Lady judged to be the Knight that had slain the Gyant Blanderon & the man by whom her delivery should be recovered, she presently descended the Walls of the Castle, and ran with all speed to the adventurous Champion, whom she found dead. But yet being nothing discouraged of his recovery, feeling as yet a warm blood in every member, retired back with all speed to the Castle and fetch a Box of precious Balm, the which the Gyant was wont to pour into his wounds after his encounter with any Knight: with which Balm this courteous Lady chafed every part of the breathless Champions body, one while washing his stiff Limbs with her salt tears, the which like pearls fell from her eyes, another while drying them with tresses of her golden hair which hung dangling in the wind then chafing his lifeless body again with a balm of a contrary nature, but yet no sign of life could she espie in the dead Knight which caused her to grow desperate of all hope of his recovery. Therefore like a loving meek & kind Lady considering he had lost his life for her sake, she intended to bear him company in death, and with her own hands to finish up her days, and to dye upon his Breast, as Thisbe died upon the Breast of her true Pyramis: therefore as the Swan sings a while before her death, so this sorrowful Lady warbled forth this Swan-like Song over the body of the noble Champion.

Muses come mourn with doleful melody,
Kind *Silvan* Nymphs that sit in rosie bowers,
With brackish tears commix your harmony,

To

To waile, with me both minutes, days and hours,
A heavy, sad and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I dye.

Dead is the Knight for whom I live and dye,
Dead is the Knight which for my sake is slain:
Dead is the Knight, for whom my carefull cry,
With wounded soul, for ever shall complain,
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song sing I, &c.

Ile lay my breast upon a silver stream,
And swim in Elisiums Lilly Fields:
There in Ambrosian Trees Ile write a theam,
Of all the wofull sighes my sorrow yeilds,
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song sing I, &c.

Farwell fair Woods, where sing the Nitingales,
Farewell fair Fields, where feed the light foot Doe,
Farewell you Groves, you Hills, and Flowry Dales,
But fare you ill the cause of all my woes:
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song, sing I, &c.

Ring out my ruth, you hollow Caves of stone,
Both Birds, and Beasts, with all things on the ground:
You senseless Trees be assistant to my moan,
That up to heaven my sorrows may resound.
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song, sing I, &c.

Let all the Towns of Thrace ring out my knell,
And write in leaves of Brass what I have said:
That after ages may remember well,
How Rosalinde both liv'd and dy'd a Maid:
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song sing I, &c.

This woful ditty was no sooner ended, but ỹ desperate Lady unsheathed the Champions sword, which was as yet all besprinkled with the Spanes blood, and being at the very point to execute her intended Tragedy, & the sharp edged weapon already against her

Ivory breast, she heard the distressed Knight give a grievous and terrible groan, whereat she stopped her remorseless hand, and with more discretion tendred her own safety: for by this time the balm wherewith she annointed his body, by wonderful operation, recovered the dead Champion, insomuch that after some few gasps and deadly sighs, he raised up his stiff limbs from the cold Earth, where like one cast into a trance, for a time he gazed up & down the Mountain, but at the last having recovered his lost senses, espied the Thracian Damsel stand by, not able to speak one word, her joy so abounded: but after some continuance of time he revealed to her the manner of his dangerous encounter, and successful victory; & she the cause of his recovery, and her intended Tragedy. where after many kind salutations, she courteously took him by the hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that night she lodged his weary limbs in an easie bed, stuffed with Turtle feathers, and softest thistle down: the Chamber where he lay, had as many windows, as there were Months in the year, & as many Doors as there were quarters in a year, and to discribe the curious Architecture, and the artificial workmanship of the place, were too tedious, and a work without end.

But to be short, the noble minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous Battel, without mistrusting of Treason, or Rebellious cogitations, till golden Phœbus bad him good morrow. Then rising out of his loathful bed, he attired himself, not in his wonted Habiliments of war, but in purple garments according to the time of peace, and so intended to overview the rarities of the Castle: but the L. Rosalinde all the morning was busied in looking to his house, preparing delicates for his repast, & in making a fire against his uprising, where after he had refresht his weary steps with a dainty Banquet, & caroused down two or three bowls of Grecish wine, he after by the counsel of Rosalinde, stripped the Gyant from his Iron furniture and left his naked body upon a craggy rock, to be devoured of hungry Ravens: which being done, the Thracian Virgin discovered all the Castle to the adventurous Champion: first she led him to a leaden Tower, where hung a hundred well approved Corslets, with other martial furniture, which were the spoils of such Knights as he had violently slain: after that, she brought him to a Stable, wherein stood a hundred

pampered

pampered Jades, which daily fed upon nothing but humane flesh. against it was directly placed ỳ Gyants own lodging, his bed was of Iron, corded with mighty bars of Steel, the Testerne covering of carved brass, the Curtains were of leaves of Gold, and the vell of a strange and wonderful substance of the colour of the Element: after this she led him to a broad pond of water, more clear then quicksilver, the streams whereof lay continually as smooth as christal, whereon swam six milk-white Swans with Crowns of Gold about their necks.

O here, (said the Thracian Lady) begins the Hell of all my grief. At which words a pearled shower of teats ran from the conduit of her eyes, that for a time they stayd the passage of her tongue: but having discharged her heart from a few sorrowful sighs: she began in this manner to tell her forepassed fortunes:

These six milk-white Swans, most honourable Knight, you behold swimming in this River (quoth the Lady Rosalinde) be my natural Sisters, both by birth and blood, and all Daughters to the King of Thrace, being now Governour of this unhappy Country, and the beginning of our imprisonment began in this unfortunate manner:

The King my Father, ordained a solemn hunting to be holden through the Land, in which honourable pastime, my self, in Company of my six sisters was present. So in the middle of our sports, when the Lords and Barons of Thracia were in chase after a mighty the Lyon, the Heavens suddenly began to lour: the Firmaments overcast, and a general darkness overspread the face of the whole earth: then presently rose such a storm of lightening and thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together: by which our Lordly troops of Knights and Barons were seperated one from another, and we poor Ladies forced to seek for shelter under the bottom of this high and steepy Mountain: where when this cruel Gyant Blanderon espyed us, as he walked upon his Battlements, he suddenly descended the Mountain and fetch us all under his arm up into the Castle, where ever since we have lived in great servitude; and for the wonderful transformation of my six Sister thus, it came to pass as followeth.

Upon a time the Gyant being overcharged with Wine, grew enamoured upon our beauties, and desired much to enjoy the plea-

sures

his Knights & adventurous Champions, instead of glistring Armour, should wear the Weeds of Death, more black in hue than Winters darkest nights, and all the Courtly Ladies and gallant Thracian Maidens, instead of silken vestiments, he commanded to wear both heavy sad and melancholly Ornaments, and even as unto a solemn funeral, to attend him to the Giants Castle; and there obsequiously to offer up unto the angry destinies, many a bitter sigh and tear, in remembrance of his transformed Daughters; which Decree of the sorrowful Thracian King was performed with all convenient speed: for the next morning no sooner had Phebus cast his beauty into the Kings Bed-chamber, but he apparelled himself in mourning Garments, and in company of his melancholly train, set forward to his woful Pilgrimage. But here we must not forget the Princely minded Champion of Italy, nor the Noble minded Rosalinde, who at the Kings departure towards the Castle, craved leave to stay behind, and not so suddenly to begin new Travels: whereunto quickly the King condiscended, considering their late journey the evening before: so taking the Castle keys from the Champion, he had his Pallace adue, and committed his Fortune to his sorrowful journey where we leave him in a world of discontented passions, and a while discourse what happened to the Christian Champion and his beloved Lady: for by that time the Sun had thrice measured the World with his restless Steeds, and thrice his sister Luna wandred to the West, the Noble Italian Knight grew weary of his long continued rest, and thought it a great Dishonour and a Scandal to his valiant mind, to remain where nought but Chamber sports were resident, & desired rather to abide in a Court that entertained ŷ doleful murmuring of tragedies, or where the joyful sound of Drums and Trumpets should be heard: therefore he took Rosalinde by the hand, being then in a dump for want of her Father, to whom the Noble Knight in this manner expressed his secret intent.

My most devoted Lady and Mistris (said the Champion) a second Dido for thy love, a stain to Venus for thy beauty, Penelopes compare for constancy, and for chastity the wonder of all Maids: the faithful love that hitherto I have found since my arrival, for ever shall be shrined in my heart, and before all Ladies under the cope of heaven, thou shalt live and dye my loves true God-

dess:

dess : and for thy sake I'le stand as Champion against all Knights in the World : But to impare the honour of my Knighthood, and to live like a Carpet Dancer in the laps of Ladies I will not though I can tune a Lute in a Princes Chamber, I can sound a fierce Alarum in the field; honour calls me forth, dear Rosalinde, & fame intends to buckle on my Armour, which now lies rusting in the Idle Court of Thrace. Therefore I am constrained (though most unwillingly) to leave the comfortable sight of thy beauty, and commit my fortune to a longer travel; but I protest whersoever I become, or in what Region soever I be harboured, there will I maintain to the loss of my life, that both thy love, constancy, beauty, and chastity, surpasseth all Dames alive: and with this promise, my most Divine Rosalinde, I bid thee farewel. But before the honourable minded Champion could finish what he purposed to utter, the Lady being wounded in wardly with extream grief, not able to indure to keep silent any longer, but with tears falling from her eyes: brake off his speech in this manner:

Sir Knight (saith she) by whom my liberty hath been obtain'd, the Name of Lady and Mistress wherewith you entitle me, is too high and proud a Name, but rather call me Hand Maid, or servile slave, for on thy Noble person will I evermore attend: It is not Thrace can harbour me when thou art absent, and before I do forsake thy company and kind fellowship, Heaven shall be no Heaven, the Sea no Sea, nor the earth no earth: but if thou provest unconstant, as Ninus did to Scilla, who for his sake stole her Fathers Purple Hat, whereof depended the safety of his Country, or like wandring Aeneas forsake the Queen of Carthage: these tender and soft hands of mine shall never be unclasped, but hang upon thy Horse bride till mybody like Thesens Son be dasht in sunder against hard flinty stone: Therefore forsake me not dear Knight of Christendom. If ever Camma proved to her Sinatus, or Alsione to her Ceyx, Rosalinde will be as true to thee: so with this plighted promise she caught him fast about his neck, from whence she would not unclose her hands till he had vowed by the honour of true Chivalry, to make her sole companion, and only partner in his travels: and so in this order it was accomplished:

They being both agreed, she was most trimly attired like a page in green Sarcnet, her hair bound up most cunningly with

a silk Vest, artificially wrought with curious knots, that she might travel without suspition or blemish of honour: Her Rapier was a Turkish blade, and her Poniard of the finest fashion, which she wore at her back tyed with an Orange tawny coloured scarf, beautified with Tassels of unknown silk, her Buskins of the smoothest kids skins, her Spurs of the purest Lydian steel, in which when the noble and beautiful Lady was attired, she seemed in stature like the God of love, when he sat downe by Didoes Lap, or rather Ganimede Loves Minion or Adonis, when Venus shewed her white skin to entrap his eyes to her unchast desires. But to be brief, all things being in readiness for their departure from Thrace, this famous worthy Knight mounted on his eager Steed and the magnanimous Rosalind on her gentle Palfrap, in pace more easie then the winged winds, or a Cock boat floating upon Christal streams, they both had adue to the Countrey of Thracia, and committed their journey to the Queen of chance: Therefore smile heavens, and guide them with a most happy star, until they arrive where their souls do most desire. The bravest and boldest Knight that ever wandred by the way, and the most beliest Lady that ever eye beheld.

In whose travels my muse must leave them for a season, and speak of the Thracian Mourners, which by this time had watered the earth with abundance of their Ceremonious tears, and made the Elements true witnesses of their sad Laments, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

How St. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, trailed into a Vale of walking Spirits and how he was set at liberty by a going Fire after his journey into Thracia where he recovered the six Ladies to their natural shapes, that had lived seven years in the likeness of milk white Swans, with other accidents that befel the most Noble Champion.

NOw of the honorable adventures of S. Andrew the famous Champion of Scotland, must I discourse, whose seven years travels were as strange as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from the brazen Pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the Story, he travelled through many

many a strange & unknown Nation, beyond the Circuit of the Sun, where but one time in the year he shews his brightsome beams, but continual darkness over spreads the whole Country, and there lives a kind of people, that have heads like dogs, that in extremity of hunger do devour one another, from which people this noble Champion was strangely delivered, where after he had wandred some certain days, neither seeing the gladsome brightness of the Sun, nor the comfortable countenance of the Moon, but only guided by duskie Planets of the Elements, he happed to a Vale of walking Spirits, which he supposed to be ỳ very dungeon of burning Acheron: there he heard the blowing unseen fires, bloping of Furnaces, railing of Armour, trampling of Horses, ginging of Chains, lumbring of Iron, roaring of Spirits and such like horrid noises, that it made the Scottish Champion almost at his wits end. But yet having an undaunted courage, exempting all fear, he humbly made his supplication to heaven, that God would deliver him from that discontented place of terror, & so presently as the Champion kneeled down upon the barren ground (whereon grew neither herb flower, grass, nor any other green thing) he beheld a certain flame of fire walking up & down before him, whereat he grew in such an extasie of fear, that he stood for a time amazed, whether it were best to go forward, or to stand still: but yet recalling his senses, he remembred himself, how he had read in former times of a going fire, called Ignis fatuus, the fire of delusion: by some, Will with the wisp, or Will with the Lanchorn: & likewise, by some simple country people, The fair Maid of Ireland, which commonly used to lead wandring travellers out of their ways: the like imaginations entred the champions mind. So incouraging himself with his own conceits, and cheering up his dull senses late oppressed with extream fear, he directly followed the going fire, which so swiftly went before him, that by that time the guider of the night had climbed twelves degrees in the Rondack he was safely delivered from the Vale of walking Spirits by the direction of the going fire.

Now began the Sun to dance about the firmament, which he had not seen in many months before, whereat his dull senses much injured, being long covered before with darkness, that every step he trode, was as pleasurable, as though he had walked in a Garden bedecked with all kind of fragrant flowers, Y 2 At

At last, without any further molestation, he arrived within the Territories of Thracia, a country as you have heard in the former chapter, adorned with the beauty of many fair woods & Forests through which he travelled with small rest, and less sleep, till he came to the foot of the Mountain, whereupon stood the Castle wherein the woful King of Thracia in company of his sorrowful subjects still lamented the unhappy destinies of his six daughters turned into Swans, having crowns of gold about their Necks; When the valiant champion S. Andrew beheld the lofty scituation of the castle & the invincible strength it seemed to be of, he expected some strange adventure to befall him in the said castle, so preparing his Sword in readiness and buckling close his Armor, which was a shirt of fiber Mail for lightness in travel he climed the mountain, whereupon he espied the Gyant lying upon a craggy rock, with his Limbs & members all rent & torn, by the fury of hungry starved Fowles: which loathsome spectacle was no little wonder to the worthy champion, considering the mighty stature and bigness of the Gyant: where leaving his putrified body to the winds, he approached the gates: where after he had read the superscription ober the same, without any interruption, entred the castle, whence he expected a fierce encounter by some Knight ỹ should have defended the same, but all things fell out contrary to his imagination, for after he had found many a strange nobelty & hidden secret closed in the same, he chanced at last to come where the Thracians duly observed their ceremonious Mournings, which in this order were daily performed, first upon Sundays, which in that country is the first day in the Week, all the Thracians attired themselves after the manner of Bacchus Priests, & burned perfumed Incence, with swet Arabian Frankincese, upon a Religious Shrine, which they offered to the Sun as chief governour of that day thinking thereby to appease the angry destinies & to recover the unhappy Ladies to their former shapes: upon Mondays, clad in Garments after the Silvanes, a colour like to the wabes of the Sea they offered up their tears to the Moon, being the guider and Mistress of that day: upon Tuesdays like Souldiers trailing their banners in the dust, & drums sounding sad & doleful melody, in sign of discontent, they committed their proceeding to the pleasure of Mars, being ruler & guider of that day;

upon

upon Wednesday like Scholars, unto Mercury: upon Thursday like Paramours, to Love; upon Fridays like lovers with sweet sounding Musick to Venus; and upon Saturday like manual professors, to the angry and discontented Saturn.

Thus the woful Thracian King & his sorrowful subjects, consumed seven Months away, one while accursing Fortune of despight another while the Heavens of injustice: one for his children's transformations, the other for their long limited punishments. But at last when the Scottish Champion heard what bitter moan the Thracian made about the River, he demanded the cause, and to what purpose they observed such Ceremonies, contemning the Majesty of Jehovah & only worshipping but outward and vain Gods, to whom the King after a few sad tears strained from the conduits of his aged eyes, Replied in this manner.

Most Noble Knight, for so you seem by your gesture and other outward appearance, (quoth the King,) if you desire to know the cause of our continual grief, prepare your ears to hear a Tragick and woful tale, whereat methinks I see the elements begin to mourn, and cover their azured countenance with sable Clouds: These milk white Swans you see, whose necks are beautified with golden Crowns, are my six natural daughters, transformed into this Swan-like substance, by the appointment of the Gods: for of late this Castle was kept by a cruel Gyant named Blanderon, who by violence would have ravished them, but the Heavens to preserve their chastities, prevented his lustful desires, & transformed their beautiful bodies to these milk white Swans; & now seven years the chearful spring hath renewed the earth with a Summers livery & seven times the nipping winter Frosts have bereaved the Trees of leaf and bud, since first my Daughters lost their Virgin shapes: seven Summers have they swam upon this Chrystal Stream, where in stead of rich attire, and imbroidered Vestments their scaly silver coloured Feathers adorn their comely bodies: Princely Palaces, wherein they were wont, like tripping Sra-Nymphs, to dance their measures up and down, are now exchanged into cold streams of water: wherein their chiefest melody, is the murmuring of cold liquid bubbles, and their joyful pleasure to hear the harmony of humming Bees, which some Poets call the Muses birds.

Thus

Thus have you heard (most worthy Kt.) The woful Tragedy of my daughters, for whose sakes I will spend the remnant of my days heavily, complaining of their long appointed punishments, about the banks of this unhappy River. Which sad discourse was no sooner ended, but the Scottish Knight (having a mind furnished with all Princely thoughts, and a tongue washt in the Fountain of Eloquence) thus replied, to the comfort and great rejoycing of the Company.

Most Noble King (quoth the Champion) your heavy and dolorous discourse hath constrained my heart to wonderful passion, and compelles my very soul to rue your daughters miseries. But yet a greater grief & deeper sorrow than I hath taken possession of my breast, whereof my eyes have been witness, and my ears unhappy hearers of your misbelief, I mean your unchristian faith: For I have seen since my first arrival into this same Castle, your prophane & vain worship of strange & false Gods, as of Phebus, Luna, Mars, Mercury, & such like Poetical names, which the Majesty of high Jehovah utterly contemns. But Magnificent Governour of Thracia if you seek to recover your daughters humble prayer, & to obtain your souls content by true tears, you must abandon all such vain Ceremonies, and with true humility believe in the Christians God, which is the God of wonders, & chief Commander of the roaring Elements, in whose quarrel this unconquered Arm, and this undaunted heart of mine shall fight: and now be it known to thee, great King of Thrace, that I am a Christian Champion, by birth a Knight of Scotland bearing my Countries Arms upon my breast (for indeed therein he bore a silver Cross, set in blue silk) and therefore in the honour of Christendom, I challenge forth the proudest Knight at arms, against whom I will maintain that our God is the true God, and the rest fantastical and vain Ceremonies.

Which sudden and unexpected challenge, so daunted the Thracian Champions, that they stood amazed for a time, gazing upon one another, like men dropt from the clouds: but at last consulting together, how the challenge of the strange Knight, was to the dishonour of their country, & utter scandal of all knightly dignity: they with a general consent craved leave of the King, that the challenge might be taken, who as willingly condescended as they demanded.

demanded. So both time and place was appointed, which was the next morning following by the Kings commandment, upon a large and plain Meadow close by the Rivers side whereon the six Swans were swimming, whereupon after the Christian Champion had cast down his Steel Gauntlet and the Thracian Knight accepted thereof, they presently departed for that night the challenger to the East side of the Castle to his lodging and the defendant to the West, where they slept quietly till the next morning, when by the break of day were wakened by a Herald of Arms: but all the passed night, our Scottish Champion never entertained one motion of rest but busied himself in trimming his horse, buckling on his Armour, Lacing on his Burgonet, and making prayers to the divine Majesty of God for the conquest and victory, till the mornings beauty chased away the darkness of the night, and no sooner were the windows of the day full opened, but the valiant and noble minded Champion of Christendom entered the list, where the King in company of the Thracian Lords was present to behold the Combat: and so after S. Andrew had twice or thrice traced his horse up & down the Lists, by gallant flourishing his Lance, at the top whereof hung a Pendant of gold, whose Posie was thus written in silver Letters, This day a Martyr or a Conqueror: Then entered a Knight in exceeding bright Armour mounted upon a Courser as white as the Northern Snow whose caparison was of the colour of the Elements, between whom was a fierce encounter: but the Thracian had the foil & with disgrace departed the Lists. Then secondly, entered another Knight in Armour, barnished with green varnish, his steed of the colour of an iron grey: who likewise had the repulse by the worthy Christian. Thirdly, entered a Knight in a black Coursel, mounted upon a big boned Destrey covered with a vale of sable Silk in his hand he bore a Lance nailed round about with plates of steel: which Knight amongst the Thracians was accounted the strongest in the world, except it were those Giants that descended from a monstrous Lineage: but no sooner encountered these hardy Champions but their Lances shivered in sunder, & flew so violently into the air, that it much amazed the beholders, then they alighted from their steeds, & so valiantly behaved them with their keen Faulchions, that the fiery sparkles flew so fierce from these Male champions

steele

steely Helmets, as from an Iron Anvil: But the combat endured not very long, before the most hardy Scottish Knight espyed an advantage, wherein he might shew his matchless fortitude: whereupon he struck such a mighty blow upon the Thracians Bargonet, that it cleaved his head just down to his Shoulders: whereat the King suddenly started from his seat, and with a wrathful countenance threatned the Champions death in this manner:

Proud Christian (said the King) thou shalt repent his death, & curse the time that ever thou camest to Thracia: his blood we will revenge upon thy head, and quit thy committed cruelty with a sudden death: and so in company of a hundred armed Knights, he encompassed the Scottish champion, intending by multitudes to murder him. But when the Valiant Knight S. Andrew saw how he was suppressed by treachery, and inviroued with mighty troops, he called to Heaven for succour, and animated himself by these words of encouragement: Now for the honour of Christendom, This day a Martyr or a Conquerour: and therewithal he so valiantly behaved himself with his curtle-Ax that he made lanes of murthered men, and felled them down by multitudes, like as the Harvest men doth mow down ears of ripened corn, whereby they fell before his face like leaves from trees, when the Summers pride declines her glory. So at the last after much blood shed, the Thracian King was compelled to yield to the Scottish champions mercy, who swore him for the safety of his life, to forsake his prophane Religion, and become a christian, whose living true God the Thracian King vowed for evermore to worship, and thereupon he kist the champions sword.

This conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that he presently gave end to his daughters punishments, & turned the Ladies to their former shapes. But when the King beheld their smooth Feathers, which were as white as Lillies, exchanged to natural fairness, and that their black Bills and slender necks were converted to their first created beauty (where for eternal fairness the Queen of love might build her Paradise) he had adue to his grief and long continued sorrow, protesting ever after to continue a true christian for the Scottish champions sake: by whom and by whose Divine Orisons, his Daughters obtained their former features: so taking the Christian Knight in com-

pany

pany of the six Ladies, to an excellent rich chamber prepared with all things according to their wishes, where first the Christian Knight was unarmed, then his wounds washed with white-wine, new-milk, and rose Water, and so after some dainty repast, conveyed to his nights repose. The Ladies being the joyfullest creatures under heaven, never entertained one thought of sleep, but passed the night in their Fathers company, (whose mind was ravished with unspeakable pleasures) till the mornings messenger bad them good morrow.

Thus all things being prepared in a readiness, they departed the Castle, not like mourners to a heavy funeral, but in triumphing manner, marching back to the Thracian Pallace, with streaming banners in the wind, Drums and trumpets sounding joyful melody, and with sweet inspiring Musick, caused the Ayr to resound with Harmony: But no sooner were they entred the Pallace (which was in distance from the Spanys Castle, some ten miles) but there Triumphs turned to exceeding sorrow, for Rosalinde with the Champion of Italy, as you have heard before, was departed the Court; which unexpected news so daunted the whole company, but especially the King, that the triumphs for that time were deferred, and Messengers dispatcht in pursuit of the adventurous Italian, and lovely Rosalinde.

Likewise when S. Andrew of Scotland had intelligence how it was one of those Knights which was imprisoned with him under the wicked inchantress Kalyb, as you heard in the first beginning of the History, his heart thirsted for his most honourable company, and his eyes seldom closed quietly, nor took any rest, until he was likewise departed in the pursuit of his sworn friend, which was the next night following, without making any acquainted with his intent: likewise when the six Ladies understood the secret departure of the Scottish Champion, whom they affected dearer then any Knight in the world, they stored themselves with sufficient treasure, and by stealth took their journeys from their Fathers Pallace, intending either to find out the victorious & approved Knight of Scotland, or to end their lives in some Forraign Region.

The rumour of whose departure no sooner came to the Kings ears, but he purposed the like travel, either to obtain the sight of

his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb beyond the circuit of the Sun. So attiring himself in homely Russet, like a Pilgrim, with an Ebon staff in his hand tipt with silver, took his journey all unknown from his Pallace, whose sudden and secret departure struck such an extream and intolerable heaviness in the Court, & the Pallace gates were sealed up with sable mourning cloath: the Thracian Lords exempted all pleasures, like flocks of Sheep strayed up and down without the shepheards, the Ladies & Courtly Gentles sat sighing in their private Chambers: where we will leave them for this time, and speak of the success of the other Champions, and how Fortune smil'd on their adventurous proceedings.

CHAP. VIII.

How St. *Patrick* the Champion of *Ireland* redeemed the six *Thracian* Ladies out of the hands of thirty bloody minded *Satyrs*, and of their purposed Travail in a pursuit after the Champion of *Scotland*.

BUt now of that valiant and hardy Knight at Arms, St. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, must I speak, whose adventurous accidents were so nobly performed, that if my pen were made of Steel, should I wear it to the stumps to declare his prowess, and worthy Adventures. When he departed from the Brazen Pillar, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kind aspect, and sent him such a star to be his guide, that it led him to no Courtly pleasures, nor to vain delights, but to the Throne of fame, where honour sat enstalled upon a seat of Gold. Thither travelled the Warlike champion of Ireland, whose illustrious battels the Northern Isles have Cronicled in leaves of Brass: therefore Ireland be proud, for from thy bowels did spring a Champion, whose prowess made the Enemies of Christ to tremble, and watred the Earth with streams of Pagans blood: witness whereof the Isle of Rodes the key and strength of Christendom, was recovered from the Turks, by his Martial and invincible prowess; where his dangerous Battels, fierce encounters, bloody skirmishes, and long assaults would

would serve to fill a mighty volume, all which I pass over, & wholly discourse of things appertaining to this History. For after the wars of Rodes were fully ended, S. Patrick (accounted idle ease the nurse of cowardise) bad Rodes farewel, being then strongly fortified with Christian Souldiers, & took his journey through many an unknown Country, where at last, it pleased the Queen of Chance, to direct his steps into a solitary Wilderness, inhabited onely by wilde Satyrs, & a people of inhumane qualities, giving their wicked minds onely to murther, Lust and rape: wherein the Noble Champion travelled up and down many a weary step, not knowing how to qualifie his hunger, but by his own industry in killing of Venison, & pressing out the blood between two flat stones, and daily roasted it by the heat of the Sun his lodging was in the hollow trunck of a blasted tree, which nightly preserved him from the dropping showers of heaven, his chief companions were swift resounding Echoes, which commonly reanswered the Champions words.

In this manner lived S. Patrick the Irish Knight in the woods, not knowing how to set himself at liberty, but wandring up and down as it were in a maze wrought by the curious workmanship of some expedient Gardiner, it was his chance at last to come into a dismal shady thicket, beset about with baleful Misletoe, a place of horrour, wherein he heard the cryes of some distressed Ladies, whose bitter lamentations seemed to pierce the clouds, and to crave succour of the hands of God, which unexpected cryes not a little daunted the Irish Knight, so that it caused him to prepare his Weapon in readiness, against some sudden encounter: So crouching himself close under the root of an old withered oak (which had not flourished with green leaves many a year) he espyed afar off a crew of bloody minded Satyrs, haling by the hair six unhappy Ladies, through many a thorny brake and bryer, whereby the beauty of their crimson cheeks was all besprent with purple gore, and their eyes, (within whose clear Glasses one might behold the God of love dancing) all to be rent and torn by the fury of the Vipers, whereby they could not see the light of heaven, nor the place of their unfortunate abiding: which woful spectacle sacred such a terrour in the heart of the Irish Knight, that he presently made out for the rescue of the Ladies, to redeem them from the fury of

the merciles Satyrs, which were in number about some thirty, every one having a club upon his neck, which they had made with roots of young Oaks and Pine Trees; yet this adventurous Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a bold & resolute mind, let drive at the sturdiest Satyr, whose Armour of defence was made of Bulls hide, which was dryed so hard against the sun that the Champions Curtle Ax prevailed not: after which the fell Satyrs encompassed the Christian Knight round about, and so mightily oppressed him with down right blows, that had he not by good fortune leapt under the boughs of a spreading Tree, his life had been forced to give the world a speedy farewel. But such was his nimbledes and active policy; that ere long he sheathed his sharp pointed Fauchion in one of the Satyrs breasts: which woful sight caused all the rest to flie from his presence, and left the six Ladies to the pleasure and disposition of the most Noble and courageous Christian Champion:

Who after he had sufficiently breathed, and cooled himself in the chil Ayr, being almost windeles through the long encounter, and bloody skirmish) he demanded the cause of the Ladies Travels, and by what means they hapned into the hands of those merciles Satyres, who cruelly and tyrannically attempted the ruine and endles spoil of their unspotted Virginities. To which courteous demand one of the Ladies, after a deep-fetcht sigh or two, (being strained from ỹ bottom of her most sorrowful heart) in the behalf of her self and the other distressed Ladies, replyed in this order:

Know brave minded Knight that we are the unfortunate Daughters of the King of Thrace, whose lives have been unhappy ever since our births. for first we did endure a long imprisonment under the hands of a cruel Gyant and after the Heavens to preserve our chastities from the wicked desire of the said Gyant, transformed us into the shape of Swans, in which likeness we remained seven years, but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, named St. Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, after whom we have travelled many a weary step, never croft by any violence, until it was our angry fates to arrive in this unhappy Wilderness, where our eyes have been true witnesses of our misfortunes. Which sad discourse was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion thus began to comfort the distressed Ladies.

The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand this weary Travel (said the Irish Champion) is my approved friend, for whose company and wished sight, I will go more weary miles, then there be Trees in this vast wilderness, and number my steps with the sands hidden in the Seas: Therefore most excellent Ladies, true ornaments of beauty, be sad companions in my Travels, for I will never cease till I have found our honourable friend the Champion of Scotland, or some of those brave Knights, whom I have not seen these seven summers.

These words so contented the sorrowful Ladies, that without any exception they agreed, & with as much willingness consented as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eased their weariness, and cured their wounds, which was by the secret vertues of certain Herbs growing in the same Woods, they took their journeys anew under the conduct of this worthy Champion St. Patrick, where, after some days travel they obtained the sight of a broad beaten way, where committing their fortunes to the Fatal Sisters, and setting their faces toward the East, they merrily journied together. In whose fortunate travels we will leave them and speak of the seventh Christian Champion whose adventurous exploits and Knightly honours deserve a golden pen, dipt in Ink of true fame to discourse at large.

CHAP. IX.

How St. David Champion of Wales, slew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, & after how he was sent to the Enchanted garden of Ormondine, wherein by Magick art he slept seven years.

SAint David the most Noble Champion of Wales, after his departure from the Brazen Pillar, whereas the other Champions of Christendome divided themselves severally to seek fortunes and adventures, he atchieved many memorable things, as well in Christendome, as in those Nations where the acknowledged not true God: which as for this time I omit and only discourse what hapned unto him among the Tartarians, [illegible] being in the Emperour of Tartaries Court (a place very much honoured with valorous Knights, highly graced with [illegible] bountious Ladies) where the Emperour upon a time [illegible] feasts

solemn Just and Turnament to be holden in the honour of his Birth day: whether resorted at the time appointed, (from all the borders of Tartary) the best and the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which honourable and Princely exercise, the noble Knight S. David was appointed Champion for the Emperour, who was mounted upon a Morocco Steed; betrapped in a rich Caparison wrought by the curious work of Indian Women upon whose shield was set a golden Griffin rampant in a Field of blew.

Against him came the Count Palatine, Son and heir apparent to the Tartarian Emperour, brought in by twelve Knights, richly furnished with Habiliments of Honour, who paced three times about the Lists before the Emperour and many Ladies that were present to behold the honourable Turnament. The which being done, the twelve Knights departed the Lists, and the Count Palatine prepared himself to encounter with the Christian Knight, (being appointed chief Champion for the day) he likewise prepared himselfe, and at the Trumpets sound by the Heraulds appointment, they ran so fiercely each against other, that the ground seemed to shake under them, and the Skies to resound Ecchoes of their mighty strokes.

At the second race the Champions ranne, S. David had the worst, & was constrained through ỹ forcible strength of the Count Palatine, to lean backward almost before his Saddle, when at the Trumpets began to sound in sign of victory: but yet the valiant Christian nothing dismayd, but with a courage (within whose eye sat Knightly revenge) ran the third time against the Count Palatine, and by the violence of his strength, he overthrew both horse & man, whereby the Counts body was so extreamly bruised with the fall of his horse, that his heart blood issued forth by his mouth, and his vital spirits parted from the mansion of his breast so that he was forced to give the world a farewell.

This fatal overthrow of the Count Palatine, abashed the whole company, but especially the Tartarian Emperour, who having no more Sons but him, caused the Lists to be broken up the Knights to be disarmed, and the murthered Count to be brought by four Squires into his Palace, where after he was disployed of his furniture, and the Christian Knight received in honour of his victory the woful Emperour bathed his sons body with tears which dropped

ped like christial pearls from the congealed blood, and after many sad sighs he breathed forth this woful lamentation.

Now are my tryumphs turned to everlasting woes, from a Comical Pastime, to a direful and bloody Tragedy; O most unkind Fortune, never constant but in change! why is my life desired to see the downfall of my dear Son, the Noble Count Palatine? Why rends not this accursed Earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my body, into her hungry bowels? is this the use of Christians? for true honour to repay dishonour? Could not base blood serve to stain his deadly hands withal, but the Royal blood of my dear Son, in whose revenge the face of the Heavens is stained with blood, and cries for vengeance to the Majesty of mighty Jove. The dreadful furies, the direful daughters of dark night and all the baleful company of burning Acheron whose loins be girt with Serpents, and hair behanged with wreaths of Snakes, shall haunt, pursue, and follow that accursed Christian Champion, that hath bereaved my Country Tartarie of so precious a jewel as my dear Son, the Count Palatine was, whose magnanimous Prowesse did surpass all the Knights of our country.

Thus sorrowed the woful Emperour for the death of his noble son: sometimes making the Ecchoes of his Lamentations pierce the Elements: another while forcing his bitter curses to sinke to the deep foundations of Acheron: one while intending to be revenged on St. David the christian champion, then presently his intent was crost with a contrary imagination, thinking it was against the law of Armes, and a great dishonour to his country by violence to oppress a strange Knight, whose actions had ever been guided by true honour, but yet at last this firm resolution entred into his minde.

There was adjoyning upon the borders of Tartary, an Enchanted Garden, kept by Magick art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter, the governour of which Garden was a notable and Famous Nicromancer, named Ormondine, to which Magician the Tartarian Emperour intended to send the adventurous Champion S. David, thereby to revenge the Count Palatines death. So the Emperour after some few days passed, and the obsequies of his Son being no sooner performed, but he caused the christian Knight to be brought into his

presence,

presente to whom he committed this heavy Task, and weary Labour.

Proud Knight (said the angry Emperour) thou knowest since thy arrival in our Territories, how highly I have honoured thee, not onely in granting liberty of life, but making thee chief Champion of Tartary, which high honour thou hast repaid with great ingratitude, and blemished true Nobility, in acting my dear sons Tragedy: for which unhappy deed thou rightly hast deserved death. But yet know accursed Christian, that mercy harboureth in Princely minds, and where honour sits inthronized, there justice is not too severe: Although thou hast deserved death, yet if thou wilt adventure to the Enchanted Garden and bring hither the Magicians head, I grant thee not onely life, but therewithal the crown of Tartary after my decease: because I see thou hast a mind furnished with all Princely thoughts, and adorned with true Magnanimity.

This heavy task, and strange adventure, not a little pleased the Noble Champion of Wales, whose mind ever thirsted after worthy adventures: and so after some considerate thoughts, in this manner Replyed:

Most high and Magnificence Emperour, (said the Champion) were this task which you enjoyn me to, as wonderful as the labours of Hercules, or as fearful as the enterprise which Jason made for the golden Fleece, yet would I attempt to finish it, and return with Triumph to Tartary, as the Macedonian Monarch did to Babylon, when he had conquered part of the wide World. Which words were no sooner ended, but the Emperour bound him by his Oath of Knight-hood, and by the love he bore unto his native Country, never to follow other adventure, till he had performed his promise, which was to bring the Magician Ormandines head into Tartarie: whereupon the Emperour departed from the Noble Knight S. David, hoping never to see him return, but rather to hear of his utter confusion, or everlasting imprisonment.

Thus the valiant Christian Champion, being bound to his promise, within three days prepared all necessaries in readiness for his departure: and so travelled West-ward, till he approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden, the Situation whereof somewhat daunted his valiant courage: for it was encompassed with a

Hedge

hedge of withered Thorns & Briars, which seemed continually to burn: upon the top thereof sat a number of strange and deformed things, some in the likeness of Night Owls, which wondred at the presence of S. David; some in the shape of Progues transformation, foretelling his unfortunate success, and some like Ravens, that with their harsh throats ring forth hateful knels of woful Tragedies: the Element which covered the Enchanted garden, seemed to be over-spread with misty clouds, from whence continually shot flames of fire, as though the skies had been filled with blazing Comets: which fearful spectacle, as it seemed the very pattern of hell, struck such a terror into the Champions heart, that twice he was in mind to return without performing the adventure, but for his Oath and honour of Knighthood, which he had pawned for the accomplishment thereof: So laying his body on the cold earth, being the first Nurse and Mother of his life, he made his humble petition to God, that his mind might never be oppressed with Cowardise, nor his heart daunted with faint fears, till he had performed what the Thracian Emperor had bound him to, the Champion rose from the ground, & with chearful looks beheld the Elements, which seemed in his conceit to smile at the enterprise, and to foreshew a lucky event.

So the Noble Knight S. David with a valiant courage went to the Garden Gate, by which stood a Rock of Stone, over-spread with Moss: In which Rock by Magick Art was enclosed a sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the hilt, which was the richest in his judgement, that ever his eyes beheld, for the Steel-work was engraven very curiously, beset with Jasper and Saphire Stones; the Pummel was in the fashion of a Globe, of the purest Silver that the Mines of Rich America brought forth: about the Pummel, was engraven in Letters of Gold, these Verses following.

My Magick spells remain most firmly bound,
The worlds strange wonder, unknown by any one,
Till that a Knight within the North be found,
To pull this Sword from out this Rock of stone:
Then ends my Charms, my Magick Arts and all,
By whose strong hand, wise *Ormandine* must fall.

These Verses drave such a conceited imagination into the Champions mind, that he supposed himself to be the Northern Knight, by whom the Negromancer should be conquered: Therefore without any further advisement, he put his hand into the Hilt of the rich Sword, thinking presently to pull it out from the Enchanted Rock of Ormondine: but no sooner did he attempt that vain enterprise, but his valiant courage and invincible fortitude failed him, and all his senses were overtaken with a sudden and heavy sleep, whereby he was forced to let go his hold, & to fall flat upon the barren ground, where his eyes were so fast locked up by Magick Art, and his waking senses drowned in such a dead slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himself from sleep, as to pull the Sun out of the Firmament. The Negromancer, by his Magick still had intelligence of the Champions unfortunate success: who sent from the Enchanted garden four Spirits, in the similitude & likeness of four beautiful Damsels, which wrapped the drowsie Champion in a sheet of fine Arabian silk, and conveyed him into a Cave, directly placed in the middle of the Garden, where they laid him upon a soft bed, more softer then the Down of Culvers: where those beautiful Ladies through the Art of wicked Ormondine, continually kept him sleeping for the tearm of seven years: one while singing with sweet sugared songs, more sweeter and delightful then the Syrens melodie: another while with rare conceited Musick, surpassing the sweetness of Arions Harp, which made the Dolphins in the Sea dance at the sound of his sweet inspiring melody: or like the Harmony of Orpheus, when he journeyed down into Hell, where the devils rejoiced to hear his admired Notes, and on earth, trees and stones leaped when he did but touch the silver strings of his Ivory Harp.

Thus was S. Davids adventure crost with a wonderful bad success, whose days travels was turned into a nights repose, whose nights repose was made a heavy sleep, which endured until seven years were fully finished, where we will leave S. David to the mercy of the Negromancer Ormondine, & return to the most Noble and magnanimous Champion S. George, where we left him imprisoned in the Souldans Court. But now, Gentle Reader, thou wilt think it strange, that all these Christian Champions

should

should meet together again, seeing they be separated into so many borders of the world: First, S. Denis the Champion of France, remaineth now in the Court of Thessaly with his Lady Eglantine: S. James the Champion of Spain, in the City of Sicil with Celestine, the fair Lady of Jerusalem: S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, travelling the World, in the company of the Thracian Maiden, attyred in a Pages apparel: S. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, seeking after the Italian: S. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, after the Champion of Scotland: S. David of Wales sleeping in the Enchanted Garden, adjoyning to the Kingdom of Tartary: & S. George the Famous Champion of England, imprisoned in Persia: of whom, & whose Noble Adventures, I must a while discourse, till the honoured fame of the other Champions compels me to report their Noble and Princely atchievements.

CHAP. X.

How S. George escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment, with other things that happened to the English Knight, with the Tragical Tale of the Negromancer Ormondine.

NOw seven times had frosty bearded Winter covered both herbs and flowers with Snow, and behung the Trees with chrystal Icikles: seven times had Lady Ver beautified every field with Natures Ornaments: & seven times had withered Autumn robbed the Earth of spring flowers, since the unfortunate S. George beheld ỳ cheerful light of heaven, but lived obscurely in a dismal dungeon, by ỳ Souldan of Persias commandment, as you heard before in the beginning of the History: his unhappy fortune so discontented his restly thoughts, that a thousand times a year he wisht an end of his life, and a thousand times he cursed the day of his creation: his sighs in number did counterbail a heap of sand whose top might seem to reach ỳ skies the which he vainly breathed forth against the walls of ỳ Prison, many times making his humble supplications to the heavens, to redeem him from ỳ vale of misery, & many times seeking occasion, desperately to abridge his days, & so triumph in his own tragedy

But at last, when seven years were fully ended, it was the Champions luckie fortune to find in a secret corner of the Dungeon a certain Iron Engin, which time had almost consumed with Rust, wherewith, with long labour he digged himself a passage through the ground, till he ascended just in the middle of the Souldans Court, which was at that time of the night when all things were silent: the heavens he then behild beautified with Stars & bright Cynthia, whose glittering beams he had not seen in many hundred nights before, seemed to smile at his safe delivery, & to stay her wandring course, till he most happily found means to get without the compass of the Persians Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong gates of the City hinder his flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the Noble Knight being as fearful as the Bird newly escaped from the Fowlers Net, gazed round about, & listened where he might hear the voyce of People, at the last he heard the Grooms of the Souldans Stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next morning for some Noble Atchievement. Whereupon the Noble Champion S. George taking the Iron Engin, wherewith he redeemed himself out of Prison, he burst open the Doors, where he slew all the Grooms in the Souldans Stable: which being done, he took the strongest Palfrey, & the richest Furniture, with other necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Arms, & so rode in great comfort to one of the City gates, where he saluted the Porter in this manner:

Porter, open the Gates, for S. George of England is escaped, and hath Murthered the Grooms, in whose pursuit the City is in Arms. Which words the simple Persian believed for truth, and so with all speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of England departed, and left the Souldan in his dead sleep, little mistrusting his sudden escape.

But by that the purple spotted morning had parted with her grey, & the suns bright countenance appeared on the Mountain tops, S. George had ridden 20 miles from the Persian Court, and before his departure was bruted in ỳ Souldans Pallace, the English Champion had recovered the sight of Grecia, past all danger of the Persian Knights, that followed him with a swift pursuit.

By this time the extremity of hunger so sharply tormented him, that

that he could travel no further, but was constrained to sustain himself with certain wild Chesnuts instead of Bread, and sower Oranges instead of drink, & such faint food as grew by the way as he travelled, where the necessity and want of victuals compelled the Noble Knight to breath forth this pittiful complaint.

O hunger, hunger, (said the Champion) more sharper then the stroak of death, thou art the extreamest punishment ẏ ever man endured; If I were now King of Armenia, and chief Potentate of Asia, yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter, with all my provinces, for one shiver of brown bread: O that this Earth would be so kind, as to open her bowels and cast up some food to suffice my want: or that the Ayr might be choake with milke, whereby feathered foul for want of breath might fall, and yield me some succour in this my Famishment, and extream penury: or that the Oceans would out spread their branched Armes, & cover these sunburnt valleys with their treasures, to satisfie my hunger, but O now I see, both Heaven and Earth, hills and dales, skies and seas, fish and fouls, birds and beasts, and all things under the cope of heaven, conspire my utter over-throw: better had it bin if I had ended my days in Persia, then here to be famished in the broad world, where all things by natures appointment are ordained for mans use. Now instead of Courtly delicates, I am forced to eat the fruit of trees, & instead of Grecish Wine, I am compelled to quench my thirst with morning dew, which nightly lyes upon the blades of Grass.

Thus complained S. George, till glittering Phebus had mounted the top of heaven & drawn the misty vapors from the ground whereby he might behold the prospects of Grecia, and which way to travel most safely. And as he looked, he espied directly before his face a Tower, standing upon a Chalky cliff, distant from him some three miles, whether the Champion intended to go, not to seek for adventures, but to rest himself after his journey, & to get such Victuals as therein he could find to suffice his want.

So setting forward with a speedy pace, the Heavens seemed to smile, and the Birds to Ring chirping peals of melody, as though they did Prognosticate a fortunate event. The way he found so plain, and the journey so easie, that within half an hour he approached before the said Tower: where upon the Wall stood a most

beau-

beautiful woman, attyred after the manner of a distressed Lady, and her looks heavy, like the Queen of Troy, when she beheld her Pallace on fire. The Valiant Knight S. George, after he had alighted from his horse, he gave her this courteous salutation.

Lady (said he) for so you seem by your outward appearance, if ever you pitied a Traveller, or granted succour to a Christian Knight, give to me one meals meat now almost famisht. To whom the Lady after a curst frown or two, answered in this order.

Sir Knight (quoth she) I advise thee with all speed to depart, for here thou gettest but a cold Dinner: my Lord is a mighty Gyant, and believeth in Mahomet, and if he once do but understand that thou art a Christian Knight, not all the gold of higher India, nor the riches of wealthy Babylon can preserve thy life. Now by the honour of my Knight-hood (replied S. George,) and by the great God that Christendom adores, were thy Lord more stronger then mighty Hercules, that bore Mountains on his back: here will I either obtain my Dinner or die by his accursed hand.

These words so abashed the Lady, that she went with all speed from the Tower, and told the Gyant how a Christian Knight remained at the Gate, which had sworn to suffice his hunger in despight of his will: whereat the furious Gyant suddenly started up, being as then in a sound sleep, for it was the midle of the day: who took a bat of Iron in his hand, and came down to the Tower Gate. His stature was in height five yards, his head bristled like a Boar, a foot there was betwixt each brow, his eyes hollow, his mouth wide, his lips were like to flaps of steel, in all his proportion more like a devil then a man. Which deformed Monster so daunted the courage of S. George, that he prepared himself to death: not through fear of the monstrous Gyant, but for hunger & feebleness of body: but here God provided for him, and so restored to him his decayed strength, that he endured battle until the closing up of the Evening, by which time the Gyant grew almost blind, through the sweat that ran down from his monstrous brows, whereat S. George got the advantage, and wounded the Gyant so cruelly under the short Ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the ground, and to give end to his life.

After which happy event of the Gyants slaughter, the invincible Champion S. George first gave the honour of his victory unto God

in

in whose power all his fortune consisted. Then entring the Tower, whereas the Lady presented him with all manner of delicates and pure Wines; but the English Knight, suspecting treachery to be hidden in her proffered courtesie, caused her first to tast of every dish: likewise of his wine, lest some violent poyson should be therein commixt: finding all things pure and wholesome as nature required, he suckred his hunger, rested his weary body, and refreshed his Horse.

And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady, he committed his fortune to a new travel: where his revived spirits never entertained longer rest, but to the refreshing of himself & his horse, so travelled he through part of Grecia, the confines of Phrygia, & into the borders of Tartary, within whose Territories he had not long journied, but he approached the sight of the enchanted Garden of Ormondine, where S. David the Champion of Wales had so long slept by Magick art. But no sooner did he behold the wonderful Situation thereof, but he espied Ormondines sword enclosed in the enchanted Rock: where after he had read the superscription written about ỳ Pummel, he assayed to pull it out by strength: where he no sooner put his hand into the Hilt, but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had been hung by a thread of untwisted silk: but when he beheld the glistering brightness of the blade, & the wonderful richness of the Pummel, he accounted the prize more worth then the Armour of Achilles, which caused Ajax to run mad, and more richer then Medeas golden Fleece: But by that time S. George had circumspectly lookt into every secret of the Sword, he heard a strange and dismal hoyse thunder in the Skies, a terrible & mighty lumbring in the Earth whereat both Hills & Mountains shook, Rocks removed, and Oaks rent into pieces: After this, the Gates of the Enchanted Garden flew open whereat incontinently came forth Ormondine the Magician with his hair flaring on his head, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks blushing, his hands quivering, his legs trembling, and all the rest of his body distempered, as though Legions of Spirits had encompast him about; he comming directly to the worthy Eng. Kt. remained still by the Enchanted Rock, from whence he had pulled the magicians sword: whence after the Necromancer had sufficiently beheld his Princely countenance, whereon true honor sat enthro-

nized

nized, & viewed his worthy Personage, the Image of true Knighthood, the which seemed in the Magicians eys to be the rarest work that ever nature framed: First he took the most valiant and magnanimous Champion St. George of England, by the stout Gantlet & with great humility kissed it, then proffering him the courtesies due unto strangers, which was performed very graciously; he afterwards conducted him into the Enchanted Garden, to the Cave where the Champion of Wales was kept sleeping by the four Virgins singing delightful songs, and after setting him a Chair of Ebony, Ormondine thus began to relate of wonderful things.

Renowned Knight at arms (said the Negromancer) fames worthiest Champion, whose strange Adventures all Christendom in time to come shall applaud: be silent till I have told my tale, for never after this must my tongue speak again: The Knight which thou seest here wrapt in this Sheet of Gold, is a Christian Champion, as thou art, sprung from the ancient seed of Trojans Warriours, who likewise attempted to draw this Enchanted Sword, but my Magick spels so prevailed, that he was intercepted in the enterprize, & forced ever since to remain sleeping in this Cave: but now the hour is almost come of his recovery, which by thee must be accomplished: thou art that adventurous Champion, whose invincible hand must finish up my detested life: & send my fleeting soul to draw thy fatal Chariot upon the bancks of burning Acheron: for my time was limited to remain no longer in this Enchanted Garden, but till that from the North should come a Knight that should pull this sword from the Enchanted Rock, which thou happily hast now performed; therefore I know my time is short, and my hour of dessiny at hand. What I report, write in brazen lines, for the time will come when this discourse shall highly benefit thee. Take heed thou observe three things: First, that thou take to wife a pure Maid: Next, that thou erect a Monument over thy Fathers Grave: and lastly, that thou continue a professed foe to the enemies of Christ Jesus, bearing arms in the honour and praise of thy Country. These things being truly and justly observed, thou shalt attain such honour, that all Kingdoms of Christendom shall admire thy dignity: what I speak is upon no vain imagination, sprung from a frantick brain, but pronounced by the mystical and deep art of Negromancy.

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These words were no sooner ended, but the most honourable fortunate Champion of England, requested the Magician to discribe his past fortunes, and by what means he came to be Governour of the Inchanted Garden.

To tell the discourse of my own life (Replied Ormondine) will breed a new sorrow in my heart, the remembrance of which will rend my very soul: but yet most noble Knight to fulfil thy request I will force my tongue to declare what my heart denies to utter: Therefore prepare thine ear to entertain the wofullest tale that ever tongue delivered. And so after S. George had sat a while silent, expecting his discourse, the Magician spake as followeth.

The woful and Tragical discourse, pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine, of the misery of his Children.

I was in former time, (so long as fortune smiled upon me) the King and only commander of Scythia my name Ormondine graced in my youth with two fair Daughters, whom Nature had not only made beautiful, but replenisht them with all gifts that art could devise: the elder whose name was Castria, the fairest maid that ever Scythia brought forth, her eyes like flaming torches, so dazled her beholders, that like attractive Adamants, they conjured them to admire her Beauty: amongst a number of Knights that were enstnared with her love, there was one Floridon, Son to the King of Armenia equal to her in all ornaments of Nature, a lovelier couple never trod on earth, or graced any Princes Court in the whole World.

This Floridon so fervently burned in affection with the admired Castria that he lusted after her Virginity, & practised both by policy & fair promises to enjoy that precious pleasure, which after fell to his own destruction: for upon a time when the mantles of dark night had closed in the light of heaven, and the whole Court had entertained a silent rest, this Floridon entred Castrias lodging, further'd by y chamber maid, where to her hard hap, he cropped the bud of sweet Virginity, and left such a pawn within her Womb, that before many days were expired her shame began to appear, and the deceived Lady, was constrained to reveal her minde to Floridon: who in the mean time had betrothed himself to my younger Daughter, whose name was Marcilla no lesse

beautified with natures gift, then her elder Sister, but when this unconstant Floridon perceived that her belly began to grow big with the burthen of his unhappy seed, he upbraided her with shame, laying dishonour in her dish, calling her strumpet, with many ignominious words, forswearing himself never to have committed any such infamous deed, protesting that he ever scorned to link in womans bands, and counted chamber love a deadly sting, and a deep infection to the honour of his Knight-hood.

These unkind speeches drave Castria into such extream passion of mind, that she with a shamefull look and blushful cheeks, after this manner revealed her sorrows unto him:

What knows not Floridine (quoth the Lady) her, whom his Lust hath stained with dishonour? See, see, unconstant Knight the pledge of faithless vows, behold the womb where springs thy lively Image; behold this mark which stains my fathers ancient house, and sets a shamefast blush upon my cheeks, always when I behold the company of chast virgins: dear Floridon shadow this my shame with Marriage Rites, that I be not accounted a by-word to the World, nor that this my babe in time to come, be termed a base born Child: remember what plighted promises, what vows and protestations, past betwixt us, remember the place and time of my dishonour, and be not like the furious Tygars that repay love with despite.

At which words Floridon with a wrathful countenance, replyed in these words:

Egregious and shameless creature (quoth he) with what brazen face dareſt thou out-brave me thus: I tell thee Castria my love was ever yet to follow Arms, to hear the sound of Drums, to ride upon a nimble Steed, and not to trace a Carpet dance, like Priams Son, before the lustful eys of Menalaus Wife: Therefore be gone, disturbing strumpet, go sing thy harsh melody in company of Night-birds, for I tell thee, the day will blush to cover thy monstrous shame.

Which reproachful speeches being no sooner ended, but Floridon departed her presence, not leaving behind him so much as a kind look: whereat the distressed Lady being oppressed with intollerable grief, sunk down dead, not able to speak for a time, but at last, recovering her senses, she began a new to complain.

I that was wont (quoth she) to walk with troops of Maids, must now abandon and utterly forsake all company, and seek some secret Cave, wherein I may sit for evermore and bewail my lost Virginity: If I return unto my father he will refuse me: if to my friends, they will be ashamed of me, if to Strangers, they will scorn me: if to my Floridon, Oh he despeth me, and accounts my sight as ominous as the baleful Crocodiles. O ♀ I might in the shape of a Bird or like the ravished Philomela, fill every Wood and Wilderness with my dishonour, for now I am neither chast Virgin nor honest wife, but a shameless Strumpet, and the worlds vile scorn: whereat methinks, I see how vertuous and chast Maidens point & term me a vicious Dame. O unconstant Floridon, thou didst promise to shadow this fault with Marriage, but now vows I see are vain: thou hast forsaken me, and tyed thy faith unto my Sister Marcilla, who must enjoy thy love, because she continues chast without any spot of dishonour. Oh, wo to thee unconstant Knight, thy flattering eyes deceived me, and thy glozing tongue enticed me to commit that sin, which all the Ocean Streams can never wash away: why stand I relating thus in vain, the deed is done and Floridon will triumph in the spoyl of my virginity, while he lies dalying in my Sisters Armes: May first the fatal lights of funerals chast mask about his Marriage bed, and his bridal blaze Ile quench with blood: for I will go unto their Marriage-Chamber, where as these hands of mine shall rend my Sisters Womb before she shall enjoy the interest of my bed: rage heart, instead of love delight in Murther, let vengeance be ever in thy thoughts till thou hast quencht with blood the furies of disloyal love.

Thus complained the woful Castria, roving up and down the Court of Scythia, until the Visitris of the Night had spent five months: at the end of which time, the appointed Marriage of Floridon and Marcilla drew nigh, the thought whereof proved an endless terror to her heart, and of more intollerable burthen, than the pains of her Womb; the which she girded in so extreamly for fear of suspicion, and partly under colour to bring about her intended tragedy, which was in this bloody and execrable manner accomplished and brought about.

The day at last came, whereon Floridon & Marcilla should tye that sacred knot of Marriage, and the Prince, and Potentates of

Scythia were all present to see Himens Holy Rites: in which Honourably assembled, none were more busier then Castria, to beautifie her Sisters Wedding. The Ceremonies being no sooner performed, and the day spent in pleasures fitting the honour of so great and mighty a train, but Castria requested the use of the countrey which was this, That the first night of every Maidens Marriage, a known Virgin should lie with the bride, which honourable task was committed to Castria: who provided against the hour appointed a silver Bodkin, and hid it secretly in the tramels of her hair, wherewith she intended to prosecute revenge. The Brides lodging Chamber was appointed far from the hearing of any one, lest the noyse of people should hinder her quiet sleep.

But at last when the hour of her wishes approached, that the Bride should take leave of her Ladies, and Maidens that attended her to her chamber, the new Married Floridon in company of many Scythian Knights, committed Marcilla to her quiet rest, little mistrusting the bloody purpose of her Sisters mind.

But now behold, how every thing fell out according to her desires. The Ladies and Gentlewomen were no sooner departed, and silence taken possession of the whole Court, but Castria with her own hand locked the Chamber Doore, and secretly conveyed the Keys under the beds head, not perceived by the betraped Marcilla; which poor Lady after some speeches departed to bed; wherein she was no sooner laied, but a heavy sleep overmastred her senses, whereby her tongue was forced to bid her Sister goodnight, who as then sat discontented by her bed side, watching the time wherein she might conveniently act the bloody tragedy: upon a Court-Cupboard stood two burning Tapers, that gave light to the whole Chamber, which in her conceit seemed to burn blue: which fatal spectacle encouraged her to a more speedy performance: and by the light of the two lamps she unbraced her Vestures, & stripped her self into her milk-white smock, having not so much upon her head, as a Caul to hold up her golden hair: after this she took her silver Bodkin, that before she had secretly hidden in her hair, and with a wrathful countenance, (upon whose brows sat the image of pale death) she came to her new Married Sister, being then overcome with a heavy slumber, and with her bodkin pierced her tender breast: who immediately at the stroke thereof

started

started from her sleep, & gave such a pittiful scrike, that it would have waked the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood far from the hearing of company, except her bloody minded Sister, whose hand was ready to redouble her lurp, with a second stroke.

But when Marcilla beheld the sheets and ornaments of her bed distained with purple gore, and from her breast ran streams of crimson blood, which like to a fountain trickled from her bosome, she breathed forth this cruel exclamation against the cruelty of Castria.

O Sister (quoth she) hath nature harboured in thy breast a bloody mind! what fury hath moved thee thus to commit my Tragedy? In what have I misdone or wherein hath my tongue offended thee? What cause hath been occasion, that thy remorseless hand against nature, hath converted my joyful Nuptials to a woful Funeral: This is the cause (Replied Castria, and therewithal she view her Womb, grown big through the burthen of her Child) that I have bathed my hands in thy detested blood.

See, see Marcilla (said she) the unhappy bed, wherein thy accursed Husband hath sown his seed by which my Virgins honour is for ever stained, this is the spot which thy heart blood must wash away, and this is the shame that nothing but death shall finish; therefore a sweet revenge, and a present murther likewise will I commit upon my self, whereby my loathed soul in company of my unborn babe shall wander with my Ghost along the Stigian Lakes.

Which words being no sooner finished, but she violently petred her own breast, whereby the two Sisters blood were equally mingled together: but now Marcilla being the first wounded, and the nearer drawing toward death, she wofully complained with this dying Lamentation.

Draw neer (said she) you blazing Stars, you earthly Angels, you imbroydered girls, you lovely Ladies, and flourishing Dames of Scythia, behold her woful end, whose glories mounted to the clements, behold my Marriage bed, here beautified with Tapestry, converted to deaths bloody habitation, my brave attire to earthly Mould, and my Princely Pallaces to Elizium shades, being a place appointed for those Dames that lived and dyed true Virgins for now I feel the pains of Death closing my lives windows, and my heart ready to entertain the stroke of destiny. Come Floridon,

come,

some instead of Arms, get Eagles wings, that in thy bosome I may breath my murthered Ghost. World fare thou well, I was too proud of my inticing pleasures: thy Princely pomp and all thy glistring Ornaments, I must for ever bid adue. Father, farewell, withall my masking Train of Courtly Ladies Knights and Gentlewomen: my Death I know will make thy Pallace deaths gloomy Regiment; and last of all; farewell my noble Floridon, for thy sweet sake Partilla here is murthered.

At the end of which word, the dying Lady being faint with the abundance of blood that issued from her wounded breast, gave up the Ghost. No sooner had pale death seized upon her lifeless body, but Castria through the extremity of her wound was ready to entertain the stroke of her fatal sisters, who also complained in this manner: Hearken to me you loving Girls, (said she) to you I speak, that know what endless grief disloyall and false love breeds in constant minds, the thought whereof is so intollerable to my soule that exceeds the torments of Dannaus daughters, which continually fill water in bottomless Tubs in Hell. Oh that my ears had never listned to his sugred speeches, nor never known what Courtly pleasures meant, where beauty lives a bait for every lustful eye: but rather to have lived a Country Lass, where sweet content is harboured, and beauty shrouded under true humility, then had not Floridon bereaved me of my sweet virginity nor had this actuated hand committed this cruel murther: But Oh! I feel my soul passing into Elizium shades where Creusas shadow and Didoes Ghost have their abidings: thither doth my spirit flie, to be entertained amongst those unhappy Ladies whom unconstant love hath murthered: Thus Castria not being able to speak any longer, gave a very grievous sigh and so had adue to the world.

Now when the morning Sun had chased away the darksome night, Floridon who little mistrusted the Tragedy of the two Sisters, repaired to the Chamber door, with a consort of Skilfull Musitians, where the inspiring Harmony sounded to the Walls, and Floridons morning salutations were spent in vain: for death so stopt the two Princes ears that no resound of thanks at all resolved his words, which caused Floridon to depart, thinking them to be a sleep, and to return within an hour after, who without any company came to ye chamber door, where he again found

all

all silent: at which suspecting some future event, he burst open the Door, where being no sooner entred, but he found the two Ladies weltring in their own gore; which woful spectacle presently so bereaved him of his wits, that like a frantick man he raged up and down, and in this manner bitterly complained.

Oh immortal powers open the wrathful gates of heaven, and in your justice punish me, for my unconstant Love hath murthered two of the bravest Ladies that ever nature framed, revive sweet Dames, of Scythia, and hear me speak, that am the wofullest wretch y ever spake with a tongue: If Ghost may here be given for Ghost, dear Lady take my life and live, or if my heart might dwell within your breasts, this hand shall equally devide it: but words I see are vain, and my proffer cannot purchase life nor recover your breathing spirits: yet vengeance shall you have, this hand shall untwine my fatal twist, and bereave my bloody breast of life, whereby my happy Ghost shall follow you through Tartar Gulfes, through burning Lakes, and through the lowring shades of dreadful Coeytus: gape, gape, sweet earth and in thy Womb make all our Tombs together.

Which woful Lamentation being no sooner breathed from his sorrowful breast, but he finished his days, by the stroke of that same accursed bodkin that was the bloody instrument of the two Sisters death, the which he found still remaining in the remorseless hand of Castria.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the true Tragedy of three of the most goodliest Personages that ever nature framed: but now with diligent ears listen unto the unfortunate discourse of mine own misery, which in this unhappy manner fell out: for no sooner came the flying news of the murthered Princes to my ears, but I grew into such a discomfited passion that I abandoned my self from company of people, and sat for seven moneths in a solitary passion, lamenting the loss of my Children, like weeping Niobe, which was the sorrowfullest Lady that ever lived.

During which time the report of Floridons unhappy Tragedy was bruited to his Fathers ears, being the sole King of Armenia: whose grief so exceeded the bounds of reason, that with all convenient speed he gathered the greatest strength Armenia could make and in revenge of his Sons murther, entred my Territories, and

with

with his wel approved Warriors subdued my Provinces, slaughtred my Souldiers, conquered my Captains, slew my Commons, burnt my Cities, and left my Country Villages desolate, where, when I beheld my Country over-spread with Famine, Fire, and Sword, three intestine plagues, wherewith Heaven scourgeth the sins of the wicked, I was forced to safeguard my life, to forsake my native habitation, Kingly Goverment, only committing my Fortune (like a banisht exile) to wander in unknown passages, where care was my chief companion, and discontent my only solititer: at last it was in my destiny to arrive in this unhappy place, which I supposed to be the walks of dispair, where I had not remained many days in my melancholly passions, but me thought the many jaws of deep Avernus opened, from whence ascended a most fearfull Devil, that inticed me to bequeath my fortune to his disposing, and he would defend me from the surp of the whole world: to which I presently condescended upon some assurance; then presently he placed before my face this inchanted sword, so surely closed in stone, that it should never be pulled out, but by the hands of a Christian Knight; and till that taske was performed, I should live exempt from all danger, although all the Kingdoms of the Earth assailed me: which task (most adventurous Champion) thou hast now performed, whereby I know the hour of my death approacheth, and my time of confusion is at hand.

This discourse pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine, was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion St. George heard such a rattling in the skies, & such a rumbling in the earth, that he expected some strange event to follow: then casting his eyes aside, he saw the enchanted Garden to vanish, and the Champion of Wales to awake from his long sleep, wherein he had remained seven years: who like one risen from a swound, for a time stood speechless, not able to utter one word, till he beheld the noble Champion of England, that stedfastly gazed upon the Negromancer: who at the vanishment of the Enchantment, presently gave a most terrible groan and died.

The two Champions after many courteous imbracings & kind greetings, revealed each to other the strange adventures they had passed. S. David told how he was bound by the oath of Knighthood, to performe the adventure of Ormondine: whereupon Saint George

George presently delivered the Enchanted Sword, with the Negromancers Head into the hands of S. David, the which he presently dissevered from his body. But here must my weary Muse leave S. David travelling with Ormond nes head to the Tartarian Emperour, and speak of the following Adventures that hapned to S. George, after his departure from the Enchanted Garden.

CHAP. XI.

How S. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where he stole away Sabra the Kings Daughter of Egypt, from the Blackmoore King, and how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the means of the Lyon, and what hapned unto him in the same adventure.

SAint George, after the recovery of S. David, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his journey toward Christendom, whose pleasant Banks he long desired to behold, and thought every day a year, till his eyes enjoyed a sweet sight of his Native Country England upon whose Chalky cliffes he had not rod in many a weary Summers day: therefore committing his journey to a fortunate success, he travelled through many a dangerous Countrey: where the people were not only of a bloody disposition, given to all manner of wickedness, but the soyl greatly annoyed with wild beasts, through which he could not well travel without danger: therefore he carried continually in one of his hands a weapon ready charged, to encounter with the Heathen People, if occasion should serve, and in the other hand a bright blaze of fire, to defend him from the fury of wild beasts, if by violence they assayled him.

Thus in extream danger travelled the Noble and adventurous Champion S. George, till he arrived in the Territories of Barbary, in which Countrey he purposed for a time to remain, and to seek for some noble atchievement, whereby his fame might be encreased, and his honoured name ring through all the Kingdomes of the world: & being encouraged with this Princely cogitation, the Noble Champion of England, climbed to the top of a huge Mountain, where he unlocked his bever, which before had not bin

lifted up in many a day, and beheld the wide and spacious Countrey, how it was beautified with lofty Pines, & adorned with many goodly Pallaces. But amongst the number of the Towers and cities which the English Champion beheld, there was one which seemed to exceed the rest both in situation and brave buildings, which he supposed to be the chiefest City in all the Countrey, and the place where the King usually kept his Court: to which place S. George intended to travel, not to furnish himself with any needful thing, but to accomplish some honourable adventure, whereby his worthy deeds might be eternized in the Books of memory. So after he had descended from the top of the steepy mountain & had travelled in a low valley about some two or three miles he approached an old & almost ruinated Hermitage over grown with Moss, and other weeds, before the Entry of which Hermitage sat an antient Father upon a round Stone, taking the heat of the warm Sun, which cast such a comfortable brightness upon the Hermits face, that his white Beard seemed to glister like silver, and his Head to exceed the whiteness of the Northern Isicles to whom after S. George had given the due reverence ỳ belonged unto Age, he demanded the name of the Countrey, and the City he travelled to, and under what King the Country was Governed: To whom the courteous Hermit thus Replyed:

Most Noble Knight, for so I guess you are, by your furniture and outward appearance, you are now in the confines of Barbary, the City opposite before your eyes is called Tripoly, remaining under the Government of Almidor, the black King of Morocco, in which City he now keepeth his Court, attended on by as many gallant Knights as any King under the cope of Heaven.

At which words the Noble Champion of England suddenly started, as though he had intelligence of some baleful news, which deeply discomted his Princely mind: his heart was presently incenst with a speedy revenge, and his mind so extreamly thirsted after Almidors Tragedy, that he could scarce answer again to the Hermits words: But bridling his fury, the Angry Champion spake in this manner:

Grave Father (said he) through the treachery of that accursed King, I endured seven years imprisonment in Persia, where I suffered both hunger, cold, and extream misery; but if I had my good

swords

sword Askalon, and my trusty Palfray which I left in the Egyptian Court, where remains my betrothed love, the Kings daughter of Egypt, I would be revenged upon the head of Almidor, were his guard more strong then ỳ Army of Xerxes, whose multitudes drank Rivers dry. Why said the Hermit, Sabra the Kings daughter of Egypt, is Queen of Barbary, and since her Nuptials were solemnly performed in Tripoly, are seven Summers fully finished.

Now by the honour of my Country England (replied S. George) the place of my Nativity, and as I am a true Christian Knight, these eys of mine shall never close, this undaunted heart never entertain one thought of peace, nor this unconquered hand receive one minutes rest, until I have obtained a sight of the sweet Princess for whose sake I have endured so long imprisonment: therefore dear Father be thus kind to a Traveller, as to exchange thy clothing for this my rich furniture and lusty Steed, which I brought from the Soudan of Persia, for in the habit of a Palmer I may enjoy the fruition of her sight without suspition: otherwise I must needs be constrained by violence with my trusty Fauchion to make way into her Princely Pallace: where I know she is attended on most carefully, by a many Valiant and Courageous Knights: therefore courteously deliver me thy Hermits gown, and I will give to boot with my Horse and Armour, this Box of costly Jewels: which when ỳ grave Hermit beheld, he humbly thanked the Noble Champion, and so with all the speed they could possible make: exchanged apparel, and in this manner departed.

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with S. Georges furniture, & S. George in the Palmers apparel towards the City of Tripoly, who no sooner came to the sumptuous buildings of the Court, but he espied a hundred poor Palmers kneeling at the Gate, to whom S. George spake in this manner, not with lofty and Heroical speeches, beseeming a Princely Champion, but with meek and humble words, like to an aged Palmer.

My dear brethren (said the Champion) for what intent remain you here, or what expect you from this honourable Court?

We abide here (answered the Palmers) for an Alms, which the Queen once a day hath given this seven years, for the sake of an English Kt. named S. George, whom she affecteth above all the Knights in the world: but when will this be given, said S. George.

In the afternoon (replyed the Palmers) until which time upon our bended knees we hourly pray for the good fortune of that most noble English Knight. Which Speeches so pleased the Valiant-minded champion S. George, that he thought every minute a whole year till the golden Sun had past away the middle part of Heaven: for it was but newly risen from Aurora's bed, whose light as yet with a shamefast radiant blush, distained the Eastern Skie.

During which time, the most valiant & magnanimous Champion, S. George of England, one while remembring the extream misery he endured in Persia, for her sake, whereat he let fall many Christal tears from his eyes: another while thinking upon the terrible Battel he had with the burning dragon in Ægypt, where he redeemed her from the fatal jaws of death: at last it was his chance to walk about the Court, beholding the sumptuous buildings, & the curious engraven works by the architecture of man, bestowed upon the glistring windows: where he heard to his exceeding pleasure, the heavenly voice of his beloved Sabra, descending from a Window upon the West side of the Palace, where she warbled forth this sorrowful ditty upon her Ivory lute.

Die all desires of joy and Courtly pleasures,
Die all desires of Princely Royalty,
Die all desires and worldly treasures,
Die all desires of stately Majesty:
Sith he is gone that pleased most mine eye,
For whom I wish ten thousand times to die.

O that mine eyes might never cease to weep,
O that my tongue might evermore complain,
O that my soul might in his bosom sleep,
For whose sweet sake my heart doth live in pain:
In woe I sing with brinish tears besprent,
Out-worn with grief, consum'd with discontent.

In time my sighs will dim the Heavens fair light,
Which hourly flie from my tormented breast,
Except Saint George that Noble English Knight,

With safe return abandon my unrest:
Then careful crys shall end with deep annoy,
Exchanging weeping tears, for smiling joy.

Before the face of Heaven this Vow I make,
Though unkind friends have wed me to their will,
And Crownd me Queen my ardent flames to slake,
Which in despight of them shall flourish still,
Bear witness Heavens and Earth, what I have said,
For Georges sake I live and die a Maid.

Which sorrowful Ditty being no sooner ended, but she departed the Window, quite from the hearing of the English Champion, that stood gazing up to the Casements, preparing his ears to entertain her sweet tuned melody ꝑ second time: but it was in vain, whereat he grew in more perplexed passions, then Aeneas, when he had lost his beloved Crusa amongst the Army of the Grecians: sometimes wishing the day to vanish in a moment, that the hour of her benevolence might approach, other times comforting his sad cogitations with the remembrance of her true chastity, and long continued constancy for his sake; comparing her love unto Thisbes, her chastity to Diana's, & her constancy to Penelopes.

Thus spent he the time away, till the glorious Sun began to decline the Western parts of the earth, when the Palmers should receive her wonted benevolence: against which time, the English Champion placed himself in the midst of them, that expected the wished hour of her comming, who at the time appointed, came to the Pallace Gate, attired in mourning Vesture like Prolixena King Priams Daughter, when she went to sacrifice; her hair after a careless manner hung wavering in ꝑ wind, almost changed from yellow burnisht brightness, to the colour of silver through her long continued sorrows and grief of heart, her eyes seemed to have wept seas of tears, and her wonted beauty to whose fairness (all the Ladies in the world did sometimes yeild obeysance) was now stain'd with the pearled dew that trickled down her cheeks: where after the sorrowful Queen had justly numbred the palmers and with vigilant eyes beheld the Princely countenance of St. George, her colour began to change from red to white, and from

white

white to red, as though the Lilly & the Rose had strove for superiority: but yet colouring her cogitations under a smooth brow, first delivered her Almes to the Palmers, then taking S. George aside, with him she thus kindly began to confer: Palmer (said she) thou resemblest both in Princely countenance and courteous behaviour, that thrice honoured Champion of England, for whose sake I have daily bestowed my benevolence for this seven years: his name is S. George, his fame I know thou hast heard reported in many a Country to be the bravest Knight that ever buckled on steel Helm: therefore for his sake will I grace thee with the chiefest honour in this Court, instead of thy Russet Gaberdin I will cloath thee in purple silk, and instead of thy Ebon staff thy hand shall weild the richest Sword that ever Princely eye beheld. To whom the Noble Champion S. George replied in this courteous manner.

I have heard (quoth he) the Princely Atchievements and magnanimous Adventures of that honoured English Knight which you so dearly affected bruited through many Princes Court, and how for the love of a Lady, he hath endured a long imprisonment, from whence he never looked to return, but to spend the remnant of his days in lasting misery: at which the Queen let fall from her eyes such a shower of pearled tears and sent such a number of strained sighs from her grieved heart, that her sorrow seemed to exceed Queens of Carthage, when she had for ever lost the sight of her beloved Lord. But the brave minded Champion purposed no longer to continue secret, but with his discovery to convert her sorrowful moans to smiling joys: & so casting off his Palmers weed, acknowledged himself to the Queen, and therewithal shewed the half Ring whereon was engraven this Posie Ardeo affectione: which Ring in former time (as you may read before) they had very equally divided betwixt them to be kept in remembrance of their pledged Faiths.

Which unexpected sight highly pleased the beauteous Sabra, and her joy so exceeded the bounds of reason, that she could not speak one word, but was constrained through her new conceited pleasure, to breath a sad sigh or two into the Champions bosome, who like a true enabled Knight, entertained her with a loving kiss, where after these two Lovers had fully discoursed each to other the secrets of their souls, Sabra how she continued for his

love

love a pure Virgin, through the secret vertue of a golden Chain steept in Tygers blood, the which she wore seven times double about her Ivory neck, took him by the gentle hand, and led him into her husbands Stables, where stood his approved Palfray, which she for seven years had fed with her own hands: who no sooner espied the return of his Master, but he more proud of his presence, then Bucephalus of the Macedonian Monarch, when he most joyfully returned in triumph from any Victorious Conquest.

Now is the time (said the excellent Princess Sabra) that thou mayest seal up the quittance of our former loves: therefore with all convenient speed take thy approved Palfray, and thy trusty Sword Ascalon which I will presently deliver into thy hands, and with all celerity convay me from this unhappy Country: for the King my husband with all his adventurous Knights, are now rode forth on hunting, whose absence will further our flight: but if you stay till his return, it is not a hundred of the hardiest Knights in the world can bear me from this accursed Pallace. At which words S. George having a mind graced with all excellent vertues, Replyed in this manner,

Thou knowest my divine Mistresse, that for thy love I would endure as many dangers, as Jason suffered in the Isle of Colchos, so I might at last enjoy the pleasure of true Virginity, For how is it possible thou canst remain a pure Maid, when thou hast been a Crowned Queen these seven years, and every night hast entertained a King into thy Bed?

If thou findest me not a true Maid (quoth she) in all that thou canst say or doe, send me back hither again unto my foe, whose Bed I count more loathsome than a den of Snakes, and his sight more ominous then the Crocodiles. As for the Morocco Crown, which by force of friends was set upon my head I wish that it might be turned into a blaze of quenchless fire, so it might not endanger my body: for the name of Queen, I account it a vain title; for I had rather to be the English Lady, than the greatest Empress in the world.

At which speeches S. George willingly condescended, & with all speed purposed to go into England: and therewithal sealed an assurance with as sweet a kisse, as Paris gave to lovely Helena when she consented to forsake her Native Country, and

to travel from her Husband Menelaus into Troy. So losing no time least delay might breed danger, Sabra furnished her self with sufficient treasure, and speedily delivered to S. George his trusty Sword, which she had kept seven years for his sake, with all the Furniture belonging to his approved Steed, who no sooner received her proffered gifts, which he accounted dearer then the Asian Monarchy, but presently he sadled his horse, and beautified his strong Limbs with rich Caparisons. In the mean time, Sabra through fair speeches and promises, obtained the good will of an Eunuch, that was appointed for her Guard in the Kings absence, to accompany them in their travel, and to serve as a trusty guide, if occasion required: which with the Lady stood ready at the Champions commandment: who no sooner had furnished himself with habiliments of War, belonging to so dangerous a journey, but he set his beloved Mistris upon a gentle Palfray, which always kneeled down until she had ascended the Saddle & likewise her Eunuch was mounted upon another Steed, whereon all their rich Furniture, with costly Jewels & other Treasure was borne.

So these three worthy Personages committed their Travels to the guide of fortune, who preserved them from the dangers of pursuing enemies, which at the Kings return from hunting, followed amain to every Port & Haven, that divided the Kingdom of Barbary from the confines of Christendom: but kind destiny so guided their steps, that they travelled another way, contrary to their expectations: for when they looked to arrive upon the Territories of Europe, they were cast upon the fruitful Banks of Grecia: in which Country we must tell what hapned to the three Travellers, and omit the vain pursute of the Morocco Knights, the wrathful melancholly of the King & the bruted rumour that was amongst the Commons of the Queens departure, who caused the larum bells to be rung out, and the Beacons set on fire, as though the Enemy had entred their Country.

But now Melpomene, thou Tragick Sister of the Muses, Report what unlucky crosses hapned to these three Travellers in the Confines of Grecia, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill hap turned into a weeping Tragedy: for when they had journied some three or four leagues over many a lofty hill, they came nigh unto a mighty & vast Wilderness, through which the ways seemed so

so long and the Sun-beams so exceedingly blowed, that Sabra what for wearinesse in Travel, and the extream heat of the day was constrained to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oak, whose branches had not been lopt in many a year: where she had not remained, but her heart began to faint for hunger, and her colour that was but a little before as fair as any Ladies in the world, began to change for want of a little drink: whereat the most famous Champion S. George half dead with very grief, comforted her as well as well he could, after this manner:

Faint not my dear Lady (saith he) here is that good Sword that once preserved thee from the burning Dragon, and before thou shalt die for want of sustenance, it shall make way to every corner of the Wilderness, where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy hungry stomack or make my Tomb in the bowels of some monstrous Beast: therefore abide thou here under this Tree in company of thy faithful Enuch till I return either with the flesh of some wilde Deer, or else some flying Bird to refresh thy spirits for a new Travel.

Thus left he his beloved Lady with the Eunuch to the mercy of the Woods, and travelled up and down the Wilderness till he espied a Herd of fatted Deer from which company he singled out the fairest, and like a tripping Satyre coursed her to death: then with a keen edged Sword cut out the goodliest Haunch of Venison that ever hunters eye beheld; which gift he supposed to be most welcome to his beloved Lady. But mark what hapned in his absence to the two weary travellers abiding under the Tree: where after S. George's departure, they had not long been discoursing; one while of their long journies, another while of their safe delivery from the Blackamoor King, spending the stealing time away with many an ancient story, but there appeared out of a thicket two huge & monstrous Lyons, which come directly pacing towards the two travellers: which fearful spectacle when Sabra beheld, having a heart over-charged with the extream fear of death, whose committed her soul into the hands of God, and her body almost famished for Food to suffice the hunger of the two furious Lyons: who by the appointment of Heaven, proferred not so much as to lay their wrathful Pawes upon the smallest part of her Garment, but with eager mood assailed the Eunuch

until they had buryed his body in the empty vaults of their hungry Bowels: then with their Teeth lately imbrued in blood, rent the Eunuches flesh into small peices: which being done, they came to the Lady which sat quaking half dead with fear, and like two lambs couched their heads upon her lap, where with her hands she stroked down their brickled hairs, not daring almost to breath, till a heavy slæp had over-mastred their furious senses, by which time the Princely minded Champion S. George returned with a peice of Venison upon the point of his sword: who at that unexpected sight, stood in a maze, whether it was best to flie for safeguard of his life, or to venture his fortune against the furious Lyons. But at last the love of his Lady encouraged him to a forwardness, whom he beheld quaking before the dismal gates of Death: So laying down his Venison, like a victorious Champion, sheathed his approved Fauchion most furiously in the bowels of one of the Lyons. Sabra kept the other sleeping in her lap till his prosperous hand likewise dispatched him: which adventure being performed he first thanked heaven for the victory, and then in this kind manner saluted his Lady.

Now (Sabra said he) I have by this sufficiently proved thy true Virginity, for it is the nature of a Lyon, be he never so furious, not to harm the unspotted Virgin, but humbly to lay his bristled Head upon a Maidens lap. Therefore divine Paragon, thou art the Worlds chief wonder for Love and chastity, whose honoured vertues shall ring as far as Phebus sends his lights, and whose constancy I will maintain in every Land where I come to be the truest under the Circuit of the Sun: At which word he cast his eyes aside and beheld the bloody spectacle of the Eunuches tragedy, which by Sabra was woefully discoursed, to the great grief of S. George, where sad sighs served for a doleful knell to bewail his untimely death: but having a noble mind not subject to vain sorrow, where all hope of life is past, ceased his grief, and prepared the Venison in readiness for his Ladies repast, which in this order was dressed.

He had in his Pocket a fire-lock wherewith he stroke fire and kindled it with Sun burnt Weeds, and encreased the flame with other dry wood which he gathered in the wilderness: against which they roasted the Venison & sufficed themselves to their own contentments. After which joyful repast, these two Princely Persons

set

set forwards to their wonted Travels, whereby the happy guide of Heaven so conducted their steps, that before many days passed, they arrived in the Grecian Court, even upon that day, when the Marriage of the Grecian Emperour should be solemnly holden: which Royal Nuptials in former times had been bruited into every Nation in the World, as well in Europe, as Africa and Asia: at which honourable Marriage the bravest Knights then living on Earth were present: for golden Fame had bruited the report thereof to the ears of the seven Champions: in Tessaly, to S. Denis the Champion of France, there remaining with his beautious Eglantine: unto Civill to Saint James the Champion of Spain where he remained with his lovely Celestine: to Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy then travelling into the Borders of Scythia, with his Lady Rosalinde: likewise to S. Andrew, the Champion of Scotland: to S. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, and to S. David the Champion of Wales, who all atchieved many memorable adventures in the Kingdom of Tartary, as you have heard before discoursed at large.

But now Fame, and smiling Fortune consented, to make their Knightly Atchievements to shine in the eyes of the whole world, therefore by the conduction of Heaven they generally arrived in the Grecian Emperours Court: of whose Tilts and Turnaments therein performed, to the honour of his Nuptials, my weary Muse is bound to discourse.

CHAP. XI.

How the seven Champions arrived in Greecia at the Emperours Nuptials, where they performed many noble atchievements, and how after open Wars were proclaimed against Christendom by the discovery of many Knights, and how every Champion departed into his own Countrey.

TO speak of the number of the Knights, that assembled in the Grecian Court together, were a labour over-tedious, requiring the Pen of Homer: Therefore will I omit the Honourable Train of Knights and Ladies that did attend him to the Church; their costly Garments and glistering Ornaments, exceeding the royalty of Hecuba, the beautious Queen of Troy. And also I pass over the sumptuous Banquets,

the honourable services, and delicious Cheare that beautified the Emperours Nuptials, with the stately Mask and Courtly Dances performed by many Noble Personages, and chiefly Discourse of the Knightly Atchievements of the seven Champions of Christendom, whose honourable proceedings, and magnanimous Encounters have deserved a golden Pen to relate: for after some few days spent in chamber sports, to the great pleasure of the Grecian Prince, the Emperour presently proclaimed a solemn Justing to be holden for the space of seven days, in the honour of his Marriage and appointed for his chief Champions the seven Christian Knights; whose names as then were not known by any one except their own attendants.

Against the appointed day the Turnaments should begin, the Emperour caused a wonderful large frame of Timber work to be erected: whereon the Empress and his Lady might stand for the better view of the Tilters, and at pleasure behold the Champions Encounters most nobly performed in the honour of their Mistresses: likewise in the compass of the Lists were pitched seven tents of seven several colours wherein ẏ seven Champions might remain till the sound of the silver Trumpets summoned them to appear.

Thus every thing prepared in readiness, fitting so great a Royalty, the Princes and Ladies placed in their seats, the Emperour with his new married Empress invested on their lofty Thrones, strongly guarded with a hundred Armed Knights, the Kings Heralds solemnly proclaimed the Turnaments, which in this most royal manner began.

The first day S. Dennis of France was appointed chief Champion against all commers, who was called by the title of ẏ golden Kt. who at the sound of the Trumpet entred the Lists, his Tent was of the colour of the Marigold, upon the top an artificial Sun framed, that seemed to beautifie the whole assembly: his horse of an Iron Gray, graced with a spangled Plume of Feathers: before him rod a page in purple silke, bearing upon his crest three golden Floure de luces, which did signifie his Arms. Thus in this Royal manner entred S. Dennis the Lists: where after he had traced twice or thrice up and down, to the open view of the whole company, he prepared himself in readiness to begin the Turnament: against whom ran many Grecian Knights, which were foyl-

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led by the French Champion, to the wonderful admiration of all the beholders: but to be brief, he so worthily behaved himself, and with such Fortitude, that the Emperour applauded him for the bravest Knight in the World.

Thus in great Royalty, to the exceeding pleasure of the Emperour, was the first day spent, till the dark evening caused the Kts. to break off company, and repair to their Nights repose. And the next morning no sooner did Phœbus shew his splendant brightness but the King of Hercules under the Emperour, with a noise of trumpets awaked y Champions from their silent sleep, who with all speed prepared for the second days exercises. The chief Champion appointed for that day, was the victorious Knight S. James of Spaine: which after the Emperour and Empriss had seated themselves with a stately train of beautiful Ladies, entred the Lists upon a Spanish Gennet betrapt with a rich Caparison: directly over against the Emperours Throne, his Tent was pitcht, which was of the colour of Quick silver, whereon was portraped many fine devices: before the Tent attended four Squires, bearing four several Scutchions in their hands, whereon were curiously painted the four Elements: likewise he had the title of the Silver Knight, who behaved himself no less worthy of all Princely commendations than the French Champion the day before. The third day S. Anthony of Italy was chief Challenger in the Turnament, whose Tent was of the colour of the Skies, his steed furnished with costly habiliments his Armour after the Barbarian manner his Shield plated round about with steel, whereon was painted a golden Eagle in a field of blew, which signified the ancient arms of Rome: likewise he had the title of the Azure Knight whose matchless Chivalry for that day won the prize from all the Grecian Knights, to the great rejoycing of his Lady Rosalinde, the King of Thracia's Daughter that still remained in Pages attire, wherefor the dear love she bore to S. Anthony) disguised the foole from the Court, whose discovery shall hereafter be expressed. The fourth day by the Emperours appointment, the valiant and worthy Knight S. Andrew of Scotland obtained the honour, as to be chief challenger for the turnament: his Tent was framed in the manner of a ship swimming upon the waves of the sea, invironed about with Dolphins, Tritons, & many strange contrived Mermaides;

Mermaids: upon the top stood the picture of Neptune the God of the Seas bearing in his hand a Streamer, whereon was wrought in Crimson silk a corner Cross which seemed to be his Countries Arms: he was called the red Knight, because his horse was covered with a bloody veil his worthy atchievements obtained such favour in the Emperours eys, that he threw him his silver Gauntlet, which was prized at a thousand Portagues, where after his Noble Encounters he enjoyed a sweet repose. The 5th day S. Patrick of Ireland as chief Champion entred the Lists upon an Irish Hobbie, covered with a veil of green, attended on by six Silvane Knights, every one bearing upon his shoulder a blooming Tree: the Tent resembled a Summers Bower, at the entry whereof stood ỳ picture of Flora beautified with a wreath of sweet smelling Roses: he was named the green Knight, whose worthy Prowesse so daunted the defendants, that before the turnament began, they gave him the honour of the day. Upon the sixt day the Heroical and noble minded Champion of Wales obtained such favour at the Emperours hands, that he likewise was chief Challenger who entred the Lists upon a Tartarian Palfray, covered with a veil of black, to signifie a black and Tragical day should befal to those Grecian Knights ỳ durst approve his invincible fortitude; his Tent was pitcht in the manner and form of a Castle, in the West side of the Lists, before the entry whereof, hung a golden Shield, whereon was lively portraped a silver Griffin rampant, upon a golden Helmet, which signified the Ancient Arms of Britain. His Princely atchievements, not only obtained due commendations at the Emperours hands, but of the whole assembly of the Grecian Ladies wherewith they applauded him to be the most noble Kt. that ever shivered Lance, & the most fortunate Champion that ever entred into the Grecian Court. Upon the seventh and last day of these honourable Turnements and Most Noble proceedings, the Famous & Valiant Knight at Arms, S. George of England, as chief Challenger, entred the Lists upon a Sable-coloured Steed, betrapt with bars of burnisht gold, his fore-head beautified with a gorgeous Plume of Purple Feathers, from whence hung many pendants of gold, his Armour of the purest Lydian Steel nailed fast together with silver plates, his Helmet engraven very curiously, beset with Indian Pearl, and Jasper

stones

stones: before his Brest plate hung a silver Table in a damask Scarfe, whereon was pictured a Lyon rampant in a bloody field bearing three golden Crowns upon his head: before his Tent stood an Ivory Chariot guarded by twelve cole-black Negroes; wherein his beloved Lady and Mistris Sabra, sat invested upon a silver Globe, to behold the Heroical encounters of her most Noble, and magnanimous Champion S. George of England: his Tent was as white as the Swans Feathers, glistring against the Sun supported by four jointless Elephants framed of the purest brass, about his Helmet he tyed a wreath of Virgins hair, where hung his Ladies globe, which he wore to maintain her excellent gifts of nature to exceed all Ladies on the earth: these costly Habiliments ravished the beholders with such unspeakable pleasure, that they stood gazing at his furniture, not able to withdraw their eys from so heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his victorious encounters against the Grecian Knights, they supposed him to be the invincible Tamer of that seven headed Monster that clambred to ỹ Elements, offering to pull Jupiter from his Throne. His Steed never gave encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled horse and man to the ground, where they lay for a time bereft of sense. The Turnaments dured for ỹ day, from the Suns rising, till the cole-black ebening Star appeared, in which time he conquered five hundred of the hardiest Knights then living in Asia, and shivered a thousand Lances, to the wonderful admiration of the beholders.

Thus were the seven days brought to end by the seven worthy Champions of Christendome, in reward of whose noble atchivements the Grecian Emperour being a man that highly favoured Knightly procéedings, gave them a golden Tree with seven branches, to be divided equally amongst them. Which honourable Prize they conveyed to S. Georges Pavillion, where in dividing the branches the seven Champions discovered themselves each to other, and by what good fortune they arrived in the Grecian Court, whose long wished sight so rejoyced their hearts, that they all accounted that happy day of méeting, the joyfullest day that ever they beheld. But now after the Turnaments were fully ended, and the Knights rested themselves some few days, recovering their wonted agility of body they fell to a new exercise of Pleasure, not appearing in glistering Armour before the Tilt, nor following the loud

loud sounding Drums and silver Trumpets, but spending away the time in Courtly dances amongst their beloved Ladies and Mistresses, in more Royalty than the Phrigian Knights when they presented the Paragon of Asia with an Enchanted Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their ears, no pleasant Sonnets to ravish their senses, nor no curious Dances to please their eyes. Sabra she was the Mistress of the revels who graced the whole Court with her excellent beauty, which seemed to exceed the rest of the Ladies in fairenes, as far as the Moon surpasseth her attending stars in a frosty night, and when she danced, she seemed like Thetis tripping on the silver lanes, with whom the Sun did fall in love: and if she chanced to smile, the cloudy Elements would weep, and drop down heavenly dew as though they mourned for love. There likewise remained in the Court the six Thracian Virgins that in former time lived in the shape of swans which were as beautiful Ladies as ever eye beheld, also many other Ladies attended the Empress, in whose companies the liben Champions daily delighted: sometimes discoursing of amorous conceits: other times delighting themselves with sweet sounding Musick: then spending the day in Banquetting Revelling, Dancing, and such like pastimes, not once injuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their Courtly pleasures continued not long, for they were suddenly dashed with a certain news of open Wars proclaimed against all Christendom, which fell out contrary to the expectation of the Christian Knights. There arrived in the Grecian Emperours Palace, a hundred Heralds of a hundred several Provinces, which proclaimed utter defiance to all Christian Kingdomes, by these words.

We the high and mighty Emperours of Asia and Africa, great Commanders both of Land and Seas, Proclaim by general consent of all the Eastern Potentates, utter ruine and destruction to the Kingdomes of Christendome, and to all those Nations where any Christian Knights are harboured: First the Souldan of Persia, in revenge of a bloody slaughter done in his Pallace, by an English Champion: Ptolomy the Egyptian King in revenge of his daughter, violently taken away by the same Knight: Almidor the black King of Morocco in revenge of his Queen, likewise taken away by the said English Champion; The great Governour of Thessaly, in revenge

venge of his daughter, taken away by a French Knight: The King of Jerusalem, in revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a Spanish Knight: The Tartarian Emperour, in revenge of his Son Count Palatine, slain by the unhappy hand of the Champion of Wales: the Thracian Monarch, in revenge of his vain travel after his seven Daughters, now in keeping of certain Christian Knights: in revenge of which injuries, all Kingdomes from the further parts of Prester Johns Dominions to the borders of the red Seas, have set down their hands and seals to be aiders in this bloody War.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperour likewise consented to their bloody determination, & thereupon gave speedy commandment to muster up ẏ greatest strength that Grecia could afford, to join with the Pagans; to the utter ruine and confusion of Christendome: which bloody Edict, or rather inhumane judgment pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the Christian Champions to a speedy departure, and every one to hasten to his own Country, there to provide for the Pagans entertainment: so after due considerations the champions departed, in company of their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their Husbands bosomes, then with their misbeleeving Parents: where after some few days they arrived in the spacious Bay of Portugal, in which Haven they vowed by the honour of true Knighthood to meet again within six moneths ensuing, there to conjoyn all their christian armies into one Legion: upon which plighted resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: S. George into England S. Dennis into France, S. James into Spain, S. Anthony into Italy, S. Andrew into Scotland, S. Patrick into Ireland, S. David into Wales. Whose pleasant Banks they had not beheld in many years before: where their entertainments were as honourable as their hearts desired: but to speak of the mustering up of Souldiers in every Christian Kingdom, and what strength arrived at the appointed time in the Bay of Portugal: shall be discoursed in the sequel of this History, & how troublesom wars over-spread the whole earth, where the Heroical deeds of these noble Champions shall at large be described: Also the overthrow of many Kings and Kingdomes, ruines of Towns and Cities, and the decay of many flourishing Common-weals: Likewise of the bloody Tragedies of many unchristian Princes: whereat the heavens will mourn, to see the e-

fusion of blood trickle from the breasts of murthered Infants, the heaps of slaughtered Damsels trampled to pieces by Souldiers Horse, and the Streets of many a City sprinkled with the blood of reverend Age: Therefore gentle Reader, accept of this my labour with a smooth brow and kind countenance, and my weary Muse shall never rest, till I have finished the pleasant History of these Heroical Champions.

CHAP. XIII.

How the seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their Troops in the Bay of Portugal; the number of the Christian Armies, and how Saint George made an Oration to the Souldiers.

AFter the seven Champions of Christendom arrived in their native Countries, and by true reports had blazed abroad to every Princes ear, the bloody resolution of the Pagans, & how the Provinces of Africa & Asia had mustred up their forces to the Invasion of Europe: all Christian Kings than at the entry of the Champions appointed mighty Armies of well approved Souldiers, both by Sea and Land, to intercept the Infidels wicked intention. Likewise by the whole consent of Christendom the noble and fortunate Champion of England S. George, was appointed chief General, & principal Leader of the Armies, and the other six Champions were Elected for his counsel & chief Assistants in all attempts that appertained either to the benefit of Christendom, or the furtherance of their Fortunate proceedings.

This honourable War so fired the hearts of many youthful Gentlemen, and so encouraged the minds of every common souldier, that some mortgaged their Lands, and at their own proper charges furnished themselves: some sold their Patrimonies to serve in these Honourable Wars: and other-some forsook Parents, Kindred, Wife, Children, Friends, and acquaintance, and without constraint of pressing, offered themselves to follow so Noble a General, as the renowned Champion of England, & to spend their blood in the just quarrel of their native country. To be brief, one might behold the Streets of every Town and City throughout all the Dominions of Europe, beautified with Troops of Souldiers, which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. Then the joyful sound of thundring Drums, and the Eccho's of silver trump-

Trumpets summoned them to Arms; that followed with as much willingnesse as the Grecians followed Agamemnon to the woful overthrow of Troy: for by that time the Christian Champions had spoyled themselves in the bosome of their kind Mistresses, the forward Captains taken their Courtly Pastimes, & the willing Souldiers had adue to their friends and acquaintance the Spring had covered the earth with a new Livery: which was the appointed time the Christian Armies should mèet in Portugal, there to joyn their several troops into one Legion: which promise caused the Champions to bid adue to their native Countries, and with all speed to buckle on their Furnitures, to hoyse up sayles, where after a short time, the wind with a calm & prosperous Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of Portugal.

The first that arrived in that spacious Haven was the noble Champion S. George, with an hundred thousand courageous English Soldiers, whose forwardnesse betokened a fortunate successe, & their willing minds a joyful victory. His Army set in battle ray, seemed to counterbail the number of the Macedonian souldiers, wherewith worthy Alexander conquered the western world: his Horsemen being in number twenty thousand, were armed all in black Corslets: their Lances bound about with Plates of steel, their Steeds covered with Mail three times double: their Colours were the sanguine Crosse, supported by a golden Lyon: his sturdy Bowmen, whose conquering grey Goose wing in former times hath terrified the circled earth, being in number likewise twenty thousand, clad all in red Pantilians, with caps of the same colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine crosse, being the true badge and honour of England: their Bows of the strongest Yew & their arrows of the soundest ash with forked heads of steel, and their feathers bound on with green wax and twisted silk. His Musketiers being in number ten thousand, their Muskets of the widest bore, with Firelocks wrought by curious workmanship, yet of such wonderful lightnesse, that they required no rest at all to ease their right aiming Arms. His caliver shot likewise ten thousand of the smaller timbred men, but yet of as courageous minds, as the tallest Souldiers in his Army. His Pikes & Bills to guard the waving Ensigns, thirty thousand, clad all with glistering bright Armour: likewise followed ten thousand labouring Pioners if occasion served, to undermine any Town or Castle, to intrench

Forts or Sconces, or to make a passage through Hills & Mountains, as worthy Hanibal did, when as he made a way for his Souldiers through the lofty Alpes, that divide the Countreys of Italy and Spain.

The next that arrived within the Bay of Portugal, was the Princely minded Champion S. David of Wales, with an Army of fifty thousand of true borne Britains, furnished with all habilliments of War, to so Noble and Valiant a service, to the high renown of his Countrey, and true honour of his Progeny: their Armour in richness nothing inferiour to the English mens: their Colours were a golden cross, supported by a silver Gryffin: which scutcheon signified the ancient Armes of Wales: for no sooner had S. George a sight of the Valiant Britains, but he caused his Musketteirs presently to entertain them with a Volly of Shot, to express their happy and joyful welcome to shore, which speedily they performed so courageously with such a rattling noyse, as though the Firmament had burst in sunder, & the Earth made Ecchо to their thundring melody. But no sooner were the Skies cleared from the smoak of the reaking Powder, & that S. George might at pleasure discern the Noble & Magnanimous Champion of Wales, who as then rode upon a milk white Hobby in silver Armour, guarded with a train of Knights in purple Vestures: but he greeted S. David with kind courtesies, and accompanied him to the English Tent, which they had erected close by the Port side, where for that night these two Champions remained, spending the time with unspeakable pleasure: and so upon the next day after, S. David departed to his own tent, which he had caused to be pitcht some quarter of a League from the English Army.

The next that arrived on the fruitful Banks of Portugal, was S. Patrick, the Noble Champion of Ireland, with an Army likewise of fifty thousand, attired after a strange and wonderful manner: their Furnitures were of the skins of wild beasts, but yet more unpierceable then the strongest Armour of Proof: they bore in their hands mighty darts, tipt at the end with pricking steel, which the courageous and valiant Irish Souldiers by the agility of their Arms, could throw a full flight shoot, & with forcible strength, would strike three or four inches into an Oke, & with such a certain aim, they would not miss the breadth of a foot.

These adventurous & hardy Souldiers no sooner arrived on the shore,

shore, but the Eng. Musquettiers gave them a princely entertainment, & presently conducted the Noble minded Champion, S. Patrick to the English Tent, where the three Champions of England, Wales, and Ireland, passed away the time with exceeding great Royalty, laying down plots how to pitch their Camps to the most disadvantage of the misbelieving Enemy, and setting perfect directions which way they were best to march, and such like devices for their own safeties, and the benefit of Christendom.

The next that landed on the Banks of Portugal, was S. Andrew the worthy Champion of Scotland, with threescore thousand of well approved Souldiers: His Horsemen, the bold adventurous Galloways, clad all in quilted Jackets, with Lances of the Turkish fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Beavers the Arms of Scotland, which was a corner cross supported by a naked Virgin: His Pikemen the stiff and hardy men of Orcady, which continually lye upon freezing Mountains & Isle Rocks & the Snowie Vallies: his shot the light footed Palidonians, that if occasion be, can climb the highest Hill & for nimbleness in running ever-goe the swift footed Stag. These bold adventurous Scottish men in all forwardness, deserved as much honour at the English Champions hands as any of the other Nations before: therefore he commanded his shot on their first entry on Land, to give them a Noble Entertainment, which they performed most Royally, & also conducted S Andrew to the English Tent, where after he had given S. George the Courtesie of his Country, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the English Tent a mile.

The next that arrived was S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, with a band of fourscore thousand brave Italian Souldiers, mounted on warlike Coursers; every Horseman attended on by a naked Negro, bearing in his hand a Streamer of watchet Silk, with the Arms of Italy thereon set in gold, every footman furnished with approved furniture in as stately manner as the Englishmen, who at their landing received as Royal an entertainment, as the other Nations, and likewise S. Anthony was as highly honoured by the English Champion, as any of the other Christian Knights. The next that arrived was S. Dennis the victorious Champion of France, with a band of fourscore thousand. After him marched Dukes of twelve several Dukedomes then under the Government of the French King, every one at his own proper cost

and

and charges maintained two thousand Souldiers in these Christian Wars: their entertainments were as glorious as the rest.

The last of the Christian Champions that arrived upon the fruitful Banks of Portugal, was the magnanimous Knight St. James of Spain, with a band likewise of fourscore thousand; with him he brought from the Spanish Mines ten tun of refined Gold, only to maintain Souldiers in the defence of Christendom, who no sooner Landed with his Troops, but the six Champions gave him the Honourable welcome of a Souldier, and ordained a solemn Banquet for the general Armies, whose number justly surmounted five hundred thousand; which Legions they conjoyed into one camp Royal, & after placed their Wings & Squadrons battel-wise, chiefly by ỳ direction of S. G. being then chief General by the consent of the christians Kings: who after he had overbeheld the Christian Armies, his countenance seemed to prognosticate a crowned Victory, and to foretell a fatal overthrow to the misbeleiving Potentates: therefore to encourage his Princely Followers to persevere in their wonted willingnesse, pronounced this Princely Oration.

You men of Europe (said he) and my Country-men, whose conquering fortunes never yet have feared the enemies of Christ, you see we have forsook our native lands, and committed our destinies to the Queen of chance, not to fight in any unjust quarrel, but in the true cause of Israels Anointed, not against nature to climb to the Heavens, as Nimrod and the Giants proffered in former time: but to prevent the Invasion of Christendom, the ruine of Europe, & the intended overthrow of all Christian Provinces: the bloody minded Infidels have mustered up Legions, in numbers like blades of grasse, that grow upon the flourishing downs of Italy, or the stars of Heaven in the coldest Winters night, protesting to fill our Countreys with Seas of blood, to scatter our streets with mangled limbs, and convert our glorious Cities into flames of quenchlesse fire: Therefore dear Country-men, live not to see our Christian Virgins spoyled by lustful rape, nor dragged along our Streets like guiltlesse Lambs to a bloody slaughter: nor live to see our harmlesse babes, with bruised brains dasht against hard flinty stones, nor live to see our unlucky age, whose hair resemble silver Mines, lye bleeding on the marble Pavements: But like true Christian Souldiers fight in the quarrel of your countries. What

though

though the Pagans be in number ten to one, yet Heaven I know will fight for Christendom and cast them down before our faces, like drops of April showers. Be not dismaid to see them in ordered ranks, nor fear not when you behold the Streamers hovering in the waving wind, when as their steeled Pikes like to a thorny Forrest will over-spread whole Countrys: thousands of them I know will have no heart to fight, but flie with cowardly fear like flocks of sheep before the greedy Wolf. I am the Leader of your noble minds, that never fought in vain, nor never entred Battel but returned with conquest. Then every one with me build upon this Princely resolution: For Christendom we Fight, For Christendom we live and die. This Souldier-like Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole Army with a general voice cried, to Arms, to Arms, with victorious George of England: which Noble resolution of the Souldiers, so rejoyced the English Champion, & likewise encouraged the other Christian Knights with such a forwardnesse of mind, that they gave speedy commandement to remove their Tents, and to march with easie journeys towards Tripoly in Barbary, where Almidor the black King of Morocco had residence: in which travel we must leave for a while the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived at one instant in the Kingdom of Hungary, and how they fell at variance in the Election of a General: which civil mutiny caused much effusion of blood, to the great hurt both of Africa and Asia, as here followeth.

CHAP. XV.

Of the dissention & discord that hapned amongst the Army of the Pagans in *Hungary*; the Battel betwixt the Christians and the Moors in *Barbary*; and how *Almidor* the black King of *Morocco* was sodden to death in the Cauldron of boyling lead and brimstone.

THe fretful Pagans after they had lebied their Martial forces both by sea & land repaired to their general place of meeting, there to conclude of the utter ruine of Christendom: for no sooner could Winter with draw his chil frost from the earth, and Flora took possession of his place, but the Kingdom of Hungary suffered exceslive penury through the numberless Armies of accursed Infidels, being their appointed place of meeting: for though Hungary of all other Countreys both in Africa

frica and Asia, then was the richest and plentifullest of Victuals to maintain a Camp of men: yet was it mightily over prest and greatly burthened with multitudes, not only with want of necessaries to relieve souldiers, but with extream cruelty of those bloody minded Miscreants, that through a civil discord which hapned amongst them, about the Election of a General, they converted their union to a most inhumane slaughter, & their triumfant victory to a dismal bloody tragedy: for no sooner arrived their Legions upon the Plains of Algernos, being in length & breadth one & twenty leagues, but the King of Hungary caused their Muster Rolls to be publickly read, and justly numbred in the hearing of the Pagan Knights, which in this manner was proclaimed through ỳ Camp.

First, Be it known unto all Nations that fight in the Quarel of Africa and Asia under the conduct of our three great Gods Mahomet, Targanant and Apollo, what invincible Forces be now arrived in this Renowned Kingdom of Hungary, and Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious Buildings, and plentified with all manner of Riches.

First, We have from the Emperour of Constantinople two hundred thousand Turks. From the Emperour of Grecia, two hundred and Fifty thousand. From the Emperour of Tartary, a hundred threescore and three thousand. From the Souldan of Persia, two hundred thousand. From the King of Jerusalem, four hundred thousand. Of Moors one hundred and twenty thousand. Of Coleblack Negars, one hundred and forty thousand. Of Arabians, one hundred and sixty thousand. Of Babylonians, one hundred and thirty thousand and odde. Of Armenians, one hundred and Fifty thousand. Of Macedonians, two hundred and ten thousand. Of Siracusians, Fifteen thousand six hundred Of Hungarians, three hundred and six thousand. Of Scicilians, seven thousand three hundred. Of Scythians, one hundred and Five thousand. Of Parthians, ten thousand and three hundred. Of Phrygians, seven thousand and three hundred. Of Ethiopians, sixty thousand. Of Thracians, fourscore thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of Prester John, three hundred thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Dukedomes, whose number I omit for this time, lest I should seem over tedious to the Reader.

But to conclude, such a Camp of Armed souldiers arrived in Hungary, that might in one Moneth have destroyed Christendom,

had

had not God defended them from those Barbarous Nations, and by his invincible power confounded the Pagans in their own practices: for no sooner had the Heraulds proclamed through the Camp what a number of Nations joyned in arms together, but the Souldiers fell at dissention one with another, about the election of a General: some vowed to follow none but the King of Jerusalem: some Ptolomy the Egyptian King: and some the Souldan of Persia, either to persevere in their own wills, or to lose their lives in the same quarrel.

Thus in this manner, parts were taken on all sides, not onely by the meaner sort, but by Leaders and Commanders of Bands; whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their wills to their Souldiers pleasure. This civil broyle so discouraged the whole Army, that many withdrew their forces and presently marched homewards as the King of Morocco with his Tawny Moors, and cole-black Negars: likewise the Souldan of Persia, Ptolomy the Egyptian King, the Kings of Arabia and Jerusalem, every one departed to their own Countries, cursing the time they attempted first so vain an enterprise. The rest not minding to pocket up abuses, fell from brawling boasts to down-right blows, whereby grew such sharp and bloody war, that it cost more Souldiers lives, then the civil Mutiny at the destruction of Jerusalem. Which battel by the ireful Pagans continued without ceasing for the space of three days, in which encounters, the murthered Infidels, like scattered Corn, overspread the fields of Hungary: the fruitful Valleys lay drowned in purple gore: the fields of Corn consumed with flames of fire: their Towns and Cities ruinated with wasting war; wherein the Fathers were sad witnesses of their childrens slaughters, and the Sons beheld their Parents reverend hairs, more white then tryed silver, besmeared with clodded blood: there might the Mothers see the harmeless Babes bourn up & down the streets upon Souldiers Lances: there might they see their silken Ornaments & rich Attyre in pools of blood lye swimming up and down: there might they see the braines of honest Dames and pure Virgins dasht against hard flinty stones: there might they see their Courts and Palaces by Souldiers burned to the Ground; there might they see how Counsellors in their Scarlet gowns lay burning in the fire: there might they see how Kings

and Queens were arm in arm consumed to ashes: there might they behold & see how melted gold in chaaked Sinks lay every where: there might they see the bloodiest Tragedies that ever eye beheld, and the wotulleſt news that ever Christians ears heard told. In this long and bloody war, one sucking Child was not left alive to report the Story to ensuing ages, no not a Souldier to carry Arms throughout the Kingdom of Hungary, so justly was the vengeance of God thrown upon the heads of these misbelieving Miscreants, that durst attempt to lift their hands against his true annointed Nations: for no doubt but the invincible Army of Pagans had ruinated the borders of Europe, had not the mighty hand of God with his unspeakable mercy been Christendoms defense, and confounded the Infidels in their own civil Wars, which bloody and strange overthrow of these unchristian people, let us for ever bury in the lake of oblivion, and persevere in the fortunate proceedings of the seven Champions of Christendom, who had entred ỳ Borders of Barbary, before Almidor the black King of Morocco, with his scattered troops of Moors & Negars returned from Hungary, and by fire & sword had wasted many of his chiefest Towns and Forts, whereby the Countrey was much weakned, and the Commons compelled to sue for mercy at the Champions hands, who bearing true Christian minds, within their hearts continually, pitied, harboured, vouchsafed to grant mercy to those ỳ peilded their lives to the pleasure of the Christian Knights: but when S. George had intelligence of Almidors approach with his weakned Troops, he presently prepared his Souldiers in readiness to give the Moors a bloody Banquet, which was the next Morning by break of day performed, to the high Honour of Christendom: but the night before, the Moors knowing the Country better then the Christians, got the advantage both of Wind & Sun: whereat S. George being something dismaped, but yet not discouraged, imboldned his Souldiers, with many heroical speeches, praiſering them franckly the enemies spoyles, and so with the Suns uprising entred Battel, where the Moors fell before the Christians Swords, as ears of Corn before the Reapers Sickles.

During this conflict, ỳ seven Champions stil in the fore front of the Battel, so adventurously behaved themselves, that they slew more Negars then a hundred of the bravest Knights in ỳ Christian

Armies,

Armies. At last Fortune intended to make S. George's Prowess to shine brighter then the rest, singled out the Morocco King, betwixt whom and the English Champion, was a long and dangerous Fight: but S. George so courageously behaved himself with his trusty Sword, that Almidor was constrained to yeild to his mercy. The Army of the Moors seeing their King taken Prisoner, presently would have fled: but ỳ the Christians being the lighter of foot, overtook them, and made the greatest slaughter of them that ever happened in Barbary.

Thus after the Battel ended, and the joyful sound of Victory rung through the Christian Army, the Souldiers furnished themselves with the Enemies spoyls, and marched by S. Georges direction to ỳ City of Tripoly, being then almost unpeopled through the late slaughter which was there made: in which city after they had rested some days, & refreshed themselves with wholsome food, the English Champion, in revenge of his former proffered injuries by the Morocco King, gave this severe sentence of death.

First, he commanded a brazen Cauldron to be filled with boyling Lead and brimstone: then Almidor to be brought to the place of death by twelve of the Noblest Peers in Barbary, therein to be consumed, flesh, blood, and bones: which was duly performed within seven days following. The Brazen Cauldron was erected by the appointment of S. George, directly in the middle of the chiefest Market-place, under which a mighty hot fire continually burned, for the space of eight and forty hours: whereby the boyling Lead and Brimstone sèemed to sparkle like fiery Furnaces in hell, and the heat to exceed the burning Oven at Babylon.

Now all things being thus prepared in readiness, and the Christian Champions present to behold the woful spectacle, the condemned Black-a-more King came to the place of Execution in a shirt of fine Indan silk, his hands punioned together with a chain of gold, & his face covered with a Damask scarf, his attendants and chief conducters twelve Moors Peers, clad in sable Gowns of Taffaty, carrying before him the wheel of Fortune, with the picture of an Usurper climbing up, with his Motto on his breast, I will be King in spight of Fortune: upon the top of the Wheel the Picture of a Monarch daunting, with his Motto on his breast; I am a King in spight of Fortune: Lastly, on the other side of the

Wheel, the Picure or perfect Image of a deposed Potentate, falling with his head downwards, with this Motto on his breast I yave been a King while pleased Fortune: which plainly signified the chance of War, and of inconstant destiny: his Guard was a hundred Christian Souldiers, holding Fortune in disdain: after them attended a hundred of Morocco Virgins in black Ornaments, their hair bound up with silver Wyres, and covered with Vayls of black Silk, signifying the sorrow of their Countrey for the loss of their Soveraign. In this mournful manner came the unfortunate Almidor to the hopling Cauldron; which when he came near, his heart wared could, and his tongue devoyd of utterance for a time, at last he brake forth into these earnest Protestations, proffering more for his life, then the whole Kingdom of Barbary could performe.

Most mighty and invincible Champion of Christendom (quoth he) let my life be ransomed, and thou shalt yearly receive ten Tuns of Tryed gold, five hundred webs of woven silk, the which our Indian Maids shall sit and spin with silver Wheels: a hundred Ships of Spices and refined Sugar shall be yearly paid thee by our Barbary Merchants: a hundred Wagons likewise laden with Pearl and Jasper Stones, which by our cunning Lapidists shall be yearly chosen forth and brought thee home to England, to make that blessed countrey the richest land with in the Dominions of Europe: likewise I will deliver up my Diadem with all my Princely Dignities, and in company of these Morocco Lords, like bridled Horses draw thee daily in a silver Charriot up and down the circled earth, till death give end to our lives Pilgrimage: therefore most admired Knight at Arms, let these salt tears that trickle from the conduits of my eyes, obtain one grant of comfort at thy hands. for on my bended knees I beg for life, that never before this time did kneel to mortal man.

Thou speakest in vain (replied Saint George) not the Treasures hidden in the deepest Seas, nor all the golden Mines of rich America, shall redeem thy life: thou knowest accursed Homicide, thy wicked practices in the Egyptian Court, where thou profferedst wrongfully to bereave me of my life through thy treache-

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ry, I endured a long imprisonment in Persia, where for seven years I drank foul Channel water and suffered my hunger with bread of Bran Meal: my food was loathsom flesh of Rats and Mice, and my resting place a dismal Dungeon, where neither Sun nor the chearful light of Heaven lent me comfort during my long continued misery: for which inhumane dealing and proffered injuries the heavens inforce me to a speedy revenge, which in this manner shall be accomplished.

Thou seest the torment prepared for thy death, this brazen Cauldron filled with boyling lead and brimstone, wherein thy cursed body shall be speedily cast, and boiled till thy detested limbs be consumed to a watry substance in this sparkling liquor: therefore prepare thy self to entertain the violent stroke of death, and willingly bid all thy Kingly dignities farewell: but yet I let thee understand, that mercy harbours in a Christians heart, and where mercy dwells there sinnes are forgiven upon some humble penitence: though thy Treasons deserves no pity but severe punishment, yet upon these considerations I will grant thee liberty of life: First, that thou wilt forsake thy gods, Tarmagant and Apollo, which be the vain imagination of men, and believe in our true and everliving God, under whose Banner we Christians have taken in hand this long War. Secondly thou shalt give commandment, that all thy Barbarous Nations be Christened in the Faith of Christ. Thirdly, and lastly, that thy three Kingdomes of Barbary, Morocco, and India, swear true Allegiance to all Christian Kings, and never to bear Arms, but in the true quarrel of Christ and his anointed Nations. These things duly observed, thy life shall be preserved, and thy Liberty obtained, otherwise look for no mercy but a speedy and most terrible death.

These words more displeased the unchristian King of Morocco, than the sentence of his condemnation, whereupon in these brief speeches he set down his resolution.

Great

Great Potentate of Europe (replied Almidor) by whose mightiness Fortune sits fettered in the Chains of power, my Golden Diadem, and Legal Scepter by constraint I must deliver up: but before I forsake my country gods, I will endure a hundred deaths; and before my conscience be reformed to a new faith, the earth shall be no earth, the Sea no Sea, the Heaven no Heaven. Thinkest thou now proud Christian, by thy threatned torments, to make me forget my Creator, and believe in thy God the supposed King of the Jews, and basely born under an Oxe's Stall? No, no, accursed Christians, you off-spring of Cain, you generation of Ismael, you seed of Vipers, and accursed through the World, look for a speedy shour of vengeance to rain from Heaven upon your wicked Nations: your bloody practices have pierst the Battlements of Jove, and your tyrannies beaten open the Gates of mighty Mahomet, who hath provided whips of burning wyre to scourge you for your cruelties, proffered against his blessed worshipers: now with this deadly curse I bid you all farewel: the plagues of Egypt light upon your Kingdom: the curse of Cain upon your Children, the famine of Jerusalem upon your friends, and the misery of Oedipus upon your selves.

This wicked resolution & baleful curse, was no sooner ended by the desperate minded Almidor, but the impatience of S. George was so highly moved, that he gave present commandment to the appointed Executioners to cast him into the boyling Cauldron; which incontinently they performed to the terrour of all the Beholders: To see this woful spectacle, the Battlements of the Temple were so thronged with people, the houses covered with women & children, & the Streets fill'd with armed Souldiers that it was a wonder to behold: amongst which multitudes there were some particular Persons, that at the sight of Almidors death fell down and brake their necks: but the general number, as well of Pagans as Christians cryed with chearful voyces, Honour and Victory follow Saint George of England, for he hath redeemed Barbary from a miserable servitude. Which joyful hearing so delighted the seven Champions of Christendome, that they caused their Conduits to run with Wines, the Streets to be beautified with Bonefires and a sumptuous Banquet to be proclaimed throw the City, which after continued for the space of seven days,

in

in more magnificent Royalty, than the Banquet at Babylon when the Macedonian Monarch returned from the worlds conquest.

The Champions Liberty procured such faithful love in the hearts of the Morocco Pæers, that with a general consent they chose S. George for their lawful King, where after they had invested him in the Princely Seat of the Morocco Potentate they set the Crown upon his head, & after presented him with an imperial pall, which the Kings of Barbary usually wore upon their Coronation day, protesting to forsake their prophane Religion, and be Christned in the faith of Christ.

This promised conversion of the Infidels, more delighted the English Champion, then to have the whole Worlds honour at command: for it was the chiefest point of his Knightly Oath, to advance the Faith of Christ, and to enlarge the bounds of Christendom: after his Coronation was so solemnly performed, the other six Champions conducted him to a Princely Palace, where he took true allegeance of the Morocco Lords, by plighted oath to be true to his Crown: after this he established the Christian laws to the benefit of the whole Country: then he commanded all the Ceremonious Rites of Mahomet to be trodden under feet, and the true Gospel of Christ to be preached: likewise he caused all that did remain in Barbary to be Christned in the new Faith: but these observations continued but a time, as hereafter shall be discovered at large: for fame not intending to let the worthy champion long to remain in the idle bowers of peace, summoned them to persevere in the Noble Atchievements, & to muster up a new their Souldiers, whose Armour cankered ease had almost staind with rust: therefore S. George committed the Government of his Country, to four of the principal Pæers of Morocco, & marched towards the Country of Egypt, where lived treacherous Ptolomy, the Father of his beloved Lady Sabra, whom he had left in the Kingdom of England: In which Journey and happy arrival in Egypt, we will leave the seven Champions for a time, and speak of the faithless Infidels in Barbary, after the departure of the Christians, whose former Honours they slightly regarded: For no sooner had S. George with his Martial Troops bidden their country adue, but the faithless Moors reconciled themselves to their former Gods,

and

and purposed a speedy revenge for the death of Almidor, against all Christians that remained within the limits of that Heathen Nation: For there were many souldiers wounded in the late battel, Likewise a number oppressed with sickness, which the Christian Champions had left behind for their better recoveries: upon whom the Barbarous Moors committed their first tyranny: for they caused the distressed Souldiers to be drawn upon sleds to the uttermost parts of ỳ City, & there put them into a large & old Monastrap, which they presently set on fire & most inhumanely burned the Christian Souldiers & after converted the place into a filthy headfall: many women and succourless Children they dragged up and down the streets till their brains were dasht against the stones, and the blood had covered the earth with a purple hue: Many other cruelties were committed by the wicked Infidels, against the distressed Christians, which I purpose to pass over, and wholly discourse of the woful and bloody murther of an English Merchant and his wife, in the same City of Tripoly: the report whereof may force even merciless Tygers to relent, and those eyes to shed springs of tears that never wept before. The bloody minded Negars violating both Oaths & promise before plighted to S. George, by violence set upon the Merchants House, where first they made a Massacre of his Servants, and before his face cast their dead bodies to hunger starved Dogs: then comming to the Merchant, they bound him fast with hempen cords, to the strongest post in his house, and after took his children, being seven of the goodlest hopes that ever nature framed, whom they likewise tyed round about him: then one of the Moors being crueller then the rest, proffered to deflour the Merchants Wife before his face but she in chastity like Camma, chusing rather an honourable death then an infamous life, spit in the Negars face, and most bitterly reviled him, yielding neither to his force, nor his bloody threats: but snatching a knife from his girdle, vowed to sheath it in her bosome, before she would lose her precious geme of honour, that once being gone could not be recovered for all the worlds Treasure.

This resolution of the English Merchants Wife, caused the stern Negar to exceed in cruelty: but the principal of that wicked company being a bloody and merciless Tyrant, stabbed one of the silly children before the Mothers face. Now

Now stubborn Dame (quoth he) wilt thou yeild to my desires, and preserve the lives of the other six Children? Otherwise shalt thou behold them butchered in the same manner. To sell my Honour for the lives of my Children (replyed she) will be an offence to God, and a continual corasive to my Husbands heart if we live together: Therefore accursed Monster, prosecute your tyranny: It is not all your threats and bloody dealings shall convert my chaste minde, nor once enforce my thoughts to give any consent thereunto.

These words being no sooner ended, but the lustful Moor took another of her Children, and stabbed before her Husbands face, thinking thereby to force the Merchant to entreat his Wife to consent to the wicked Negars determinations; but he being as resolute as his Vertuous Wife, spake in this manner:

O you cursed black dogs of Barbary, more worse in quality then bloody Tygers and more mercilesse then wicked Cannibals, think you that the murther of our Children shall enforce our hearts to yeild to your lustful desires? No, no, preserve in your tyrannies: if I had a hundred Children, twice the number of King Priams, yet would I loose them all, before I will endure to see my Wives dishonour: Children may be gotten again, but her honour never recovered.

These words pricked the Negars to the gall, and caused them to commit the wickedest Dæd that ever was practised under the Celestial Globe of Heaven: First they sheathed their Poniards in the breasts of all the Merchants Children, whose guiltless blood stained all the Chaimber with a crimson colour, then with their Fauchions did they cut their bodies all asunder, and caused seven pies to be made of their flesh, and after served in a Banquet to their woful Parents, whom the mercilesse Moors set at a square Table, the Merchant placed directly opposite against his wife, where they wer constrained either to fæd upon their own Children, or starve for want of other sustenance.

This woful spectacle strook such a grief into the English Merchants heart, that he could scarce endure to speak for wæping: his wife, when she beheld the heads of her lovely Sons lying upon the Table, as it were looking to Heaven for revenge, breathed forth this dying Lamentation:

O silly Babes would you had been strangled in my Womb at your first conception then should not these accursed Infidels have triumph thus in your unhappy Tragedies, nor your unfortunate Parents beheld this luckless day: whereon I pray that never Sun may shine again, but be accounted an ominous day throughout the whole world, for Heaven I hope (poor Babes) will rain a showre of vengeance on their heads, that have caused this our untimely death: and with this prayer I now bid the World farewell.

At which words her grief so exceeded the bounds of reason, that it staped the passage of her breath, whereby she was forced to yeld her soul to the Paradise of peace. She being no sooner dead, but the sorrowful Merchant likewise bitterly exclaimed against the injustice of Fortune, and the Tyranny of the Barbarous Moors, accounting his Destiny more hapless then the Thracian Kings, that buried his children in his own bowels: and the cruelty of these Infidels to exceed the Tyranny of Nero, that caused his Mothers Womb to be opened that he might behold the place of his conception: but when the Merchant had sufficiently bewayled the Murther of his Children, the death of his wife, and his own misery he yelded his soul to the furious stroke of death. The end of whose long languishments, when the wicked Moors had intelligence of, they caused their dead bodies to be carried to the top of a high Mountain, and there left for the prey of hungry Ravens: But the Sun consumed them like the Mornings dew, and by the wonderful workmanship of Heaven, in the same place sprung a Bower of Roses to signifie the unspotted honour of the Merchant and his vertuous wife; which Miracle we leave to the wonder of the Moors, and speak of the Christian Champions proceedings, that by this time were arrived in the Kingdom of Egypt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How the Christians arrived in Ægypt, and what happned to them there. The Tragedy of the lustful Earl of Coventry, How Sabra was bound to a stake to be burned: and how Saint George redeemed her: Lastly, how the Ægyptian King cast himself from the top of a Tower, and broke his neck.

DUring the time of the bloody murther wrought by the Barbarous Moors upon the English Merchant and his Wife, with his seven Children, as you heard in the former Chapter, the Champions of Christendom arrived upon the territories of Egypt, where they supposed to have adventured their lives upon the Chance of war: but all things fell out contrary to their expectations: found the Gates of every City set open, and every Village and Town unpeopled, for the Commons at the report of the Christians Arrival, secretly hid their Treasure in the Caves of the Earth, in deep Wells, and such like obscure places, and a general fear and extream terrour assailed the Egyptians, as well the Peers of the Land, as the simple Countrey people: many fled into woods and wilderness and closely hid themselves in hollow Trees: many digged Caves in the ground, where they thought best to remain in safety: and many fled to high Mountains, where they long time lived in great extreamity, feeding upon the Grass of the Ground: so greatly the Egyptians feared the Army of the Christians, that they expected nothing but the ruine of their Countrey, with the loss of their own lives, and the murther of their wives and Children.

But to speak of the Christian Champions, who finding the Countrey desolate of people, suspected some deep policy of the Egyptians, thinking them to have mustred their warlike forces to

bid them Battell: therefore St. George gave commandment through the whole Camp, that not a man upon pain of death, should break his Rank, but march advisedly with their weapons ready prest to encounter Battel, as though the Enemies had directly placed themselves opposite against them: which special charge the Christian Souldiers duly observed, loking neither after the wealth of Cities nor the spoyl of Villages, but circumspectly marched according to their Leaders directions along the Country of Egypt, till they approached the sight of King Ptolomies Court: which when the Noble Champion of England beheld, in this manner encouraged he his Followers.

Behold (said he) you invincible Captains of Christendom, ponder curled Towers where wicked Ptolomie keeps his Court; those Battlements, I say, were they as richly built as the great Pyramides of Greece, yet should they be subverted and laid as level with the ground, as the City of Carthage; there hath that accursed Ptolomie his residence, that for preserving his Daughter from the burning Dragon, treacherously sent me into Persia, where for seven years I lived in great extreamity in a dismal Dungeon, where the Sun did never give me light, nor the company of people comfort: In revenge whereof, my heart shall never rest in quiet, till I see the buildings of his Palace set on fire, and converted into a plate of desolation, like to the glorious City in Phrygia: now overspread with stinking weeds and lothsome puddles: therefore let all Christian Souldiers, that fight under the Banner of Christendom, and all that love George of England your chosen General, draw forth your warlike Weapons, and like the angry Greeks, overturn those glistring Battlements: leave not one stone upon another, but lay it as level with the ground, as the Harvest Reapers do fields of ripend corn, let your wrathful furies fall upon these Towers like drops of April showers, or like storms of winters Haile, that it may be bruited through the whole world, what just vengeance did light upon the Pride of Egypt: leave not (I say) as you love your General, when you have subverted the Palace, not one man alive, no not a sucking Babe, but let them suffer vengeance for the wickedness of their King: This is my Decree, brave

Knights

Knights of Christendom, therefore march forward: Heaven and Fortune be your good speed.

At which words the Souldiers gave a general shout, in sign of their willing minds. Then began the silken Streamers to flourish in the Air, the Drums chearfully to sound forward, the silver Trumpets recorded Echoes of Victorie: the barbed Steeds grew proud of this attempt, and would stand upon no ground but leapt and danced with as much courage, as did Bucephalus the Horse of the Macedonian Alexander always before any notable Victory; yea, every thing gave an evident sign of good successe, as well senseless things as living creatures.

With this resolution marched the Christians, purposing the utter confusion of the Egyptian, and the woful ruine and destruction of Ptolomies sumptuous Palace. But when the Souldiers approached the Gates with wrathful Weapons, ready to assault, there came pacing out thereat, the Egyptian King, with all the chiefest of his Nobles, attyred in black and mournful Ornaments, bearing in their hands Olive Branches: next them the brabest Souldiers in Egypt, bearing in their hands broken Weapons, shivered Lances, and torn Ancients: likewise followed thousands of Women and Children, with Cypresse Wreaths about their Heads, and in their Hands Olive Branches, crying for mercy to the Christians. That they should not utterly destroy their declining Countrey, but shew mercy to unhappy Egypt: This unexpected sight, or rather admirable wonder, caused Saint George to sound a retreat and gave commandment through the Christian Army, to withhold their former bloud vengeance from the Egyptians till he understood what they required: which charge being given and duly observed, Saint George with the other six Champions came together, and admitted the Egyptian King with his Nobles to their presence, who in this manner began to speak for his Country.

You unquered Knights of Christendom, whose worthy Victories and Noble Atchievements the whole World admires, let him

that

that never kneeled to any man till now, and in former times disdained to humble himself to any Potentate on earth, let him I say the most unfortunate wretch alive, crave mercy, not for my self, but for my Countrey; my Commons blood will be required at my hands: our murthered infants will call to Heaven for revenge, and our slaughtered widows sink down to Hell for revenge: so will the vengeance of Heaven light upon my soul, and the curse of Hell upon my head. Renowned Champion of England, under whose custody my dear Daughter is kept, even for the love of her be mercifull to Egypt. The former wrongs I proffered thee when I sent thee, like a guiltless Lamb into Persia, was contrary to my will: for I was incensed by the flattery of that accarsed Blackmoor King, whose soul for ever be scourged with whips of wyre, and plagued with the punishment of Tantalus in Hell: if my life will serve for a just revenge, here is my naked Breast let my heart blood stain some Christians Sword, that you may bear the bloody witness of my death into Christendom, or let me be torn into a thousand peices by mad untamed Steeds, as was Hippolitus Son of Theseus in his charmed chariot.

Most mighty Controlers of the VVorld, command the dearest things in Egypt, they be at your pleasures, we will forsake our gods, and beleeve in that God which you commonly adore, for he is the true and living God, ours false and hateful in the sight of Heaven.

This penitent Lamentation of the Egyptian King caused the Christian Champions to relent, but especially Saint George, who having a heart beautified with a well spring of pity, not onely granted mercy to the whole Countrey, but vouchsafed Ptolomy liberty of life, upon condition that he would performe what he had promised, which was to forsake his false gods, and beleive in our true God Christ Jesus.

This kindness of Saint George almost ravished Ptolomy with joy, and the whole Land, both Peers and Commons more rejoyced at the friendship of the Christians, then if they had been made Lords of the Western World. The news of this happy unity was bruited in all the parts of Egypt: whereby the Commons that before fled for fear into Woods and Wildernesses, Dens and Caves, Hills and Mountains, returned joyfully to their own

Dwellings,

Dwellings, and caused Bonefires to be made in every City, Town and Village: the Bells of Egypt rung day and night, for the space of a week; in every place was seen Banquetting, Dancing, and Masking: sorrow was banished, Wars forgotten, and Peace proclaimed.

The King at his own charges ordained a sumptuous and costly Banquet for the Christian Champions, wherein for bounty it exceeded that which ỹ Trojans made, when Paris returned from Greece with the Conquest of Menalaus Queen. The Banquetting house was built with Cypress wood, covered with the pure Adamant stone; so that neither Steel nor base Iron could come therein, but it was presently drawn to the top of the Roof: as for the variety of Services which grated forth the Banquet, it were too tedious to repeat: But to be brief, what both the Land and Sea could afford was there present. The Servitours ỹ attended the Champions at the Banquet, was attired in Damask Vestments, wrought with the purest Silk the Indian Virgins spun upon their silver Wheels; at every course the Servitours brought in a consort of Egyptian Ladies, who on their Ivored Lutes strained forth such admired harmony, that it surpassed Arions musick, which when he was cast into the sea, caused the dolphins to bring him safe to ỹ shore, or the sweetness of Orpheus silver harp, which made both stones & trees to dance; or the melody of Apollo's inspiring musick, when he descended to the lower parts for the love of Daphne. These pleasures so ravished the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of Warlike Drums, which were wont to call them forth to bloody battels. But these delights continued but a short time, for there arrived a Knight from England, that brought such unexpected news to St. George, that changed his joys into extream sorrow: for after this manner began the Messenger to tell his woeful tale.

Fair Englands Champion (saith he) instead of Arms get Swallows wings, and flye to England, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady; for she is judged to be burned at a stake for murthering the Earl of *Coventry*: whose lustful Desires would have stained her Honour with Infamy, and made her the scorn of Vertuous Women: Yet this mercy is granted by the King of England, that if within twelve moneths a Champi-

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on may be found, that for her ſake will venture his life, if it be his fortune to overcome the Challenger of her death, ſhe ſhall live: but if it be his fatal deſtiny to be conquered, then muſt ſhe ſuffer the heavy judgement before pronounced; therefore as you love the life of your chaſt and beloved Lady, haſt into England, delay no time; for delay is is dangerous, and her life in hazzard to be loſt.

This woful diſcourſe ſtruck ſuch a terror to St. Georges heart; likewiſe to the Egyptian King her Father, that for a time they ſtood gazing one in anothers face, as though they had been diſtract of their wits, not able to ſpeak one word; but at laſt S. George recovered his former ſenſe, and breathed forth this ſorrowful Lamentation.

O *England*, O unkind *England*, have I adventured my life in thy defence, and for thy defence have lain the field of *Mars* buckled on my Armor in many a pearching Summers day, and many a freezing Winters night, when you have taken your quiet ſleeps on beds of down: and will you repay me with this diſcourteſie, or rather undeſerved wrong, to adjure her ſpotleſs body to conſuming fire? whoſe blood if it be ſpilt before I come, I vow never to draw my truſty Sword in *Englands* quarrel more, nor never account my ſelf her Champion, but I will rend my warlike colours into a thouſand peices, the which I wear on my Burgonet, (I mean the crimſon Croſs of *England*) and wander unknown Conntries, obſcurely from the ſight of any Chriſtian eye? is it poſſible that *England* will be ſo ungrateful to her friend? can that Renowned Country harbour ſuch a luſtful Monſter, to ſeek to diſhonour her, within whoſe heart the fountain of Vertue ſprings? Or can that Noble City, the Nurſe and Mother of my life entertain ſo vile a Homicide, that will offer violence to her, whoſe chaſtity and true Honour hath cauſed tameleſs Lions to ſleep in her lap.

In this ſorrowful manner wearied St. George the time away until the Egyptian King, whoſe ſorrow being as great as his put him from his complaints, and requeſted the Engliſh Knight to tell the true diſcourſe of Sabra's proffered violence, and how ſhe murthered the luſtful Earl of Coventry; to whom after a bitter ſigh or two the Meſſenger thus replyed, in this manner:

Moſt

Most Noble Princes and Potentates of the Earth, prepare your ears to entertain the woefullest tale that ever English Knight discourst, and your eyes to weep Seas of brackish tears, I would I had no tongue to tell it, nor heart to remember it. But seeing I am compelled through the love and duty I ow to the Noble Champions of Christendome to express it, then thus it was.

It was the fortune, nay I may say, unhappy destiny of your beloved Lady, upon an evening, when the Sun had almost lodged in the West, to walk without the Walls of Coventrey, to take the pleasures of the sweet fields, and flouring meadows, which Flora had beautified in a Summers Livery: but as she walked up & down, sometimes taking pleasure to hear the chirping Birds how they strained their silver notes: other times taking delight to see how nature had covered both Hills and dales with sundry sorts of flowers: then walking to see the chrystal running Rivers, the murmurring Musick of whose streams exceeded the rest for pleasure. But she (kind Lady) delighting her self by the River side, a sudden and strange alteration troubled her mind: for the chain of Gold that she did wear about her Neck, presently changed colour, from a yellow burnish brightness, to a dim paleness: Her Rings fell from her fingers, and from her nose fell drops of blood: whereat her heart began to throb, her ears to glow, and every joynt to tremble with fear. this strange accident caused her speedily to hast homeward: but by the way she met the Earl of Coventrey, walking at that time to take the pleasure of the evening Ayr, with such a train of worthy Gentlemen, as though he had been the greatest Peer in England: whose sight when she beheld a far off, her heart began to misgive, thinking that fortune had allotted those Gentlemen to proffer her some injury; so that upon her cheeks fear had set a vermilion die, whereby her beauty grew admirable; which when the Earl beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the excellentest creature that ever nature framed, their meeting was silent; she shewed the humility of a vertuous Lady, and he the courtesie of a kind Gentleman: she departed homewards, and he into the fields, she thinking all danger past, but he practised in his mind her utter ruine and downfal: for the dart of Love had shot from her beau-

tious cheeks into his heart, not true love, but lust: so that nothing might quench his desire, but the conquest of her chastity, such extream passion bewitched his mind, that he caused his servants every one to depart: and then like a discontented man he wandred up and down the fields, beating in his mind a thousand sundry ways to obtain his desire: for without he enjoyed her love, he was likely to live in endless languishment: but at last he sighed out this passion of love.

O you immortal power, why have you transported her from an earthly Lady to a heavenly Angel? Sabra is no worldly creature, but a divine substance; her beauty is a stain unto the Queen of Love, and her countenance of more Majesty then Juno's grace: her twinckling eyes that glister like the flaming Stars, and her beautious cheeks more pleasant then Roses dipt in milk, have pierc't my heart with the pricks of Love, and her Love I will enjoy, or lose my life. O! but there is a bar which thwarts kind affections, and hinders my desires. St. George, I mean, is her true and lawful Husband, the Honour of whose bed she will not violate for all the Kingdomes of the World. Tush, faint-hearted fool that I am, Sabra is beautiful, and therefore to be tempted: she is a Woman and therefore easie to be won, her husband he is sporting in the fields of Mars; then why may not she take pleasure in the Chamber of Venus? I will use my flattering glosses, many kind speeches, and many sweet imbraces; but I will crop that bud, which but to taste, I would give my whole Lands and Revenues: I will tell her St. George is a wanderer, and one that will never return, whereas I am a mighty Peer in England, and one that can accomplish whatsoever she desires. Many other circumstances this lustful Earl used, to flatter himself in this vain conceit. At last the frowling night with pitchy Clouds began to over-spread the bright some Heavens, whereby he was forced to repair homewards, and to smother up his Love in silence; no quiet sleep that night could enter into his eyes, but fond and restless dreams: sometimes he thought he had his Lovely Mistris in his arms, dallying like the Paphian Queen upon her Spinious knee: but suddenly awaking, he found it but a gliding shadow, which added new grief to his

his lobe-sick passions: then by and by he thought he saw how the wrathful Champion with his dreadful bloody fauchion, came to revenge his Ladys ravishment: whereat the troubled Earl started from his bed, and with a loud voice cried to his Chamberlain for help, saying, that St. George was come to murther him: which sudden outcry not onely awaked the Chamberlain but the whole house, which generally come to bear him company: they set up Champhyre Tapers to give light, and made him Musick to comfort him, and to drive all fond fantacies from his mind: but no sooner ceased the Musick, but he fell into his former cogitations, pondring in his mind which way he might obtain his purpose: whereat a dismal Night Raven beat her Wings against his chamber Window, and with a harsh voice gave him warning of a sad success. Then presently began the Tapers to burn blue, as though a troop of ghastly Spirits did encompass his Lodging, which was an evident sign that some strange and unhappy Murther should worthily follow. All which could nothing withdraw the lustful Earl from his wicked enterprize, nor convert his mind from the spoil of so sweet a Lady. In this manner spent he the night away, till the Suns bright countenance summoned him from his restless bed: from whence being no sooner risen but he sent for the Steward of his house, and gave him a charge to provide a most sumptuous and costly Banquet, for he intended to invite thereunto all the principal Ladies in Coventry: what bountiful cheer was provided, I think it needless to repeat: but to be short, at the time and hour appointed, the invited Ladies repaired: the Banquet was brought in by the Earls servants, and plated upon the Table by the Earl himself: who after many welcomes given, began thus to move the Ladies to delight.

I think my house most highly honour (said he) that you have vouchsafed to grace it with your presence: for my thinks you beautifie my Hall, as the twinkling Stars beautifie the vail of Heaven: but amongst the number of you all you have a Cinthia, a glistering silver Swan, that for brightness exceeds all the rest: for she is fairer then the Queen of Cypress, lovelier then Dido, when Cupid sat upon her knee, wiser then the Prophetess of Troy: of Personage more comely then the Grecian Dame,

and of more Majesty then the Queen of Love: so that all the Muses with their Ivory pens may write continually, and yet not sufficiently describe her excellent ornaments of nature.

This commendation caused a general smile of the Ladies, and made them look one upon another whom it should be. Many other Courtlike discourses pronounced the Earl to move the Ladies delight, till the banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen by the Earls appointment, with most excellent musick: other some that danced most curiously, with as much Majesty as Paris in the Grecian Court. At last the Earl requested one of them to chose out his Beloved Mistris, and lead her some stately Pauans: likewise requesting that none should be offended what Lady soever he did affect to grace with that courtly pastime: at which request all of them were silent, and silence is commonly a sign of consent; therefore he imboldoned himself the more to make his desires known to the Beholders. Then with exceeding Courtesie, and great Humility, he kissed the beautious hand of Sabra, who with a blushing countenance and bashful look accepted his courtesie, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians strained forth their inspiring melody, the lustful Earl lead her a first course about the Hall, in as great Majesty as Mavors did the Queen of Paphos to gain her Love, and she followed with as much Grace, as if the Queen of pleasure had been present to behold their Courtly Delights: and so when the first course was ended, he found fit opportunity to unfold his secret Love, and reveal unto the Lady his extream passion of mind, which were in these speeches expressed.

Most Divine and Peerless Paragon (said he) thou onely wonder of the World, for beauty and excellent ornaments of Nature, know that thy two twinckling eyes that shine more brighter then the Lights of Heaven, being the true Darts of Love, have pierced my heart, and those thy Crimson Cheeks, as lovely as *Aurora's* countenance, when she draws the Curtains of her purple bed to entertain her wandring Lover, those Cheeks I say have wounded me with Love: therefore except thou grant

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me kind comfort, I am like to spend the remnant of my life in sorrow, care and discontent: I blush to speak what I desire, because I have settled my love where it is unlawful, in a bosome where Kings may sleep and surfeit with delight, thy breast I mean most divine Mistris, for there my heart is kept Prisoner, Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my ransome is a constant mind: thou art my *Venus*, I will be thy *Mars*; thou art my *Hylen*, I will be thy *Mahomet*: thou art my *Cressida*, I will be thy *Troilus*, thou art my *Love*, and I will be thy *Paramour*. Admit thy Lord and Husband be alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy young years in solitary Widdow-hood? he is unconstant like *Aeneas*, and thou more hapless then *Dido*. He marcheth up and down the World in Glistering Armour, and never doth intend to return: he abandoneth thy presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps: therefore, Dear *Sabra*, live not to consume thy youth in singleness (for Age will overtake thee to soon, and convert thy beauty to wrinckled frowns.

To which words, Sabra would have presently made Answer but that the musick called them to dance the second Course: which being ended she replyed in this manner.

Most Noble Lord (said she) for our bounteous Banquet, courteous entertainment, I give the humble thanks of a poor Lady; but for your suit and unlawful desire, I do detest it as much as the sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering Gloses I esteem as much as doth the Ocean of a drisling shour of Rain: your Syrens Songs shall never intice me to listen to your fond Requests: but I will like *Vlysses*, stop my ears, and bury all your flattering inticements in the Lake of forgetfulness. Think you that I will stain my Marriage-Bed with the least spot of Infamy, that will not proffer me one thought of wrong, for all the Treasures of the Wealthy Seas? Surely the Gorgeous Sun shall loose his light by day, the Silver Moon by night, the Skies shall fall, the earth shall sink, and every thing shall change from kind and nature, before I will falsifie my faith, or prove disloyal to my beloved *George*; attempt no more my Noble Lord, to batter the Fortress of my good name with the Gunshot of your flattery, nor seek to stain my Honour with your lustful desires. What if my Lord and Husband

prove

prove disloyal and chose out other loves in Forraign Lands? yet will I prove as constant to him as *Penelope* to her *Ulysses*: and if it be his pleasure never to return, but spend his days amongst strange Ladies, yet will I live in single solitariness like to the Turtle Dove when she hath lost her mate, abandoning all company, or as the mournful Swan that swims upon *Meanders* silver streams, where she records her dying tunes to raging billows; so will I spend away my lingring days in grief and die.

This Resolution of the vertuous Lady daunted so the Earl that he stood like a senseless Image gazing at the Sun, not knowing how to reply: but yet when they had danced the third Course, he began a new to assault her unspotted chastity, in these terms.

Why my dear Mistris have you a heart more hard then flint, that the tears of my true love can never mollifie? Can you behold him plead for grace, that hath been sued unto by many worthy dames. I am a man that can comman't Countreys: yet can I not command thy stubborn heart. Divine *Sabra* if thou wilt grant me thy love, and yield to my desire, Ile have thee clad in silken Robes, and damask Vestures, imbost with *Indian* Pearls, and rich refined gold, perfumed with Camphire, Bis, and Syrian sweet perfumes: by day a hundred Virgins like to *Thetis*, tripping on the Silver Sands, shall usually attend thy person; by night a hundred Eunuches with their strained Instruments shall bring thy senses into a golden slumber: If this procureth not thy sweet content, I will prepare a sumptuous Chariot made with gold, wherein thou shalt be drawn by Sable spotted Steed, along the Fields and gallant Pastures adjoyning to our City Walls, whereas the Evening Air shall breath a coldness, far more sweet then Balm upon thy cheeks, and make thy beauty glister like the Purple Pillar of *Hiperion*, when he leaves *Aurora* blushing in her bed, whereby the Heavens and all the powers therein shall stand and wonder at thy beauty, and quite forget their usual courses: All this, my dear, divine and dainty Mistris, is at my command, and more, so that I may enjoy thy love and favour: which if I have not, I will discontentedly end my life in Woods

and

and desert places, Tygars and untamed Beasts being my chief companions.

These vain promises, caused the beauteous Sabra: to blush with bashfulness, and to give him this sharp answer: Think you my Lord, with Golden promises to obtain the precious Gem, the which I will not lose for *Europs* Treasury? henceforth be silent in that enterprise, and never after this attempt to practise my dishonour, which if you do I vow by Heaven to make it known to every one within the City, and to fill all places with rumour of thy wilful lust: A troop of modest Maidens I will procure to haunt thee up and down the streets, to wonder at thee like an Owl, that never comes abroad but in the darkest night: this I am resolved to do, and so farewel.

Thus departed Sabra with a sad countenance: whereby the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earl had attempted her dishonour by secret conference, but they all assuredly knew that she was as far from yeilding to his desires, as is the aged man to be young again, or as the Azure Firmament to be a place for Silvane Swains to inhabit. In such like imaginations they spent away the day, till the dark night caused them to break off Company. The Earl smothered his grief under a smiling countenace, till the Ladies were every one departed, whom he covetously caused his servants to conduct homewards with Torch lights, because it began to be very dark. After their departure he accursed his own fortune, and like a Lyon wanting food, raged up and down his Chamber, and filling every corner with bitter exclamations, rending his Garments from his back, tearing his hair, beating his breast, and using all the violence he could against himself.

In this manner spent he away the night, suffering no sleep to close the Windows of his body: his melancholy and extream passion so discontented his mind, that he purposed to give end to his sorrows by some untimely death: so when the morning appeared, he made his repair to an Orchard, where Sabra commonly once a day walked to take the Ayr. The place was very melancholy, and far from the noyse of people: where after he had spent some certain time in exclaming against the unkindness of Sabra, he pulled his Poynard from his back, and

and prepared his breast to entertain the stroke of death: but before the pretended Tragedy, with his Dagger he engraved these Verses following, upon the bark of a Walnut-Tree.

O heart more hard then bloudy Tygers fell,
O ears more deaf then senceless troubled Seas:
O cruel foe, thy rigour doth excel,
for thee I die, thy anger to appease:
But time will come, when thou shalt find me slain,
Then thy repentance will encrease thy pain.

I here engrave my Will and Testament,
that my sad grief thou maist behold and see,
How that my woful heart is torn and rent,
and gor'd with bloody blade for love of thee:
Whom thou disdaind'st as now the end doth try,
That thus distrest doth suffer me to die.

Oh Gods of Love, if so there any be,
and you of Love that feel the deadly pain,
O *Sabra* thou that thus afflictest me,
hear these my words which from my heart I strain:
Ere that my Corps be quite bereav'd of breath,
Here Ile declare the cause of this my death.

You mountain Nymphs which in the Desarts raign,
leave off your chase from savage Beasts a while,
Prepare to see a heart oppress with pain,
address your ears to hear my doleful stile:
No strength nor Art can work me any weal,
Sith she unkind and Tyrant like doth deal.

You Fairy Nymphs of Lovers much ador'd,
and gracious Damsels which in evenings fair
Your Closets leave, with heavenly beauty stor'd,
and on your shoulders spread your golden hair
Record with me that *Sabra* is unkind,
Within whose breast remains a double mind.

Ye

Ye savage Bears in Caves and Dens that lie,
remain in peace, if you may sorrows hear,
And be not moved at my misery,
though too extream my passions do appear:
England farewel, and *Coventry* adue,
But *Sabra*, Heaven above still prosper you.

These Verses being no sooner finished, and engraven about the bark of a Walnut tree, but with a grisly look and wrathful countenance he lift up his hand, intending to strike the poyntard up to the hilt in his breast: but at the same instant he beheld Sabra entring the Orchard to take her wonted walks of pleasure, whose sight hindred his purpose, and caused other bloody cogitations to enter into his mind. The Furies did insence him to a wicked deed, the which my trembling tongue faints to report: for after she had walked to the farthest side of the melancholy Orchard, he rigorously ran unto her with his Dagger drawn, and catching her about the tender waste, thus frightfully threatned her.

Now stubborn Dame (quoth he) will I obtain my long desired purpose, and revenge by violence thy former proud denials: first I will wrap this Dagger in thy locks of hair, and nayl it fast into the ground: then will I ravish thee by force and violence, and triumph in the conquest of thy chastity: which being done, Ile cut thy tongue out of thy mouth, because thou shalt not reveal nor discry thy bloody Ravisher: Likewise with this Poyniard will I chop off both thy hands, whereby thou shalt never write with Pen thy stain of honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffered disgrace. Therefore except thou wilt yeild to quench my desired love with the pleasures of thy Marriage bed, I will by force and violence inflict those vowed punishments upon thy delicate body: be not too resolute in denyals, for if thou beest, the gorgious Sun shall not glide the compass of an hour, before I obtain my long desired purpose: and thereupon he stepped to the Orchard Door, and with all expedition locked it, and put the key in his Pocket. Then returned he like the hunger-starved Wolf, to seize upon the silly Lamb: or like the chased Boze when he is wounded with the Hunters Lance, came running to the helpless Lady,

intending her present Rape, and foul dishonour: But she thinking all hope of aid or succour to be void, fell into a dead swound, being not able to move for the space of a quarter of an hour: But yet at last, having recovered her dead sences, to their former vital moving, she began in this pitiful manner to defend her assailed chastity, from the wicked Earl that stood over her with his bloody Dagger, threatning most cruelly her final confusion.

My Lord of *Coventrey* (said she, with weping tears and knæling upon the bare ground) is vertue banished your breast, have you a mind more tyrannous then the Tygers of *Hercania*, that nothing may suffice to satisfie your lustful desires but the stain of mine honour, and the conquest of my chastity? if it be my beauty that hath inticed you, I am content to have it converted to a loathsome Leprosie, whereby to make me odious in your eyes: if it be my rich and costly garments that make me beautiful and so intangle you, henceforth I will attire my body in poor and simple Array, and for ever more dwell in country Caves and Cottages, so that I may preserve my chastity unspotted. If none of these may suffice to abase your tyrannous intent, but that your lust will make me times wonder, and pointing stock, and scorn of vertuous Ladies, then will the Heavens revenge my wrongs, to whom I will uncessantly make my petitions: the Birds in the Ayr after their kind will evermore exclaim against your wickedness: the silvane Beasts that abide in Woods and Deserts, will breath forth clamours of your wickedness: the creeping Worms that live within the crevices of the earth, will give dumb signs and tokens of your wickedness: the running Rivers will murmur at your wickedness: the Woods and Trees, Heabs and Flowers, with every senseless thing, will sound some motions of your wickedness. Return, return, my Noble Lord, unto your former vertues: banish such fond desires out of your mind: stain not the honour of your house with such black scandals and disgrace: bear this in mind before you do attempt so vile a sin; What became of *Hellens* Ravishment, but the Destruction of renowned *Troy*? What of *Roman Lucretia's* Rape, but the Banishment of *Tarquin*? and what of *Progues* foul deflourment by her sisters Husband, the lustful King of *Thrace*? but the bloody

Barq et

Banquet of his young Son *Itis*, whose tender body they served to his Table baked in a Pie? At which speeches the ireful Earl wrapped his hands within her locks of Hair, which was covered with a costly Caul of Gold, and in this manner presently replied unto her.

What tellest thou me of Poets Tales (said he) of Progne, Rape, and Tereus bloody Banquet? thy ravishment shall be an Induction to thy Tragedy, which if thou yield not willingly, I will obtain by force and violence: therefore prepare thy self either to entertain the sentence pronounced, or yield thy body to my pleasure. This unrelenting and vowed resolution of the Earl, added grief upon grief, and heaped mountains of sorrow upon her soul: twice did the hapless Lady cast her eyes to Heaven, in hope the Gods would pity her distress, and twice unto the Earth wishing the Ground might open and devour her, and so deliver her from the fury of the wicked Homicide: but at last when she saw that neither tears, prayers, nor wishes could prevail, she gave an outward sign of contentment upon some conditions, under colour to devise a present means to preserve her Chastity, and deliver her self from his lustful assailments. There is no condition said the Earl, but I would yield unto, so thou wilt grant my desire, and make me chief commanders of thy love.

First, my Lord (quoth she) shall you suffer me to set some certain hours upon this bed of Violets, and bewail the loss of my good name, which shortly shall be yielded up to your pleasure: then shall you lie and dally in my lap, thereby to make my affections, yet freezing cold, to flame with burning brands of love: that being done, you shall receive your wished desires. Those words caused the Earl to convert his furious wrath to smiling joy, and casting down his Dagger, he gave her a courteous kiss, which she in his conceit graciously accepted: whereby his mind was brought into such a vain opinion, that he thought no heaven but in her presence, no comfort but in her sight, and no pleasure but in her: then caused he Sabra to sit down upon a bed of Violets, beset about with divers sorts of Flowers, whose lap he made his Pillow, whereupon he laid his head, intending as he thought to increase desire: But as Women in extremity have the quickest wits; so Sabra busied her self by all means possi-

ble, either now or never to remove the cause of her deep distress, by practising his death, and so quit her self from her importunate sorrow: one while she told him pleasant tales of love, in hope to bring his senses to a slumber, the better to accomplish her desires: otherwhile she played and sported with his hair that hung dangling below his shoulders like to threads of silk: but at last when neither discourses, tales, nor her dallying pastime with his hair could not bring him asleep, she strained forth the Organs of her voyce, and over his head sung this woful Ditty:

Thou God of sleep and golden dreams appear:
that bringest all things to peace and quiet rest,
Close up the glasses of his eyes so clear,
thereby to make my fortune ever blest,
His eyes, his heart, his senses and his mind,
In peaceful sleep let them some comfort find,

Sing sweet you pretty birds in tops of trees,
with warbling tunes and many a pleasant note:
Till your sweet musick close his watchful eyes,
that on my love with vain desires doth dote:
Sleep on, my dear, sleep on, my loves delight,
And let this sleep be thy eternal night.

You gentle Bees, the Muses lovely birds.
come aid my doleful tunes with silver sound,
Till your inspiring melody records,
such heavenly musick that may quite confound,
Both wit and sense and tyre his eyes with sleep
That on my lap in sweet content I keep,

You silver streams, which murm'ring Musick make,
and fill each dale with pleasant harmony,
Whereat the floting fish much pleasure take,
to hear your sweet recording melody,
Assist my tunes, his slumbering eyes to close,
That on my lap now tastes a sweet repose.

Let whispering Winds in every senseless tree,
a solemn sad and doleful Musick sing:
From Hills and dales, and from each Mountain high,
let some inspiring sound or Eccho ring:
That he may never wake from sleep again,
Which sought my Marriage bed with lust to stain.

This delightful song rocked his senses to such a careless slumber, that he slept as soundly upon her lap as in the softest bed of Down; whereby she found a fit opportunity to deliver her undefiled body from his lustful desires. So taking the Poniard in her hand: which he had cast a little aside, and gazing thereon with an ireful look, she made this sad complaint.

Grant you immortal powers of Heaven (said she) that of these two extreams I choose the best: either must I yeild my body to be dishonoured by his unchast desires, or stain my hands with the trickling streams of his heart blood. If I yeild unto the first, I shall be then accounted for a vicious Dame: But if I commit the last, I shall be guilty of a wilful Murther, and for the same, the Law will adjudge me a shameful death. What, shall I fear to die, or lose my vertue and renown? No, my heart shall be as tyrannous as *Danaus* Daughters, that slew their fifty Husbands in a night: or as *Medeas* crueltie, which scattered her brothers bloody joynts upon the Sea shore, thereby to hinder the swift pursute of her Father, when *Jason* got the golden Fleece from *Calcos* Isle. Therefore stand still you gliftering Lamps of Heaven, stay wandring time, and let him sleep eternally.

Where art thou sad *Melpomene*, that speakest of nothing but of Murders and Tragides: where be those Dames that evermore delight in blood? Come, come, assist me with your cruelties, let me exceed the hate of *Progne* for her ravishment: rage heart, and take delight in blood, banish all thoughts of pity from thy breast, be thou as mercilesas King *Priamus* Queen, that in revenge of five and twenty Murdered Sons, with her own hands stained the Pavements of *Agamemnons* Court with purple gore.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a wrathful and pale countenance, she sheathed the Poyntard up to the Hilt in the closure of his breast, whereat he started, and would

would have got upon his feet, but the streams of blood so violently gushed from his wound, that he declined immediately to the Earth, and his soul was forced to give the World a doleful adiew.

When Sabra beheld the bed of Violets stained with blood, and every flower converted to a Crimson colour, she sighed grievously: but when she saw her garments all to be sprinkled with her Enemies blood, and he lay wallowing at her feet in Purple Gore, she ran speedily unto a flowing Fountain, that stood in the farther side of the Orchard, and began to wash the blood out of her clothes, but the more she washed, the more it increased: a sign that Heaven will never suffer wilful murther to be hid, for what cause soever it is done.

This strange spectacle, or rather wonderful accident, so amazed the sorrowful Lady, that she began a new to complain: O that this wicked Murther had never been done (said she) or that my hand had been stricken lame by some unlucky plannet, when first it did attempt the deed! Whither shall I fly, to shrowd me from the company of vertuous women, which will for evermore shun me as a detested Murtherer? If I should go into some Forraign Country, there Heaven will cast down vengeance for my guilt: If I should hide my self in Woods and solitary Wildernesses, yet would the wind discover me, and blow this bloody crime, to every corner of the VVorld: or if I should go live in Caves, or darksome Dens, within the deep-foundation of the Earth, yet will his Ghost pursue me there, and haunt me day and night; so that in no place a Murtherer can live in rest, such discontented thoughts shall still oppress his mind. After she had breathed forth this comfortless lamentation to the Ayr, she tore her blood-stained Garment from her back, and cast it into the Fountain, where it turned the water into the colour of blood, so hainous is murder in the sight of Heaven.

Thus being disrobed into her Petty-coate, she turned to the Slaughtered Earl, whose face she found covered with Moss: which added more grief unto her soul, for she greatly feared her murther was discryed: but it fell not out as she mistrusted: for it is the nature and kind of Robin Red-Breast and other Birds, allways to cover the face of any dead man; and those were

were they that bred this fear in the Ladies heart. By this time the day began to shut up his bright windows, and sable night entred to take possession on the earth; yet durst not the woful distressed Sabra, make her repair homewards, lest she should be descried without her upper Garment.

During which time, there was a general search made for the Earl by his Servants, for they greatly suspected some danger had befallen him, considering that they heard him the night before so woful complain in his Chamber. At last, with Torch lights they came to the Orchard Gate, which they presently burst open: wherein no sooner entring, but they found their Murthered Master lying by a bed of Violets covered with Moss: likewise searching to find out the Murtherer at last they espyed Sabra in her white Petticoat, her hands and face besprinkled with blood, and her countenance as pale as ashes: by which signs they suspected her to be the bloody bereaver of their Lord and Masters life: therefore because she descended from a noble Linage, they brought her the same night before the King, which did then Kæp his Court in the City of Coventrey: who immediately upon the confession of the Murther, gave this severe judgement against her.

First, to be conveyed to Prison, there to remain for the tearm of twelve moneths, and at the end therof, to be burned like a most wicked offender: Yet because she was the Daughter to a King, and a Loyal Lady to so Noble a Knight, his Majesty in mercy granted her this favour, that if she could get any Knight at Arms, before the time were expired that would be her Champion, and by Combate redeem her from the fire, she should live: otherwise, if her Champion were vanquished, then to suffer the former punishment.

Thus have you heard the discourse of all things which happened till my departure from England, where I left her in Prison, and since that time five moneths are fully expired: therefore most renowned Champion, as you love the life of your Lady, and wish her delivery, make no tarriance, but with all speed post into England, for I greatly fear, before you arrive on the blessed shore, the time will be finished, and Sabra suffer death for want of a Champion to defend her cause.

This

This doleful discourse drove St. George with the other Knights and Champions, to such an extake of mind, that every one departed to their Lodging Chambers with dumb signs of sorrow, being not able to speak one word; where for that night they lamented the mishap of so Vertuous a Lady. The Egyptian King her father, he abandoned the sight of all companies: and repaired to the top of a high Tower built of Marble Stone, wherein he barred himself so fast with Iron Bolts, that none could come within the hearing of his Lamentations: then raged he up and down like frantick Oedipus, tearing his eyes from their Natural Cells, accusing Heaven of Injustice, condemning earth of Iniquity, and accursing man for such an execrable Crime; one while wishing that his Daughters birth day had been her Burial day: another while that some unlucky Planet would descend the firmament, and fall upon his miserable head. Being in this extream passion, he never hoped to see his Daughters Countenance again: and so about Midnight, being a time when Desperate men practise their own destruction, he cast himself headlong from the top of the Tower, and broke his Neck, and all besprinkled the Flinty Pavements with his blood and Brains.

No sooner was the night banished, and bright Phœbus entred the Zodiack of Heaven, but his bruised body lifeless and senseless, was found by his Servants lying in the Pallace yard all beaten in pieces against the ground. The woful news of this self-willed murther they presently told to certain Egyptian Knights, who took his scattered Limbs and carried them to St. Georges Chamber, whom they found arming himself for his departure towards England: but at this woful spectacle he took a second conceited grief in such extream manner, that it had almost cost him his life, but that the Egyptian Knights gave him many comfortable speeches, and by the consent of many Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Barons, with many other of the late Kings Privy Counsel, they elected him the true succeeding King of Egypt, by the Marriage of Ptolomies Daughter: which Regal proffer St. George refused not, but took upon him the Regiment of the whole Country, so that for a short time his journey towards England was stayed, and upon the third

day

day following his Coronation was appointed, which they solemnly performed, to the high honour of all the Christian Champions, for the Egyptian Peers caused St. George to be apparelled in Royal vestures like a King, he had on a suit of flaming Green, like an Emerauld, and a mantle of Scarlet very richly turd, and wrought curiously with Gold: then the other six Champions led him up to the Kings Throne, and set him in a Chair of Ebony, which had pummels of silver, which stood upon an Alablaster Elephant; then came three of the greatest Lords in Egypt, and set a Crown of gold upon his head; then followed the Knights with a Septer and a naked Sword, to signifie that he was chief Governour of the Realm, and Lord of all that appertained to the Crown of Egypt. This being performed in most sumptuous and stately manner, the Trumpets with other Instruments began to sound, whereat the general company with joyful voices cryed altogether, Long live St. *George*, true Champion for *England*, and King of *Ægypt*. Then was he conducted to the Royal Palace, where for ten days he remained amongst his Lords and Knights, spending the time in great joy and pleasure: the which being finished, his Ladies distress constrained him to a sudden departure: therefore he left the guiding of his Land to twelve Egyptian Lords, binding them all by Oath to deliver it at his return: likewise charging them to inter the body of Ptolomy in a sumptuous Tomb befitting the Body of so Royal a Potentate: Also appointed the six Champions to raise their Tents, and Muster up a new their Souldiers, and with all speed march into Persia, and there by Dint of bloody war revenge his former injuries upon the cursed Soudan.

This charge being given, the next morning by break of day he buckled on his Armour, mounted on his swift footed Steed, and bad his friends in Egypt for a season adue; and so in company of the Knight that brought him that unlucky news, he took his Journey with all speed toward England; in which travel we will leave him for a time: Also passing over the speedy provision made by the Christian Champions in Egypt, for the Invasion of Persia, and return to sorrowful Sabra being in prison, awaiting each Minute to receive the final Stroke of impartial death: for now had the rowling planets brought their years journey to an end: yet Sabra

had no Intelligence of any Champion that would defend her cause, therefore she prepared her delicate body to receive her latest breath of life. The time being come, she was brought to the place of execution whither she went as willingly, and with as much joy, as ever she went before time unto her Marriage: she had made humble submission to the World, and unfeignedly committed her soul to God. She being at the stake, where the King was present with many thousands, as well of woful personages, as of Common people, to behold this woful Tragedy, the deaths man stripping off her Garment, which was of black Sarcenet, and in her Snow white Smock bound her with an Iron Chain unto the Stake: then placed they round about her tender body, both Pich and Turpentine: and Gunpowder, with other merciless things, thereby to make her death the more easie, and her pain the shorter: which being done, the King caused the Herauld to summon in the Challenger, who at the sound of the Trumpet came racing in upon a roan coloured Steed without any kind of mark, and trapped with rich Traplings of Gold and precious stones of great price: there came forth at the Horse mouth, two Tusks like unto an Elephants, his Nostrils were very large and big, his head little, his breast somewhat broad, well pight, and so hard that no Sword were it never so sharp, was able to enter in thereat. The Champion was called the Barron of Chester, a boldier and hardier Knight, they thought lived not then upon the face of the whole Earth: he so advanced himself up and down as though he had been able to encounter with an hundred Knights. Then the King caused the Herald to summon in the Defendant, if there were any to defend her cause, both Drums and Trumpets sounded three several times up and down the fields: betwixt every rest, was a full quarter of an hour, but yet no defendant did appear: therefore the King commanded the Executioner to set the Stake on fire,

At which words Sabra began to grow pale as ashes, and her Joynts to tremble like to Aspen leaves; her Tongue that before continued silent, began to record a Swan like dying tale, and in this manner uttered the passion of her heart: Be witness, Heaven and all your bright Celestial Angels: be witness Sun and Moon, all true beholders of my fact: be witness thou clear

clear Firmament, and all the VVorld be witness of my innocency: the blood I shed was for the safeguard of my Honour and unspotted chastity; great God of Heaven, if the prayers of my unstained heart may move thy mighty Majesty, or my true innocency prevail with thy immortal power, command that either my Lord may come to be my Champion, or sad beholder of my Death. But if my hands were stained with the blood about some wicked enterprise, then Heaven shew present vengeance upon me, else by some Noble Champian save my body alive. At which instant she heard the sound of a shril Trumpet, the which St. George caused to be winded: (for as then he was near) which caused the Execution a while to be deferred. At last they beheld a far off a stately Banner waving in the Ayr, the which a Squire carried before St. George, then they espyed near unto the Banner, a most valiant armed Knight mounted upon a cole black Palfray, with a Warlike Lance standing in his rest: by which sudden approach they knew him to be the same Champion that would defend the distressed Ladys life. Then the King commanded the Drums and Trumpets to sound: whereat the people gave a general shout, and the poor Lady half dead with fear began to revive, and her blushing Cheeks to be as beautiful as red Roses dipt in Milk as blood mingled with snow. But when St. George approached the sight of his constant Lady, whom he found chained to a Stake, incompassed with many instruments of death, his heart so relented with grief, that he almost fell beside his Horse: yet remembring wherefore he came he recalled his courage and intended to try his fortune in the Combate, before he would discover himself unto his Lady. And when the Trumpets sounded Deaths Alarum, the two Knights set Spurs to their Horses, and made them run so fiercely, that at the first encounter they shivered both their Lances to their hands. then rushed they together so rigorously with the Bodies and Helmets, that they fell down both to the Earth: but St. George who was the more lusty Knight, nimbly leapt upon his feet without any hurt, but the Baron of Chester lay still with his head downwards, casting from his Mouth abundance of blood, for he was mightily bruised with the fall, but when he revived from his Trance, he took his shield, drawing out a mighty Fauchion, and and with a wrathful coun-

seruante ran at S. George. Now proud Knight (quoth he) I swear by all the Saints of Heaven, to revenge my blood which thou hast shed: and therewithal he struck so violently upon St. Georges Shield, that it cleaved quite asunder. Then began he to way angry, and took his Sword in great wrath, & gave the Baron of Chester such a stroke, that he cut away Arm and Shoulder, and all the flesh of his side to the bare Ribs, and likewise cut [illegible] clean asunder in the thickest place of his Thigh, and yet for all that the Sword entred half a foot into the earth: then fell the Baron of Chester to the ground, and breathed forth this lamentable cry.

Now frown, you fatal Stars eternally: that did predominate at my birth, for he is slain and vanquished, that never kept to any Knight before this day: and thereupon the blood stopped the passage of his speech, and his soul went flying to Elizium: whereat the whole company admired and applauded Saint George for the most fortunate Knight in the World. Then the King delivered Sabra with his own hands to St. George, who most courteously received her, and like a kind Knight cast a Scarlet Mantle over her body, the which a Lady standing by bestowed upon him; yet he minding not to discover himself, but set her upon his portly Steed, (that presently grew proud in carrying so rich a burthen) and with his own hands led him by the bridle wains. So great was the joy throughout the City, that the Bells rung without ceasing that whole day together, the Citizens through every place S. George should pass, did hang forth at their windows, and on their walls, Cloath of Gold and Silk, with rich Carpets, Cushion-coverings of green Velvet lay abroad in every window: the Clergy in Copes of Gold and Silk, met them with solemn procession: the Ladies and beautiful Damsels strewed every street whereas he past with Roses and most pleasant flowers, and Crowned him with a wreath of green Bays, in sign of his Triumphant Victory and conquest.

In this manner went he to the Kings Pallace, not known by any what he should be, but that he was a Knight of a strange Country: Yet Sabra many times as they passed along, desired to see his face and know his Name, for that he had adventured so far for her sake, and that for her delivery he had vanquisht the bravest Knight in England. Yet for

for all her perswasions, he kept himself undiscovered till a troop of Ladies in company of Sabra, got him into a chamber richly hung with Arras cloth and there unlaced his Beaver: whose countenance when she beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband which had redeemed her from death, she fell into a dead swound for very joy: but St. George sprinkled a little cold water on her face and revived her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving kiss, calling her the most truest, and the most loyallest Lady that ever nature framed, that to the very death would not lose one jot of her unspotted Honour. Likewise she accounted him the truest Knight, and Loyalest Husband, that ever heavenly Hymen linckt in bands of Marriage with any woman. But when the King had notice that it was St. George his Countries Champion, which atchived that noble conquest in banquishing the Baron of Chester, he was ravished with such joy, that he came running in all hast to the chamber, and most kindly imbraced him, and after he was unarmed, and his wounds washed in White-wine and new Milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banqueting House, where they feasted for that evening, and after he kept open court for all commers so long as St. George continued there, which was for the space of one Month: At the end whereof he took his Lady and one Page with him and bad England adue, and then he travelled towards Persia, to the other Christian Champions, whose dangerous journey, and strange adventures you may read in this Chapter following.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How Saint *George* in his Journey towards *Persia*, arrived in a Country inhabited only by Maids, where he atcheived many strange and wonderful Adventures: also of the Ravishment of seven Virgins in a Wood, and how *Sabra* preserved her honour from a terrible Gyant.

AFter St. George with his vertuous Lady departed from England, and had travelled through many Countries, taking their direct courses towards Ægypt, and the confines of Persia, where the other six Champions remained with the Warlike Legions: at last, they arived in the Countrey of the Amazonians, a Land inhabited by none but Women: In which Region Saint George atchieved many brave and Princely Adventures, which are most wonderful to rehearse, as after is declared: for travelling up and down the Country, they found every Town and City desolate of people, yet very sumptuously built, the Earth likewise untilled, the Pastures unherished, and every fielde overgrown with weeds: whereby he deemed that some strange accident had befallen the Country, either by War, or mortality of some greivous Plague; for they could neither set eye of Man, Woman, nor Child, whereby they were forced to feed upon Berries and Roots, and instead of brave Pallaces, they were constrained to lie on broad Pastures, upon the bancks of Pools, and instead of Curtains of silk, they had black and dark clouds to cover them.

In this extreamity they travelled up and down for thirty days, but at last it was their happy fortunes to arrive before a rich Pavillion, situated and standing in the open fields, which seemed to be the most glorious sight that ever they beheld,

held, for it was wrought of the richest Work in the World, all of green and Crimson Satten, bordered with Gold and Azure, the Posts that bare it up were of Ivory, the Cords of grén silk, and on the top thereof there stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the two Corners, to grén Silver Griffins shinning against the Sun, which séemed in richnes to excéd the Monument of Mausolus, being one of the Worlds twelve Wonders. They had not their remained long, admiring at the beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Pavilion there appeared a Maiden Quéen Crowned with an Imperial Diadem, who was the most faireſt Creature that ever he saw. On her attended Amazonian Dames, bearing in their Hands Silver Bows of the Turkish Fashion, and at their Backs hung Quivers full of Golden Arrows. upon their Heads they wore Silver Coronets, beset with Pearls and precious Stones: their Attire comely and gallant: their Faces fair and gentle to behold, their Foreheads plaine and white, the Tramels of their Hair like burnish Gold: their Brows small and proper, somewhat drawing to a brown colour, their Visage plain, neither too Long nor too Round, but coloured like Roses mixt with Lillies, their Noses long and straight, their Ruddy Chéks somewhat, Smiling, their Eyes lovely, and all the rest of their parts and Lineaments, by nature fraimed most excellent who had made them in beauty without compare: The Quéen her self was cloathed in a Gown of Grén, straight girt unto her body with a lace of Gold, so that somewhat her Round and Lilly white Breast might be séen, which became her wonderful well: beside all this she had on a Crimson Kertle, lined with Violet Velvet, and her wide slévves were likewise of Grén Silk, embroydered with Flowers of Gold, and with rich Pearls, When St. George had sufficiently beheld the beauty of this Maiden Quéen, he was almost entrapped in her love, but that the dear affection he bare to his own Lady prevented him, whom he would not wrong for all the treasures betwixt the highest Heaven and the lowest Earth. At last, he alighted from his Horse, and humbled himself unto her excellency, and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner.

Most

most divine and fair of all fairs, Queen of sweet beauty (said he) let a travelling Knight obtain this favour at your hands, that both himself and his Lady whom you behold here wearied with travel, may take our rest within your Pavilion for a night: For we have wandred up and down this country many a day neither seeing man to give us lodging, nor finding food to cherish us, which made us wonder that so brave a country, and so beautiful with natures Ornaments as this is, should be left desolate of people, the cause whereof is strange I know, and full of wonder.

This question being courteously demanded by St. George, caused the Amazonian Queen as kindly to reply: Sir Knight quoth she (for so you seem both by your behaviour and gallant stature) what favour my Pavilion may afford, be assured of: But the remembrance of my Countreys desolation which you speak of, breeds a Sea of sorrow in my soul, and maketh me sigh when I remember it: but because you are a Knight of a strange Land, I will report it though unto my grief: about some twelve years since, it was a Negromancers chance to arrive within this Country, his name is Osmond, the cunningest Artist this day living upon the Earth, for he can at his call raise all the Spirits out of Hell, and with his Charms make Heaven to rain continually showers of blood: my beauty at that instant tempted him to Love, and drowned his senses so in desire, that he assailed by all perswasions that either Wit or Art could devise to win me to his will: but I having Vowed my self to Diana's chastity, to live in singleness among these Amazonian Maids, contemned his Love, despised his person, and accounted his perswasions as venimous Snakes; for which he wrought the destruction of this my Realm and Kingdome: for by his Magick Art and damned charms, he raised from the earth a Mighty Tower, the Morter whereof he mingled with Virgins blood, wherein are such enchantments wrought, that the light of the Sun, and the brightness of the Skies is quenched, and the earth blasted with a terrible vapour, a black mist, that attendeth from the Tower, whereby a general darkness overspread our Land, the compass of four and twenty leagues, so that this Country is clean wasted and destroyed, and my people fled out thereof.

This

This Tower is hanted day and night with gastly fiends: and at his departure into Persia, where he now by Inchantment aids the Souldian in his wars against the Christians, he left ỳ guarding of the same to a mighty and terrible Gyant, for shape the ugliest monster that ever eye beheld, or ever ear heard tell off: for he is thirty foot in length: his head three times larger then the head of an Ox: his eyes bigger then two Pewter Dishes, and his teeth standing out of his mouth more then a Foot, wherewith he will break both Iron and steel: his Armes big and long without any measure, and his body as black as any Coal, and as hard as Brass: also of such a strength, that he is able to carry away at once three Knights Armed: and he never eateth any other meat, but raw flesh of Mankind: he is so light and swift, that a Horse cannot run from him, and often times he hath been assailed with great Troops of Armed men, but all of them could never do him any harm, neither with Sword, Spear, Cross-Bow, nor any other Weapon.

Thus have you heard most noble and courteous Knight, the true discourse of my utter ruine, and the Vengeance shewed upon my Country, by this wicked Negromancer: for which I have remained ever since in this Pavilion amongst my Maidens, where we pray both day and night, that some unhappy fortune, or terrible vengeance may fall upon this wicked Conjurer.

Now as I am a true English Knight, (replyed St. George) no sooner shall the Mornings Sun apear, but I will take my journey to that Inchanted Tower: in which Ile enter in despight of the Gyant, and break the Inchantment, or make my Grave within the Monsters Bowels: which if I happily perform, then will I travel into Persia, and fetter up the most wicked Negromancer, and like a blood-hound lead him up and down the world in Chains.

Most dangerous is the adventure (quoth the Amazonian Queen) from whence as yet did never Knight return: but if you be so resolute, so noble minded, as to attempt the Enterprize, then happy be your fortune, and know brave Knight, that this Tower lyeth west-ward from hence some thirteen miles, and thereupon she took him by the hand, & caused Sabra likewise to alight from her Pal-

trap, and led them both into her Pavilion, where they were feasted most royally, and for that night slept securely. But when the days bright windows opened, and the morning Sun began to glister in all hast S. George that daliant minded Champion arose from his sweet content, and Armed himself: where after he had taken his leave of the Queen, and gave her thanks for his courteous entertainment, he also took his leave of Sabra, whom he left in company of the Queens Maidens, till his return with conquest, and so rode forth till it was noon, and then he entred into a deep Valley, and ever he rode lower and lower. It was then a fair day, and the Sun shined clear: but by that time he had ridden ten Miles and a half, he had left both the light and the Sun, and also the sight of heaven: for it was their as dark as night, and more dismal then the deepest Dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River with streams as black as pitch, and the banks were so high, that the water could scarce be seen running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none could enter among them that ever returned back with life: about his head flew monstrous birds, and divers Gryffons, who were able to bear away an Armed Knight Horse and all, & were in as great multitudes as though they had been Starlings: also there were flyes as big as nuts, and as black as pitch, which stung him and his horse so grievously that there issued down such store of blood, that it changed his Horse from a sable to a crimson colour: likewise the Gryffons struck at Saint George with their Talons so furiously, that had he not defended himself with his Shield, which covered his whole body, he had been pierced to the heart.

In this dangerous manner rode he on, till he came to the Gates of the inchanted Tower, whereas the Gyant sat in his Iron coat, upon a block, with a Mace of Steel in his hand, who at the first sight of S. George, beat his teeth so mightily together, that they rang like the croak of an Anvile, and he ran raging like a fiend of hell, thinking to have taken the Champion Horse and all in his long teeth, that were as sharp as steel, and to have born them presently into the Tower: But when S. George perceived his mouth open, he took his Sword, & thrust it therein so far, that it made the Gyant to roar so loud, that the Elements seemed to thunder, and the

Earth

Earth to tremble: his mouth smoakt like a fiery furnace, and his Eyes rowled in his head, like brands of flaming fire: the wound was so great, and the blood issued so fast from the Giants mouth, that his courage began to quail, and against his will he was forced to yeild to the Champions mercy, and to beg for life, to which S. George agreed, but upon condition that the Giant would discover all the secrets of the Tower, and ever after be sworn his true servant and attend on him with all diligence: to which the Giant swore by his own soul, never to leave him in extreamity, and to answer him truly to all questions whatsoever. Then St. George demanded the cause of the darkness, and how it might be ceased. To which the Giant answered in this manner.

There was in the Country about some twelve years since, a cunning Negromancer, that by Inchantment built this Tower, the which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible fire to spring from the Earth, that cast such a smoak over the whole Land: whereby the people that were wont to dwell therein are fled and famished for Hunger: Also this Inchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, the which did never man before this time without Death: Also within the Tower, near unto the fire, there stands a fair and pleasant Fountain, to which if any Knight be able to attain, and cast the water thereof into the fire, then shall the darkenss ever after cease, and the Inchantment end, for which cause I have been bound to guard and keep the Tower from the Atchievement of any Knight.

Then when the Giant had ended his discourse, St. George commanded him to remain at the Gate, for he would adventure to end the Inchantment, and deliver the Country from so grievous a plague. Then went he close by the windows of the Tower, the which were sixteen spears in length and Breadth, till he came to a little Wicket, through which he must needs enter: yet was it set as thick with Pikes of steel, as the Pricks of an Urchens skin, to the intent that no Knight should approach neer unto the door, nor once attempt to enter into the Tower: yet with great danger he opened the Wicket whereout came such abundance of Smoak that the darkness of the Country doubled, so that neither Torch nor Can-

Candle would burn in that place: yet nevertheless, St. George entred, and went downwards upon stairs, where he could see nothing, but yet felt so many great blows upon his Burgonet, that he was constrained to kneel upon his knees, and with his shield to defend himself, or else he had been bruised to pieces. At last he came to the bottom, & there he found a fair great Vault, where he felt so terrible a heat that he sweat exceedingly, and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the fire, and going a little further he espyed out the fountain, whereat he greatly rejoyced: and so he took his shield, and bare therein as much Water as he could, and cast it into the fire. In conclusion he laboured so long till the fire was clean quenched: then began the Skies to receive their perfect lightness, and the Golden Sun to shine most clearly about him, where he plainly perceived how there stood upon the stairs many great Images of Brass, holding in their hands mighty Maces of Steel, the which had done him much trouble at his comming down: but then their power was ended, the fire quenched, and the Inchantment finished.

Thus when St. George through his invincible fortitude had performed this dangerous adventure, he grew weary of Travel, what with heat and sweating, and the mighty blows he received from the brazen Images, that he returned again to the Wicket, whereas the deformed Gyant still remained: who when he beheld the Champions returned both safe and sound, he fell upon his knees before him, and said,

Sir Knight, you are most welcome and happily returned, for you are the flower of Chivalry, and the bravest Champion of the World, Command my Service, Duty, and Obedience, for whilst I live; I do protest by the burning Banks of Acheron, never to follow any Knight but you, and hereupon I kiss your golden Spur, which is the Noble badge of Knighthood.

This humble submission of the Gyant caused the Champion to rejoyce, not for his overthrow, but that he had gotten so mighty a Servant, then unlaced he his Helmet, and lay down after his weary Encounter, where after he had sufficiently rested himself, he took his journey in company of the Gyant, to the Amazonian Queen, where he left his Lady in company of her Virgins;

who

who like a kind modest and vertuous wife, during all the time of her Husbands absence, continually prayed to the immortal powers of Heaven for his fortunate success and happy return, otherwise resolving her self, if the lowring Destinies should cross his intent, and unluckily end his days before the adventure were accomplished, then to spend the remainant of her life among those happy Virgins. But on the sudden before the Queen and her Virgins were aware, S. George arrived before the Pavilion dutifully attended on by the Gyant, who bore upon his shoulde the body of a tall Oak, by which the Queen knew that his Prowess had redæmed her Country from bondage, and delibered her from her sorrow care and trouble: so in compasp of her Maids very gorgeously attyred, she conducted the Champion to a Bower of Roses, intermingled with creeping vines, the which in his absence they had planed for his Ladies delight. There found he Sabra at her Divine prayers, like to a solitary Widow, clad in mourning habiliments: but when she beheld her Lord return in safety, she banished quick, and in hast ran unto him, and in his bosome rabished her self with pleasure.

But to speak how the Amazonian Queen feasted them, and in what manner she and her Maids devised pastime for their contents, were to tedious to repeat, but when night gave end to their pleasures, and sleep summoned all things to a quiet silence, the Queen brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, wherin stood a bed framed with Ebon Wood, over hung with many pendants of Gold, the Tick was stuft with Down of Turtle Doves, the Sheets of Medion silk: thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotton, covered with Damask, and slicht whith threads of gold. The Queen bestowed upon St. George at his going to bed, an imbroydred Shirt, curiously wrought with many rare devices, as the Labours of Hercules, the Triumphs of Mars, and the loves of many Potentates, wrought in such curious maner, as though art her self had been the contriver.

Sabra at her going to bed was likewise presented by the Queens Maides with a light Kirtle of changeable Violet, somewhat blushing on a red colour. Also, they put a white Kirchief of Silk upon her head, somewhat lose and untied, so that under the same her Ivory Throat might be easily seen, and her

fair

fair golden hair lying about her neck: over them was cast a mantle of green Silk, which made the bed seem more beautiful then Floraes rich Ornaments. By them the Queen and her Virgins sat, making sweet Musick upon their silver tuned Lutes, till golden sleep had closed up their eyes; the which being done, the Queen with her Ladies departed likewise to their natural rests. But all this while the Gyant never entred the Pavilion but slept as soundly at the rot of a Pine-tree, as Saint George did in his embroydred bed: for he knew not what pleasures belonged there unto, nor never before that time beheld any Womans face. At last, the night withdrew her black Curtains, and gave the morning leave to appear, whose pleasant light caused St. George to forsake his bed, and to walk some few miles to over-view the Country: in which journey he took such exceeding pleasure, that he thought it the goodliest Realm that ever he saw, for he perceived well how it was full of Worldly Wealth.

At last, he climbed up to the top of an high Mountain, being some two miles from the Queens Pavilion, whereon he stood and beheld many stately Towns and Towers, high and mighty Castles: many large woods and Meadows, and many pleasant Rivers; and about the Towns fair Vines, goodly Pastures and Fields. At last, he beheld the City of Argenia shining against the Sun the place where the Queen in former time was wont to keep her Court: which City was inviron'd with deep Ditches, the Wall strongly builded, and more then five hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone: also he saw many fair Churches covered with Lead, having tops and Spears of Gold, shining most gorgeously, with Weather-Cocks of Silver, glittring against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgesses houses stand like Pallaces closed with high and strong walls, barred with chains of Iron from house to house, whereat in his heart he praised much the nobleness and richness of the City, and said to himself, that it might well be called Argenia, for it seemed to be of Argent, that is as much as to say of Silver.

During the time of the Champions pleasureable walk, which continued from the break of day, to the closing of the Evening happened a woful Tragedy, near unto the Queens Pavilion, committed by the Monstrous Gyant whom St. George brought

from

from the Enchanted Tower: for that same Morning when the Sun had mounted some few degrees unto the Firmament, seven of the Queens Virgins in Sabra's company, walked into a pleasant thicket of trees adjoyning to her Pavilion, not onely to take the pleasure of the morning Air, but to hear the chirping melody of Birds: in which thicket or Grove, under a Pine-Tree, this Gyant lodged the passed night: but no sooner came these beautiful Ladies under the branches of the trees, but the Gyant cast his eye upon them, whose rare perfection so fired the heart of the lustful Gyant, that he must either quench his desires with the spoils of their chastities, or end his days in some monstrous manner: therefore he starts up from the place where he lay, & with a wrathful countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all right at once betwixt his arms, he bore them to the further side of the Grove, where he ravished seven of the Queens Maidens, & afterwards devoured them alive into his lothsom bowels, Sabra being the eight of that woful number, which in her sight she beheld butchered by that bloody Wolf: but continuing the time of their ravishment, she made her supplication to the Gods, that they would in mercy defend her chastity from the lustful Rape of so wicked a Monster: and immediately upon these words she saw an ugly Toad come crawling before her, through which by pollicy she saved her life, and preserved her honour: for she took the Toad betwixt her hands, and crushed the venome from her impoysoned bowels, wherewith she all besprinkled her face, so that presently her fair beauty was changed into lothsom blisters, for she seemed more like a creature deformed with Leprosie, then a Lady of excellent feature. At length she being the last of all, her time came that she should be deflowred, and the lustfull Gyant came to fetch her: but when he beheld her visage so invenomed, he lothed her sight, seeking neither to Ravish her, nor proffering to devour her, but discontentedly wandring away greatly grieved at the committed crime, and sorely repenting himself of so wicked a deed, not onely for the spoyl of the seven Virgins but for the wrong proffered to so Noble a Knight: who not onely granted him liberty of life, but received him into his service: therefore he raged up and down the Grove, making the Earth to tremble at his exclamations: one

while

while cursing her fortune and hour of creation: another while banning his Sire and devilish Dam: but when he remembred the noble Champion St. George, whose angry frown he would not see for all the World, then to prevent the same, he ran his head most furiously against a knobbed Oak, and brained himself: where we will leave him now weltering in his blood, and speak what became of Sabra after this bloody accident: for after she had wandred up and down the Thicket many a weary step, intensing Heaven against the Gyants cruelty, the Sun began to set and the dark night drew on, which caused her thus to complain:

O you immortal powers of Heaven, and you Celestial Planets, being the true guiders of the Firmament, open your bright Celestial Gates, and send some fatal Planet, or some burning Thunder bolt, to rid me from the vale of misery, for I will never more return to my Lord, sith I am thus deformed, and made an ugly creature, my loathsom face will prove a corasive to his heart, and my body a torment to his soul: my sight will be displeasant, my company hated, my presence loathed, and every one will shun my sight as from a Crocodile; therefore I will remain within this Grove, till Heaven either bring me to my former beauty, or end my languishing misery: yet witness heaven of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and in what extreamity I have maintained my chastity: in rembrance of my true love, here will I leave this chain of gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know for his sake I have endured a world of woe. At which speeches she took her chain which was doubled twenty times about her neck, and left it lying all besmeared in the blood of those Virgins whom the Gyant had ravished and slain, and so betook her self to a sad solitary life, intending never to come in the sight of men, but to spend her days wandring in the Woods: where we will likewise leave her for a time, and speak of St. George, who by this, was returned to the Queens Pavilion, where he missed his Lady, and had intiligence, how that she in company of seven other Ladies, walked in the morning into a pleasant Grove to hear the melody of Birds, and since that time no news hath been heard of them: for as then it grew toward night, which caused St. George greatly to mistrust that some mischance had befalen his Lady. Then he demanded what was become

come of the Gyant; but answer was made, that he was never seen nor heard of since morning: which caused him greatly to suspect the Gyants treachery, and how by this means the Ladies were prevented of their purposed pleasures.

Therefore in all hast like a frantick man he ran into the thicket, filling every corner with clamours and resounding Ecchoes of her Name, and calling for Sabra through every bramble Bush: but there he could neither hear the voice of Sabra, nor the answer of any other Lady, but the woful Ecchoes of his exclamations, which rattled through the leaves of the trees. Then began he to way somwhat melancholly and passionate, passing the time away till bright Cynthia mounted on the Hemisphear, by whose glittering Beams he saw the ground besprinkled with purple gore; and found the chain that Sabra was wont to wear about her Neck, all besmeared in blood: he bitterly complained against his own fortune: and his Ladies hapless destiny: for he supposed then that the Gyant had murthered her.

O discontented sight (said he) here lyes the blood of my beloved Lady, the truest woman that ever Knight enjoyed: that body which for excellency deserved a Monument of Gold, more rich then the Tomb of Angelica, I fear lies buried in the bowels of that Monstrous Gyant, whose life unhappily I granted. Here is the Chain besmeared in blood, which at our first acquaintance I gave her in a Courtly Mask: this golden chain, I say, stained with the blood of my dear Lady, shall for evermore be kept within my bosom, near unto my bléding heart, that I may still remember her true love, faith and constancy. But fond fool that I am, why do I talk in vain? it will not recompence her murthered soul, the which methinks I hear how it calls for revenge in every corner of the Grove. It was I that left her carelesly within the danger of the Gyant, whom I little mistrusted, therefore I will meet her in Elizium shades, & crave remission for my committed trespasse, for on this Oak I will abridge my life, as did the worthy Knight Melmeropolion for the love of Sillara: which Lamentation being no sooner ended, but he took the Chain of Gold, & fastened one end to the arm of a great Oak, & the other end to his Neck, intending presently to strangle himself; but Heaven prevented his desperate intent after a strange manner: for under the same tree

the brained Gyant lay, not yet fully dead, who in this manner ſpake to S. George.

O ſtay thy hand moſt noble and invincible Knight, the Worlds chief wonder for admirable Chivalry, and let my dying ſoul convert thee from ſo wicked a deed: Seven Virgins in this Thicket have I raviſhed, and buried all their bodies in my accurſed bowels: but before I could defloure the eighth, in a ſtrange manner her bright beauty was changed into a loathſom leproſie, whereby I deteſted her ſight, and left her chaſtity undefiled, but by her ſad complaints, I ſince have underſtood, how that ſhe is your Lady and love, and to this hour ſhe hath her reſidence within the circuit of this Thicket: and thereupon with a doleful groan which ſeemed to ſhake the ground, he bad adue to the world. Then St. George being glad to hear ſuch tidings, reverted from his deſperate intent, and ſearched up and down the Grove till he found Sabra, where ſhe ſat ſorrowing under the branches of a Mulberry tree, betwixt whom was a ſad and heavy greeting: and as they walked back to the Queens Pavilion, ſhe diſcourſed to him the truth of this bloody ſtratagem, where ſhe remained till the Amazonian Queen had cured her Leproſie by the ſecret vertue of her skin: of whom after they had taken leave, and given her thanks for her kind courteſies, S. George with his Lady took their journey towards Perſia, where the Chriſtian Armies lay incampt, at whoſe arrival, you ſhall hear ſtrange & wonderful things, the like was never done in any age.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How St. George and his Lady lost themselves in a Wilderness, where she was delivered of three goodly boys. The Farie Queens Prophesie upon the childrens fortunes. Of St. Georges Return into Bohemia, where he Christened his Children, and of finding his Fathers Grave, over which he built a stately Tomb.

SAint George having atchieved the adventure of the Enchanted Tower, & Sabra the surp of the lustful Gyant, they took their journey towards Persia, where the Christian Champions lay encamped before the Soudans great City of grand Belgor, a place most strongly fortified with Spirits, and other gastly illusions, by the Enchantment of Osmond, whom you heard before in the last Chapter, to be the rarest Negromancer in the world: but as the English Champion with his Lady travelled thitherward, they happed into a Desert & mighty Wilderness, overgrown with lofty Pines, & Cedar Trees, & many huge & mighty Oaks, the spreading branches whereof seemed to withhold ỹ light of heaven from their untroden passages, & tops for exceeding height to reach into Elements, the inhabitants were Silvanes, Satyrs, Fayries, & other Woody Nymphs, which by day sported up and down the Forrest: and by night tended the pleasures of Proserpine the Farie Quæn. The Musick of silver sounding Birds, so chearfully resounding through the woods, & the whistling wind made such melody amongst the leaves of trees, that it ravished their senses like harmony of Angels, and made them think they had entred the shades of gladsom Elizium: one while they wondred at the beauty of the woods, which nature adorned with a Summers livery: another while at the græn and fragrant grass, drawn out in round Circles, by Fayries dances, so long till they had lost themselves amongst the unknown passages, not knowing how, nor by what

means to recover the perfect Path of their journey, but were constrained to wander in the wilderneſſe, like ſolitary Pilgrims, ſpending the day with weary ſteps, & the night with vain imaginations, even as the child when he hath loſt himſelf in a populous City, runneth up and down, not knowing how to return to his native dwelling: even ſo it hapned to theſe two loſt & diſconſolate travellers, for when they had wandred many days one way, and finding no end of their toyls, they retired backward to the place of their firſt ſetting forth: where they were wont to hear the Noyſe of people reſound in country Villages, and to meet travellers paſſing from place to place, but now they heard nothing but bluſtring of winds; rattling in the wood, making the Brambles to whiſtle, and the Trées to groan, & now and then to méet a ſpeckled Beaſt like to the Rain-bow, weltring from his Den to ſeek his natural ſuſtenance: in their Travel by night they were wont to hear the crowing of the Cock, recording glad tydings of the chearful days approach, the Neighing of horſes in paſture fields, & the barking of Dogs in Farmers Houſes: but now they were affrighted with the roaring of Lyons, bellowing of wolves, the Croaking of Toads in Rots of rotten trées, and the ruful ſound of Prognes Raviſhment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this ſolitary manner wearied they the rowling time away, till thrice three times the ſilver moon had returned her borrowed light, by the which time the burthen of Sabras womb began to grow painful, & the fruit of her body ready to wax ripe, the hour of her delivery drew on, wherein ſhe required Lucinas help, to make S. George the Father of a Princely Son: time called for Midwives to aid and bring her babe into the world, & to make her a happy Mother: but before the painful hour of her delivery approacht, S. George had provided her a bower of Vine branches which he erected betwixt two pleaſant Hills: where inſtead of a Princely Cabinet, hanging with Arras, & rich Tapeſtry, ſhe was conſtrained to ſuffice her ſelf with a ſimple lodging covered with Roſes, and other Fragrant Flowers: her bed he made of gréen Moſs & Thiſtle Down, beſet curiouſly round about with Olive branches, and the ſprigs of an Orange trée, which made it ſeem more beautiful then Floraes Pavilion, or Dianaes Manſion: but at laſt, when ſhe felt the pain of her womb grow intollerable,

and

and the Seed ready to be reaped, and how she was in a Wilderness, devoid of womens company, that should be ready to assist her in so secret a matter, she cast her self down upon her Mossie bed, and with a blushing countenance she discovered her mind in this manner to St. George.

My most dear and loving Lord (quoth she) my true and onely Champion at all times and seasons except at this hour, for it is the painful hour of my delivery, therefore depart from out of the hearing of my crys, and commit my fortune to the pleasures of the heavens: for it is not convenient for any man's eye to behold the secrets of a woman in such a case: stay not, I say, dear Lord, to see the infant now sprawling in my womb, to be delivered from the bed of his Creation, forsake my presence for a time, and let me like the Noble Queen of Frante obtain the favour of some Fairy to be my Midwife, that my babe may be as happily born in this wilderness, as was her valiant Sons Valentine and Orson, the one of them was cherisht by a King, and the other by a Bear, yet both of them grew famous in their deeds: my pain is great, dear Lord, therefore depart my Cabinet, and before Phebus lodgeth in the West I shall either be a happy Mother, or a liveless body: thou a joyful Father, or a sorrowful Widower. At which words S. George sealed the agreement with a kiss, and departed silently without any reply: but with a thousand sighs he bad her adue, and so took his way to the top of a Mountain, being in distance from his Ladies abiding, a quarter of a Mile, there kneeled he during the time of her travel, with his bare knees upon the bosome of the earth, never ceasing prayers, but continually soliciting the Majesty of God, to grant his Lady a speedy and easie delivery: at whose divine Orisons the Heavens seemed to relent, and all the time of her pain, covered the place with a Vale of darkness, by great flights of Birds, with troops of untamed Beasts that came flocking about the Mountain where he kneeled, & in their kinds assisted his Celestial contemplations: where I will leave him for a time, & speak what hapned to Sabra in the middle of her pains, and extremity of her travel: for after S. Georges departure, the fury of her grief so raged in her Womb, that it exceeded the bounds of reason, whereby her heart was constrained to breath so many sorrowing sighs, that they seemed to blast the leaves of trees

and

and to wither the flowers which beautified her Cabinet, her burthened torments caused her star bright eyes, like Fountains to distil down silver drops, and all the rest of her body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible Earthquake: so grievous were her pains, and ruful were her cryes, that she caused merciless Tygers to relent, and untamed Lyons, with other wild beasts, like silly Lambs to sit and bleat: her grievous cries, and bitter moans, caused the Heavens, as it were, to bleed their vapours down, and the earth to weep a spring of tears: both Herbs and Trees did seem to drop, hard stony Rocks to sweat when she complained.

At last, her pittiful cries pierced down to the lowest Vaults of direful Dis, where Proserpine sits crowned amongst her Fayries, and so prevailed, that in all hast she ascended from her Regiment, to work this Ladies safe delivery, and to make her Mother of three goodly Boys, who no sooner arrived in Sabras Lodging, but she practised the duty of a Midwife, eased the burthen of her Womb, and safely brought her Babes into the World: at whose first sight the Heavens began to smile, and the Earth to rejoyce, as a sign and token, that in time to come they would prove three of the Noblest Knights in the world.

This courteous deed of Proserpine was no sooner performed, but she laid the three boys, in three most rich & sumptuous Cradles, the which she caused the Fayries to fetch invisibly from three of the richest Knights in the world, and therewithal Mantles of silk with other things thereunto belonging: likewise she caused a winged Satyr to fetch from the furthest borders of India, a covering of Dammask Taffaty Embroydered with Gold, the most richest Ornament that ever mortal eye beheld: for thereon was wrought and lively portraped by the curious skill of Indian weavers, how God created Heaven and Earth, the wandring courses both of Sun and Moon, and likewise how the golden Planets daily do predominate: Also there is no story in any age remembred since the beginning of the world, but it was thereon most perfectly wrought: So excellent it was, that art her self could never devise a cunninger. With this rich and sumptuous Ornament she covered the Ladies Child-bed: whereby it seemed to surpass in bravery the gorgeous bed of Juno the brave Queen, when first she entertained imperious Jove. After this Proserpine laid under every

childs

Childs Pillow a silver Tablet, whereon were Written in Letters of Gold their good and happy Fortunes.

Under the first was these Verses Characterd, who at that time lay frowning in his Cradle like the God of War.

A Souldier bold, a man of wondrous might,
A King likewise this Royal Babe shall die:
Three golden Diadems in bloody fight,
By this brave Prince shall also conquered be;
The Towers of fair Jerusalem and Rome,
Shall yield to him in happy time to come.

Under the Pillow of the second Babe was Characterd these Verses following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like Cupid upon the lap of Dido, whom Venus transformed to the likeness of Ascanius.

This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Times wonder for device and Courtly sport:
His Tilts and Turnaments abroad shall ring,
To every Coast where Noble Knights resort:
Queens shall attend and humble at his feet,
Thus love and beauty shall together meet.

Lastly, under the Pillow of the third was these Verses likewise characterd, who blushed in his Cradle like Pallas when she strove for the Golden Apple with Venus and the Queen of Heaven.

The Muses darling for true sapience,
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his days,
Kings shall admire his learned eloquence,
And write in brazen books his endless praise:

By pallas gift he shall archieve a Crown,
Advance his fame, and lift Him to renown.

Thus when the Fayrie Queen had ended her Prophesie upon the Children, & had left them golden fortunes lying in their cradles, she vanished away, leaving the Lady rejoycing at her safe delivery, and wondring at the gifts of Proserpine: which she conjectured to be but shadows to dazle her eyes, and things of fading substance: but when she had laid her hands upon the rich covering of Damask Taffety, which covered her Softy bed, and felt that it was the self same form that it seemed, she cast her eyes with a chearful look up to the Majesty of Heaven, and not onely gave thanks to immortal Jove for her rich received benefits, but for his mercifull kindnesse in making her the happy Mother of three such goodly children. But we will now return again to the Noble Champion S. George, whom we left praying upon the Mountain top, and as you heard before, the skies were overspread with sable clouds, as though they had been mourning witnesses of his Ladies torment: but before the golden Sun had dip'd into watry Thetis Lap, the element began to clear, and to withdraw her former mourning Mantles, by which he supposed that heaven had pitied his Ladies pains, and granted her a safe delivery: therefore in all hast he retired back to the Silvan Cabinet: the which he found most strangely deckt with sumptuous habiliments, his Lady lying in her Child-bed, as glorious as if she had been the greatest Empress in the world, and three princely boys sweetly sleeping in their several cradles: at whose first sight his heart was so ravished with joy, that for a time it withheld the passage of his tongue: but at last when he found the silver Tablets lying under the pillows, & read the happy fortunes of his children, he ran unto his Lady, embracing her lovingly, & kindly demanded the true discourse of this accident, and by whose means the bower was beautified so gorgeously, and the propounder of his Childrens Prophesie: who with a countenance blushing like purple morning, replied in this manner:

My most dear and wellbeloved Lord, the pains I have endured to make you the happy Father of three lovely boys, hath been

more

more joyful then the stroak of death, but yet my delivery more joyful then the pleasures of this world: the winds carryed my groans to every corner of this wilderness, whereby both trees and herbs assisted my complaints beasts birds, and feathered fowls, with every senseless thing that nature framed on this earth, seemed to pitty my moans: but in the midst of my torments, when my soul was ready to forsake this worldly habitation, there appeared to me a Queen crowned with a golden Diadem, in state and gesture like imperious Juno, and in beauty to Divine Diana: her garments for brabery seemed to stain the Rain-bow in her brightest hue, and for diversity of colours, to surpass the flowers of the field: on her attended many beautiful Nymphs, some clad in garments in colour of the Chrystial Ocean, some in attire as gallant as the pleasant Rose, and some more glorious then the Azured Firmaments: her wisdom might compare with Apollo's, her judgement with Pallas, and her skill with Lucina's: for no sooner entred she my presence, but my trabels ceased, and my Womb delivered up her grievous burthen: my Babes being brought to light by the vertue of her skill, she prepared these rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which were brought invisible to my Cabinet: likewise these Mantles, and this imbroydered Coverlet, she franckly bestowed upon me, and so immediately vanished away.

At which words, S. George gave her so many kind imbraces; & kissed her so loving, as though it had bèen the first day of their Nuptials. At last, her hunger encreased, and her desire thirsted so much after food, that extept she retelved some comfortable sustenance, her life were in danger. This extream desire of Sabra, caused S. George to buckle on his Armour, and to unsheath his trusty Sword ready to gore the intrails of some dear: who swore by the honour of true Knight-hood, never to rest in peace, till he had purchased her hearts contents. My love (qd. he) I will adventure for thy sake, more dangerous then Jason did for Medeas love: Ile search the thickest groves, & chase the nimble Dar to death: the flying Fowl I'le follow up and down from trée to trée, till overwearied they do fall down & dye: for love of thée & these my tender Babes, whom I estèem more dear then the conquest of rich Babylon, I will adventure more dangers then did Hercules for the love of Dejanira, & more extreams then Turnus did in his bloody bat-

self: & thereupon with his fauchion ready charged, he traced the woods, leaving no thorny brake nor mossie cave unsearcht, till he had found a herd of fallow Deer: from which number he singled out the fattest to make his Lady a bountiful banquet: but in time of his absence, there happened to Sabra a strange and wonderful accident: for there came weltring into the Cabinet three most wild and monstrous Beasts, a Lyon, a Tygress, and a she Wolf, which took the Babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret Dens.

At which sight Sabra like one distraught of sense started from her bed, and to her weak power offered to follow the Beasts, but all in vain: for before she could get without her Cabinet, they were past sight, and the Childrens cry without her hearing: then like a discontented woman she turned back, beating her breast, rending her hair, and raging up and down her Cabinet, using all the rigour she could devise against her self: and had not S. George returned the sooner, she had most violently committed her own slaughter: but at his return, when he beheld her face stained with tears, her head disrobed of Ornament, and her Ivory breast all to be rent, he cast down his Venison in all haste, asked the cause of her sorrow.

O (said she) this is the wofullest day that ever hapt to me: for in the time of your unhappy hunting, a Lyoness, a Tygress, and a Wolf came into the Cabinet, and took my Children from their Cradles; what is become of them I know not, but greatly I fear, by this time they are intomb'd within their hungry bowels.

O simple monuments (quoth he) for such sweet Babes: Well Sabra, if the Monsters have bereaved me of my Children this bloody Sword that dived into the entrails of the fallow Dear, shall rive my woful heart in twain. Accursed be this fatal day, the Planets that predominate, and Sun that shines thereon: heaven blot it from the year, and let it never more be numbred, but accounted for a dismal day throughout the world: let all the trees be blasted in those accursed woods: let Hearbs and Grass consume away and dye, and all things perish in this wilderness. But why breath I out these curses in vain when as me thinks I hear my children in untamed Lyons Dens, crying for help and succour? I come sweet Babes, I come, either to redeem you from Tygers wrathful jaws, or make my grave within their hungry bowels.

Then

Then took he up his Sword besmeared all in blood, & like a man bereaved of wit and sense, ranged up and down the Wilderness, searching every corner for his children; but his Lady remained still in her Cabinet, lamenting for their loss, washing their Cradles with her pearled tears that ran down her stained cheeks like silver drops.

Many ways wandred S. George, sometimes in Markets where Wolves and Tygers lurk; sometimes in Mountain tops, where Lyons whelps do sport and play, and many times in dismal thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandred S. George up and down the Wilderness for the space of two days, hearing no news of his unchristened children. At last he approached the sight of a pleasant River, which smoothly glided down betwixt two Mountains, into whose streams he purposed to cast himself; and so by a desperate death give end to his sorrows: But as he was committing his body to the mercy of the waters, and his soul to the pleasure of the heavens, he heard afar off the ruful shrik, as he thought of a comfortless babe: which sudden noyse caused him to refrain from his desperate purpose, & with more discretion to tender his own safety: then casting his eyes aside, it was his happy destiny to spie three inhumane beasts lying at the foot of the hill, tumbling themselves against the warm Sun, & his three pretty Babes sucking from their wombs, their most unkind milk: which spectacle so encouraged the champion, that without further advisement, with his single Sword, he assailed at one time the three Monsters: but so furiously they pursued him, that he little prevailed: & being almost breathless, was forced to get into an Orange tree, else he had been buried in their mercilesse bowels: but when the three wild beasts perceived him above their reaches, & ỹ by no means they could come nèer him, with their wrathful jaws, they so rent & tore the root of the tree, that if by policy he had not prevented them, the tree had been pulled in peices: for at that time it was so full of ripe Oranges, & so overladen, that ỹ branches seemed to bend, & the boughs to break: of which fruit he cast such abundance down to the beasts, whereby they restrained their furies, & fed so fast thereon, that in short time they grew drunk, & quite overcome with a dead and heavy sleep, this good and happy fortune caused S. George nimbly to leap

off the Tree, and with his keen edged Sword cut off their heads from their bodies, the which being done, he went to his Children, lying comfortless upon a Mossie bank; who so pleasantly smiled in his face, that they made him greatly to rejoyce, and to receive as great pleasure in their sights, as though he had been honoured with the conquests of Cesar, or the Royalty of Alexander, therefore after he had given them his blessing, he took them up in his Arms, and spake these words following.

Come, come my pretty Babes, your safe deliveries from these inhumane Monsters, will add long life unto your Mother, and hath preserved your Father from a desperate death; From henceforth let Heaven be your guide, and send you as happy fortunes as Romus and Romulus, the first Founders of Emperious Rome, which in their infancies were nursed with the milk of a Beneous Wolf: and as prosperous in your adventures as was that Persian Potentate, which fed on the milk of a Birch. At the end of which speeches, he approached the Cabinet, where he left his Lady mourning for the loss of her children: but at his return he found her without sense or moving, being not able to give him a joyful welcome, whereat he fell into this extream passion of sorrow.

O Fortune, Fortune, (quoth he) how many griefs heapest thou upon my head! wilt thou needs enjoyn me to an endless sorrow, see Sabra, see, I have redeemed our sons, and freed them from the Tygars bloody jaws, whose wrathful countenance did threaten death. Which comfortable speeches caused her presently to revive, and to take the silly Infants in her Armes, laying them sweetly upon her Ivory bosome, at which they seemed to smile as pleasantly, as Cupid in the lap of Dido, when Aeneas sported in the Court of Carthage. The fund imbraces, loving speeches, and joyful conference that past betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be discoursed: but to be short, they remained in the Wilderness without further disturbance, either of wild Beasts or other accident, till Sabra had recovered her Child-bed sickness: and then being conducted by a happy Star, they returned back the ready way to Christendom: where after some few days travel, they arrived in the Bohemian Court, where the

King

King of that Country, with two other bordering Princes most Royally Christened his Children. The Eldest they named Guy; the second Alexander, and the third David; the which being performed, and the triumphs ended, which in most sumptuous manner continued for the space of one month, then the Bohemian King for the great love he bare to S. George, provided most honorably for his Childrens bringing up.

First he appointed three several Embassadors, with all things necessary for so princely a charge, to conduct the three Infants, to three several Countries. The first and Eldest, whose fortune was to be a Souldier, he sent to the Emperial City of Rome (being then the wonder of the world for Martial Discipline) there by the Emperor to be trained up. The Second, whose Fortune was to be a Courtly Prince, he sent to the rich and plentiful Country of England, being the pride of Christendom for all delightful pleasures. The third and last, whose Fortune was to prove a Scholar, he sent into Germany, unto the University of Wittenberg, being thought at that time to be the excellentest place of Learning, that remained throughout the whole world.

Thus were S. Georges Children provided for by the Bohemian King, for when the Embassadours were in readiness, the Ships for their passage furnished, and their attendants appointed, St. George in company of his Lady, the King of Bohemia with his Queen, and a train of Lords & Gentlemen, & Ladies, conducted them to Ship board, where the wind served them prosperously, that in a short time they had adue to the shore, and sailed chearfully away. But as S. George returned back to the Bohemian Court, it was his chaunce to come by an old ruinated Monastery, under whose walls in former time his Father was buried, the which he knew by certain verses carved in stone over his Grave by the Commons of the Country (as you may read before in the beginning of this History.) Over the same he requested of the King, that he might erect a stately Monument, that the remembrance of his name might live for ever, & not be buried in the Grave of obscurity. To which reasonable demand, the King most willingly consented, and presently gave special commandment that the cunningest Architects that remained within his Dominion, should forthwith be sent for, and withal gave a Tun of

Gold

Gold forth of his own treasury, towards the performance thereof. The sudden report of this memorable déed being bruited abroad, caused workmen to come from every place of their own accord, with such willingness, that they in short time finished it, the foundation of the Tomb was of purest Marble, whereon was engraven the frame of earth, and how the watry Ocean was devided, with Woods, Groves, Hills, and Dales; so lively portraied, that it was a wonder to behold: The Props and Pinacles of Alablaster, beset with knobs of Jasper stone, the sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet; upon the top stood four golden Lions, holding up, as it were an Element, therein was curiously contrived the Golden Sun and Moon, and how the Heavens have their usual courses, with many other things wrought both in gold and silver, which for this time I omit, because I am forced at large to discourse of the princely procédings of S. George, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their leave of the King, thanked him for his love, kindness and courtesie, and so departed towards Egypt & Persia, of whose adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How Saint George with his Lady arrived in Egypt : of their Royal entertainment in the City of Grand Cair : and also how Sabra was Crowned Queen of Egypt.

MAny strange accidents, & dangerous adventures S. George with his Lady passed, before they arrived within ỳ territories of Egypt, which I want memory to repeat, and art to describe. But at last when fortune smiled, which before had long time crossed their intents with her inconstant chances, and had cast them happily upon the Egyptian shore, being the nurse & mother of Sabras first creation; the twelve Peers unto whom S. George before time committed the guiding of the Land, & keeping of his Crown, as you heard before discoursed, now met him and his Lady at the Sea-side, most richly mounted upon their costly trapped steeds, & willingly surrendred up his Scepter, Crown, and Regiment: and after, in company of many Princely Estates, both of Dukes, Earls, Lords, Knights, and Royal Gentlemen they attended them to the City of Grand Caire, being then under the subjection of the Egyptian Monarchy, and the greatest City in the world, for it was in breadth full three score miles, and had by just account, within the walls twelve thousand Churches, besides, Abbies, Priories, and Houses of Religion: but when S. George with his stately attendants entred the Gates, they were presently entertained with such a joyful sound of Bells, Trumpets, and Drums, that it seemed like the inspiring Musick of heavenly Angels, and to exceed the Royalty of Cesar in Rome, when he returned from the worlds conquest. The streets were beautified with stately Pageants, contrived by Scholars of ingenious capacity, the Pavement strewed with all manner of odoriferous Flowers, and the Walls hung with Indian Coverlets & curious Tapestry.

Thus

Thus passed they the streets in great solemnity, wondring at the curiosity of the Pageants, & listening to their learned Orations, till they entred the Gates of the Palace, where in the first entry of the Court was contrived over head, a Golden pendant Firmament, as it were supported by a hundred Angels: from thence it seemed to rain Nectar & Ambrosia: likewise there descended, as it were from the clouds, Ceres, the Goddess of plenty, sitting upon a Throne of Gold, beautified with all manner of springing things, as of Corn, Olives, Grapes, Herbs, Flowers & Trees: who at the coming by of St. George & his Lady, presented them with two Garlands of Wheat, bound up most curiously in bands of silver, to signifie that they were happily returned to a plentiful Countrey, both of wealth & treasure. But at Ceres ascension up into the firmament, there was seen most strange & pleasant fire-works shooting from place to place, as though the fiery Planets had descended from Heaven, and had generally consented to make them delightful pastimes: but as S. George with his Lady, crowned with Garlands of wheat, passed through the second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood Mars the angry God of War, invironed with a Camp of Armed Souldiers, as if they were with their weapons ready charged to assault some strong hold, or invincible City: their silver trumpets seemed to sound chearfully, their thundring Drums couragiously, their silken Streamers to flourish valiantly, & themselves to march triumphantly: all which seemed to give more content to S. George, then all the delightful pleasures before rehearsed: for there was nothing in all the world that more rejoyced his heart, than to hear the pleasant sound of War, & to see the Souldiers brandish forth their steeled weapons. After he had sufficiently delighted himself in these Martial sports, & was ready to depart, the God of War descended his Throne, and presented him with the richest Armor that ever eye beheld, & the bravest Sword that ever Knight handled: for they had been kept within the City of Grand Cayer for the space of five hundred years, and held for the richest Monuments in the Country. Also he presented Sabra with a Mirrour of such an inestimable price, that it was valued at a Kings Ransom: for it was made by Magick Art: the vertues and qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report:

report: for therein one might behold the secret Mysteries of all the liberal Sciences, & by Art discourse what was practised in other Princes Courts: if any Hill or Mountain within a thousand Miles of the place where it remained were enriched with a Mine of Gold, it would describe the place and country, and how deep it lay closed in the earth, by it one might truely calculate upon the birth of Children, Succession of Princes, and continuance of Common-wealths, with many other excellent gifts and vertues, which for this time I omit. Then in great state passed S. George to the third Court, which was richly beautified with all gallant sights as the other twain: for there was most lively portraied the manner of Elizium, how Jove & Juno sat invested in their Royal Thrones, and likewise how all the Gods and Goddesses took their places by degrees in Parliament: the sight was pleasant, and the device most excellent, their Musick admired, and their Songs heavenly.

Thus passed S. George with his Lady through the three Courts till they came to the Pallace: wherein was provided against their coming a stately Banquet then had the Macedonian Monarch at his return into Babylon when he had conquered the middle earth: the curious Cates and well replenisht dishes were so many, that I want Art or Eloquence to describe them: but to be short, it was the sumptuous banquet that ever they beheld since their departure from the English Court, and so artificially served, as though that all the world had been present. Many days continued this sumptuous cheer, and accompanied with such princely triumphs, as Art her self wants memory to describe.

The Coronation of Sabra, which was Royally performed within three months following, requires a golden Pen to write it, and a tongue wash in the conservatives of the Muses honey to declare it. Ægypt was honoured with Triumphs, and Grand Caire with Tilts and Turnaments. Through every Town was proclaimed a solemn and festival day, in the remembrance of their new crowned Queen; no Tradesman nor Artificer was suffered to work that day, but was charged upon pain of death to hold it for a day of Triumph, a day of joy and a day of pleasure, in which Royalties S. George was a principal performer, till thirst of honour summoned him to Armes: the remembrance of the Christian

pions in Persia, caused him to breviate the Passimes, & to buckle on his steely Corslet, which had not glistred in the fields of Mars in four and twenty days: of whose Noble deeds, and adventurous procedings, I will at large discourse, and leave all other passimes, to the new inverted Quæn and her Ladies.

CHAP. XVII.

The bloody Battel betwixt the Christians and the Persians, and how the Negromancer Osmond raised up by Magick Art, an Army of Spirits to fight against the Christians: How the six Champions were Enchanted, and recovered by S. George: The misery and Death of the Conjurer, and how the Souldan brained himself against a Marble Pillar.

NOw must we return to the Christian Champions, and speak of their Battels in Persia, and what happened to them in S. Georges absence, for if you remember before, being in Egypt, when he had news of his Ladies condemnation in England, for the murthur of the Earl of Coventry, he caused them to march into Persia, and encouraged them to revenge his wrongful Imprisonment upon the Souldan his provinces: in which Country after they had marched some fifty Miles, burning and spoiling his territories, they were intercepted by the Souldans power, which was about the number of three hundred thousand fighting men: but the Muster-Rolls of the Christians were likewise numbred, & they amounted not to above one hundred thousand able men: at which time, betwixt the Christians and Pagans, happened a long and dangerous Battel, the like in any age was seldom fought: for it continued without ceasing, for the space of five days; to the great effusion of blood on both Parties, but at last the Pagans had the worst: for when they beheld their Fields bestrowed with mangled bodies, and that the

Rivers

Rivers for twenty miles compass did flow with Crimson blood, their hearts began to fail, and incontinently fled like sheep before the Wolf. Then the Valiant Christians thirsting after revenge, speedily pursued them, sparing neither Young nor Old, till the ways were strowed with lifeless bodies, like heaps of scattered sand: in which pursuit and honourable Conquest, they burned two hundred Forts and Towns, battering their Towers of Stone as level with the ground, as Harvest Reapers do fields of ripened Corn: But the Souldan himself, with many of his best approved Souldiers escaped alive, and fortified the City of Grand Belgor, being the strongest Town of War in all the Kingdom of Persia; before whose walls we will leave the Christian Champions planting their puissant forces, & speak of the damnable practises of Osmond within the Town, where he accomplisht many admirable accidents by Magick Art: for when the Christians army had long time given assaults to the Walls, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like Storms of winters Hail, whereby the Persian Souldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yeild, and commit their lives to the mercy of the Christian Champions: but when the Souldan perceived the Souldiers Cowardise, and how they would willingly resign his happy government to forrain Rule, he encouraged them still to resist the Christians desperate encounters, and within thirty days, if they had not the honour of the War, then willingly to condescend to their Countrys Conquest: which Princely resolution encouraged the Souldiers to resist, intending not to yeild up their City, till death had made triumph on their bodies. Then departed he into a secret Tower where he found Osmond sitting in a chair, studying by Magick how long Persia should remain unconquered: who at his entrance drove him from his charms with these speeches.

Thou wondrous man of Art (said the Souldan) whom for Negromancy the World hath made famous, Now is the time to express the love and Loyalty thou beareſt thy Soveraign: Now is the time thy charming Spels must work for Persias good: thou seest my Fortunes are depress; my Souldiers dead, my Captains slaughtered, my Cities burned, my fields of Corn consumed, and my Country almost Conquered; I that was wont

to cover the Seas with Fleets of Ships, now stand amazed to hear the Christians Drums, that sound forth doleful Funerals for my Souldiers: I that was wont with Armed Legions to drink up Rivers as we marched, and made the Earth to groan with bearing of our Multitudes; I that was wont to make whole Kingdomes tremble at my frowns, and force Emperious Potentates to humble at my feet: I that have made the Streets of many a City to run with blood, and stood rejoycing when I see their buildings burn: I that have made the Mothers Wombs, the Infants Tombs, and caused Cradles for to swim in streams of blood, may now behold my Countries ruine, my Kingdoms fall, and mine own fatal overthrow: Awake, great Osmond, from thy dreaming Trance, awake I say, and raise a troop of black internal Fiends to fight against the Damned Christians, that like swarms of Bees do flock about our Walls, prevent, I say, my Lands Invasion, and as I am great Monarch of Asia, I'le make thee King over twenty Provinces, and sole Commander of the Ocean, raise up I say thy Charmed Spirits, leave burning Acle on empty for a time, to aid us in this Battel bloody.

These words were no sooner ended, but there rattled such a peal of Cannons against the City Walls, that they made the very earth shake: whereat the Negromancer started from his chair, and in this manner encouraged the Soulban:

It is not Europe (quoth he) nor all their petty bands of Armed Knights, nor all the Princes in the world, that shall abate your Princely Dignity: Am not I the great Magician of this age, that can both loose and bind the Fiends, and call the black faced furies from low Cocitus? Am not I that skilful Artist, which framed the charmed Tower amongst the Amazonian Dames, which all the Witches in the world could never spoil? Therefore let Learning, Art, and all the secrets of the deeps, assist me in this enterprise, and then let frowning Europe do her worst: my charms shall cause the Heavens to rain such rarling showes of stones upon their heads, whereby the earth shall be overloaden with their dead bodys, and Hell overfilled with their hateful souls: senseless Trees shall rise in humane shapes, and fight for Persia. If wise Medea

were

were ever famous for Arts, that did the like for safegurad of her Fathers state, then why should not Osmond practice wonders for his soveraigns happiness? Ile raise a Troop of spirits from the lowest Earth, more black then dismal night, the which in ugly shapes shall haunt them up and down and when they sleep within their rich Pavilions, legions of fiery spirits will I up-raise from Hell, that like to Dragons spitting flames of fire, shall blast and burn the damned Christians in their Tents of War: the fields of Grand Be'gar shall be overspread with venemous Snakes, Adders, Serpents, and impoysoned Toads, the which unseen shall lurk in Pallie ground, and sting the Colonels of Warlike Horses: down from the Chrystal firment, I will Conjure a Troop of Aprie Spirits to discend, that like to Virgins clad in Pristele Ornaments, shall link those Christian Champions in the charms of love: their eyes shall be like the twinckling Lamps of Heaven & dazle so their Warlike thoughts, and their lively countenance; more bright then Fairies, shall lead them captive to a Tent of love, the which shall be artificially erected up by Magick Spels: their War-like Weapons that were wont to smoak in Pagans blood, shall in my charmed Tent be hung upon the bowers of peace: their glistring Armours that were wont to shine within the fields of Africa, shall henceforth for ever more be stained with rust: & themselves surnamed for Martial discipline, the wondrous Champions of the world, shall surfet with delightful loves; and sleep upon the laps of the Ayre spirits, that descend the Elements in Virgins shapes, terror & despair shall mightily appriese their merciless Souldiers, that they shall yield the Honourable conquest to your excellency: such strange and wonderous accidents by art shall be accomplished that heaven shall frown at my Enchantments, and the earth tremble to hear my Conjurations, therefore most mighty Persian number up thy scattered bands, and to morrow in the morning set open thy Gates, and march thitherward with thy Armed Souldiers: leave not a man within the City but let every one that is able to bear Arms, fight in the honour of Persia and before the closing of the night, Ile make thee conquerour, and yield up the braving Christians as Prisoners to thy Highness.

If

If this prove true, renowned Oſmond, as thou haſt promiſed ſaid the Soudan) Earth ſhall not harbour that too dear for thee: for thou ſhalt have my ſelf, my Kingdoms Chrowns, and Scepters at command: the wealthy River Gangers, ſhall pay thee yearly tribute with her treaſure, the place where Midas waſht her golden wiſh away. All things that nature framed precious, ſhalt thou be Lord and ſole Commander of, if thou prevent the invaſion of my Country; and thereupon he departed the Chamber and left the Negromancer in his ſtudy: and as he gave commandmt, his Captains made in readineſs his Souldiers, and furniſhed their War-like Horſes, and by the Sunns uprising, marched into the fields of Belgor, where upon the Northside of the Enemy they pitcht their Camp. On the other ſide, when the War-like Chriſtians had inteligence by their Courts of Guard, how the Perſians were entred the fields ready to give them battel, ſudden Alarums ſounded in their eats, rumours of conqueſt encouraged ſo the ſouldiers & preſently they were in readineſs to entertain the Perſians toa bloody banquet: both armies were in ſight, with blood-red Colours wavering in the Ayr: the Chriſtian Champions richly mounted on their War like courſers placed themſelves in the fore-front of the battel, like couragious captains, fearing neither death nor inconſtant chaunce of fortune. But the Soudan with his petty Princes like cowards, were inviron'd and compaſſ with a ring of Armed Knights, where inſtead of nimble ſteeds, they ſat in Iron chariots. Divers Heroical and many Princely encouragements paſt between the two armies, before they entred battel: but when the Drums began to ſound Alarum, & the ſilver Trumpets gave dreadful echoes of death: when the Croſs of Chriſtendome began to flourish, & the Armes of Mahomet to be advanced: even then began ſo terrible and bloody a battel that the like was never found in any Age, for before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, the Pagans receibed ſo great a Diſcarge, & fell ſo faſt before the Chriſtian Champions, that they were forſt to wade up to the knees in blood, & their ſouldiers to fight upon heaps of ſlaughtered men: the fields were altred from a green colour, to a purple hue, the Dales were ſtept in crimſon goze, & the hills & mountains covered with dead mens rattling bones. But let us not forget the wicked Negromancer Oſmond, that during the time of that dangerous

gerous Encounter kneeled in a low Valley nèer unto the Camps, with his black heir hanging down unto his shoulders like a wreath of Snakes, and with his silver wand circling the Earth; where when he heard the sound of Drums thundring in the Aer, and the Brazen Trumpets giving dreadful sounds of War, he entred into these fatal and damned spèeches.

Now is the battel (quoth he) furiously begun, for methinks I hear the Souldan cry for help: now is the time my charming Spels must work for Persias Victory and Europs fatal overthrow: which being said, thrice did he kiss the earth, thrice beheld the Elements, and thrice besprinkled the Circle with his own blood, the which with a silver Razor he let from his left arm, & after began again to speak in this manner:

Stand still you wandring Lamps of Heaven, move not sweet Stars, but linger on, till Osmonds Charms be brought to full effect. O thou great Demon, Prince of damned Ghosts, thou chief Commander of those fearful shapes, that nightly glide by misbeleiving Travellers, even thou that holdest the Snaky Septè in thy hand, sitting upon a Throne of burning steel, even thou that bindest the Furies up in Chains, even thou that tossest burning fire-brands abroad, even thou whose eyes are like to unlucky Commets, even thee I charge to let my Furies loose, open thy Brazen gates, and leave thy boyling Cauldron empty: send up such Legions of Infernals Fiends, that may in number contervail the blades of grass that beautifie these bloody fields of Belgor.

These fatal speeches were no sonet finished, but there appeared such a multitude of spirits, both from the earth, water, aer, & fire, that it is almost incredible to repeat the wch he caused to run into the Christian Army: whose burning sauchions not on y annoyed y souldiers with fear & terror, but also fired the heroes manes, burned the trappings, consumed their banners, scorched trees, & herbs & dimmed the Elements with such an extream darkness, as though the earth had bèn covered with eternal night he caused the spirits likewise to raise such a tempest that it tore up mighty okes by the roots, removed hills & mountains & blew men into the Air horse & all: yet neither his Magick Arts, nor all the furies & wicked spirits could any whit daunt the most noble & magnanimous minds of the six Champions of Christendom: but like unconquer'd lyons

they

they purchase honour where they went, colouring their Swords in Pagans blood, making the earth true witnesses of their victorious & Heroical proceedings, whom they had attired in a bloodred Livery: & though S. George (the chiefest Champion of Christendom for Martial discipline and Princely atchievements) were absent in that terrible battel: yet merited they as much honour and renown, as though he had been there present: for the accursed Pagans fell before their War like weapons, as thick as leaves do fall from trees, when the blustring storms of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Negromancer Osmond perceived that his Magick spels took small effect, & how in despite of his Enchantment the Christians got the better of the day, he accursed his Art & banned the hour and time wherein he first attempted so wicked an enterprize, thinking them to be preserved by Angels, or else by some Celestial means: but yet not purposing to leave off at the first repulse, he attempted another way by Negromancy to overthrow the Christians.

First he erected up by Magick Art a stately Tent, outwardly in show like to the compass of Earth: but furnished inwardly with all the delightsome pleasures that either Art or reason could invent, onely framed to Enchant the Christian Champions with inticing delights, whom he purposed to keep as prisoners therein: then fell he again to his Conjuration & bound a hundred Spirits by due obedience to transform themselves in the likeness of beautiful Virgins, which in a moment they accomplished, and they were framed in form and beauty like to the darlings of Venus, in comeliness comparable with Thetis dancing on the silver sands, and in all promotion like Daphne, whose beauty caused Apollo to descend the Heavens: their limbs were like the lofty Cedars, their cheeks to Roses dipt in Milk & their eyes more bright then the Stars of Heaven: also they seemed to carry in their hands silver Bows, and on their Backs hung Quivers of golden Arrows. Likewise upon their Breasts they had Pictured the God of Love dancing upon Mars his knee.

Thus in the shape of beautious damsels, caused he these spirits to enter the Christians Army, and with the golden bait of their enticing smiles, to tangle the Champions in the snares of Love, and with their smiling beauties led them from their Souldiers,

and

and to bring them Prisoners into his Enchanted Tent. Which commandment being no sooner given, but these virgins, or rather infernal Furies, more swift then the winds, glided into the Christians Army, where their glittering beauties so dazled the eyes of the six Christian Champions and their sober countenances so entrapped their hearts with desire, that their princely valours were abated, and they stood gazing at their excellent proportions, as though Medusa's shadows had been pictured upon their faces, to whom the inticing Ladies spake in this manner.

Come, Princely Gallants, come, away with Arms, forget the sounds of bloody War, and hang your angry weapons on the bower of peace, Venus our sée hath sent her Messengers from Paphos, to lead you to the paradise of love: there Heaven will rain down Nectar & Ambrosia swéet for you to féed upon: and there the Melody of Angels will make you Musick: there shall you fight upon beds of silk, and encounter with inticing Kisses. These golden promises so ravished the Champions, that they were Enchanted with their loves, and vowed to take their last farewel of Knighthood and magnanimous Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their warlike Companies to the Negromancers Enchanted Tent, leaving their Souldiers without Guiders, in danger of confusion. But the Quéen of chance so smiled upon the Christians, that the same time S. George arrived in Persia with a fresh supply of Egyptian Knights: of whose Noble Atchievements I purpose now to speak. For no sooner had he entred the Battel, and placed his Squadrons, but he had intelligence of the Champions misadventures, and how they lay Enchanted in a Magick Tent, sléeping in pleasure upon the laps of infernal Furies, the which Osmond had transformed by his Charms, into the likenesse of beautiful Damsels: which unexpected news constrained St. George to breath from his sorrowful heart this woful lamentation:

Unconstant Fortune (quoth he) why dost thou entertain me with such bitter news? are my fellow Champions come from Christendom to win immortal honour with their Swords, & lie they now bewitche with beauty? come they from Europe to fight in coasts of stéel; & will they lie distraught in tents of love? came they to Asia to purchase Kingdoms: and by bloody War to ruinate

nate Countreys, and will they yield their Victories to so foul disgrace? O shame and great dishonour to Christendom! O spot to Knighthood and true Chivalry: this news is far more bitter to my soul, then was the poysoned dregs that Antipater gave to Alexander in his drunkenness, and a deadlier pain unto my heart, then was that juyce that Hannibal suckt from his fatal Ring. Come, Souldiers, come you followers of those towardly Champions, unsheath your warlike weapons, and follow him whose soul hath vowed either to redeem them from ỳ Negromancers charms or dye with honour in that enterprize. If ever mortal creatures warred with damned furies, and made a passage to enchanted Dales, where devils dance and warlike shadows in the night: then Souldier, let us march unto that black Pavilion, and chain the cursed Charmer to some blasted Oak, that hath so highly dishonoured Christendom.

These resolute speeches were no sooner finished, but the whole Army, before daunted with fear, grew so courageous, that they protested to follow him through more dangers then did the Grecian Knights with Noble Jason in the Ile of Colcos. Now began the Battel again to renew & the Drums to sound fatal knels, for the Pagan Souldiers, whose souls the Christians Swords by numbers sent to burning Acheron: but S. George, that in valour exceeded the rest, as much as the golden Sun surpasseth the smallest stars in brightness, with his Sword made lanes of slaughtered men & with his angry arm made passage through the thickest of their troops, as though that death had been commander of the Battel: He caused Crowns and Scepters to Swim in blood, and headless Steeds with lopnekke men, to fall as fast before his Sword, as drops of rain before a thunder, and ever in great danger he encouraged his Souldiers in this manner: Now for the fame of Christendom, Fight, Captains be now Triumphant Conquerours, or Christian Martyrs.

These words so encouraged the Souldiers hearts with invincible valour, that they neither feared the Negromancers Charms, nor all his flaming Dragons, nor fierce Drakes, that filled the Ayr with burning lights, nor daunted at the strange encounters of hellish Legions, that like to armed men with burning Faucheons haunted them; so fortunate were their procedings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the Enchanted tent, where-

as

as the other Champions lay surfetting in love, whilst thousands of their friends fought in coats of steel, & merited renown by their Noble atchievements: for no sooner arrived S. George with his warlike followers before the Pavilion, but he heard as it were the melody of the Muses: likewise his ears were almost ravished with the sugared songs of the Enchanted Virgins, which like the Musick of Orpheus harp, caused the stones & trees to dance, & made the elements to shew more brighter then the mornings beauty, with drops of honey trickling down their chrystal cheeks: ỳ doves did kisse when they began to sing: the running waters danced, & every senseless thing did seem to breath out sighs for love; so pleasant & heavenly were the sights in the tent, & so delightful in his eyes, that he had been enchanted with their charms, if he had not continually born the honour of Knight-hood in his thoughts, and that the dishonour would redown to Christendoms reproach: therefore with his Sword he let drive at the Tent, & cut it into a thousand peices, the which being done, he apparently beheld where the Negromancer sat upon a block of steel, feeding his spirits with drops of blood, whom when the Champion beheld, he caused his Souldiers to lay hold upon him, & after chained him fast to the root of an old blasted Oak: from whence neither Art, nor help of all his Charms, nor all the Legions of his devils could ever after loose him: where we leave him to his lamentations, filling the Ayr with Ecchoes of cryes, and speak how S. George redeemed the Champions from their Enchantments.

First, when he beheld them disrobed of their warlike attyre, their furniture hung up, & themselves secretly sleeping upon the laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented speeches.

O heavens (said he) how my soul abhors this spectacle, Champions of Christendom, arise, brave Knights, stand up, I say, and look about like men: are you the chosen Captains of your Countries, and will you bury all your honours up in Ladies laps? for shame arise, I say, they have the tears of Crocodiles, the songs of Syrens to enchant: to armes, brave Knights, let honour be your loves: blush to behold your Friends in armes, and blush to see your Native Country-men steeping the fields of Mayntz with their bloods: Champions, arise, *S. George* calls, the Victory will tarry till you come: Arise, and tear the womanish attyre, surfeit not in silken Robes: put on your steely Corslets,

your glistering burgonets, and unsheath your conquering weapons, that Mavors fields may be converted into a purple Ocean.

These Heroical Speeches were no sooner finished, but the champions like men amazed, rose from their Ladies bosoms, and being ashamed of their follies, they submissively craved pardon, and vowed by protestations, never to sleep in beds of Down, nor never unbuckle their Shields from their weary arms, till they had won their credits in the fields again: nor never would be counted his deserved followers, till their triumphs were enrolled amongst the deeds of Martial Knights. So arming themselves with approved corslets, and taking to them their trusty Swords, they accompanied S. George to the thickest of their Enemies, and left the Negromanter chained to the tree, which at their departure breathed forth these bitter curses.

Let Hells horror, and tormenting pains (quoth he) be their eternal punishment: let flaming fire dispread the Elements, and consume them in their warlike triumps, & let their waps be strowed with venemous thorns, that all their legs map wrangle to the knees, before they march to their Native countrie. But why exclaim I thus in vain, when heaven it self preserves their happiness? Now all my Magick charmes are ended, and all my Spirits forsaken me in my need, and here am I fast chained up to starve and dye. Have I had power to rend the vales of earth, and shake the mighty Mountains with my charmes? Have I had power to raise up dead mens Ghapes from Kingly Tombe: & can I not unchain my self from this accursed tree? O no, for I am fettered up by the immortal power of the Christians God; against whom because I did rebel, I am now condemned to everlasting fire. Come all you Negromanters in the world, come all you Sorcerers and Charmers, come all you Scholars from the learned Universities come all you witches, beldams, & fortune-tellers, & all ỹ practise devilish Arts, come take example by ỹ storp of my fall.

This being said, he violently with his own hands tore his eys from his head, as a sufficient revenge, because by the direction of their wills, he was first trained in ỹ damned Art: then betwixt his teeth he bit in two his loathsom tongue, because it muttered forth so many fatal charms: then into his thirsty bowels he devoured his hands, because they had so often held the silver wand,

where-

wherewith he had made his Charmed circles: and for every letter, mark, and character, that belonged to his conjurations, he inflicted a several torment upon himself: and at last, with sightless eyes, speechless tongue, handless arms, and dismembred body, he was forced to give up his condemned Ghost: where after his air of life was banished from his earthly Trunck, the Heavens seemed to smile at his sudden fall, and Hell began to roar at the conquest of his death: the ground whereon he dyed, was ever after that time unfortunate, and to this present time, it is called in that countrey, A Vale of Walking Spirits.

Thus have you heard the damnable life, & miserable fall of this accursed Negromancer Osmond, whom we will now leave to the punishments due to such a wicked offender, and speak of the seven Noble and Magnanimous Christian Champions.

After S. George had ended these Enchantments, they never sheathed up their Swords, nor unlocked their Armour, till the subversion of Persia was accomplished, and the Souldan with his Petty Kings taken Prisoners. Seven days the Battel continued without ceasing: they slew two hundred thousand Souldiers, besides a number that fled away and drowned themselves: some cast themselves headlong down from the top of high trées, some made slaughter of themselves, and some yielded to the mercies of the Christians: but the Souldan with his Princes riding in their Iron charfots, endured the Christians encounters, till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by force and violence they were compelled to yeild. The Souldan hapned into the hands of S. George, and six Vice-Roys to the other six Champions, where after they had sworn Allegiance to the Christian Knights, and had promised to forsake their Mahomet, they were not only set at liberty, but used most honourably: but the Souldan himself having a heart fraught with despight & tyranny, contemned the Champions courtesies, and utterly disdained their Christian Governments, protesting that the Heavens should first lose their wonted brightness, and the Seas forsake their swelling tides, before his heart should yield to their intended desires: whereupon S. George being resolved to revenge his former injuries, commanded that the Souldan should be disrobed from all Princely attire, & in base apparel sent to Prison, even to the same dungeon where he himself

self had endured so long imprisonment, as you heard in the beginning of the History: which strict commandment was presently performed: In which Dungeon the Souldan had not long continued, sufficing his hungry stomach with the Bread of mustie bran, and slanching his thirst with Channel water, but he began to grow desperate, and weary of his life, and at last fell into this woful Lamentation:

O Heavens (quoth he) now have you thrown a deserved plague upon my head, and all those guiltless souls that in former times my tyranny have murthered, may now be fully satisfied; for I that was was wont to have my Table beautified with Kings, am now constrained to feed alone in a Dungeon, where sorrow is my food, and despair my servitor: I that have famished thousands up in Walls of stone, am now constrained to feed upon mine own flesh, or else to starve and die: yet shall these cruel Christians know, that as I lived in tyranny, so will I dye: for I will make a murther of my self, that after this life, my angry Ghost may fill their sleeps with gastly visions.

This being said, he desperately ran his head against a Marble Pillar, standing in the middle of the dungeon, & dasht his brains from out of his hateful Head: the news of whose death when it was bruited in the Champions ears, they proffered no violence to his lifeless body, but intombed him in a sumptuous Sepulchre, & after that S. George took upon him the Government of Persia, & there established good and Christian Laws: also he gave to the other six Champions, six several Kingdomes belonging to the Crown of Persia and sir-named them Vice-Roys or petty Kings. This being done he took truce with the world; and triumphantly marched towards Christendom, with the conquest of three imperial Diadems, that is to say, of Egypt, Persia, and Morocco: In which journey he erected many stately Monuments, in remembrance of his Victories & Heroical Atchievements, & through every Countrey that they marched, there flocked to them an innumerable company of Pagans, that desired to follow him into Christendom, & to be christened in their Faith, protesting to forsake their gods, whose worshippers were none but Tyrants: and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of blood. To whose requests, S. George presently condescended: not onely in granting them

them their desires, but also in honouring them with the favour of his Princely countenance. This courtesie of the English Champion merited such a glistering glory through the world, that as far as over the swelling Ocean flowed & as far as over the golden Globes of heaven extended their lights, S. Georges honour was bruited: and not only his matchless adventures characterd in Brazen Tables, but his Martial exploits painted in every Temple: so that the Heathen Poets contrived Victories of his deeds, and famonized his Name amongst the Worthies of the world.

In this Princely manner marched S. George with his warlike Troops through the territories of Africa & Asia, in greater Royalty then did Darius with his Persian Souldiers towards the Camp of time-wondred Alexander. But when the Christian Champions approached the sight of the watry world, & began to go aboard their ships, the earth seemed to mourn at their farewells, and the seas to rejoyce at their presence, the Waves couched as smooth as chrystal Ice, and the winds blew such gentle gales, as though the sea gods had been directors of their fleet, the Dolphins danced above the water, & the lovely Hair-Maids in multitudes lay dallying amidst the streams, making them delightful passime: the skies seemed to smile, and the Sun to shew a glistering brightness upon the chrystal waters, that the sea seemed to be silver.

Thus in great pleasure they passed the time away, commiting their fortunes to the mercy of the winds and the waters, who did so favourably serve them, that in short time they arrived upon the banks of Christendom: where being no sooner come on shore, and past the dangers of the Seas, but S. George in presence of thousands of his followers, knéeled down on the ground, and gave God praise for his happy arrival, by these words following:

O thou omnipotent God of new Jerusalem, we not only give thée condign praise, for our late atchieved victories against thy Enemies, who by their wickedness séek daily to pull thée from thy Celestial Throne, but also do render thée hearty thanks, that hast delivered us safely from the fury of the raging Seas, & otherwise might have drenched us in her devouring gulf, as thou didst Pharaoh with his golden Chariots, and his invincible Legions: therefore great King of Juda, under whose Name we have taken many things in hand, and have atchieved so many victories,

grant

grant that these true Obligations of our thankful hearts may be acceptable in thy sight, which be no fained Ceremonies, but the inward devotions of our souls: and therewithal letting fall a showr of tears from their eyes, and discharging a volley of sighs from their breasts, as a signification of the integrity of their souls, he held his peace: then gave he commandment that the Army should be discharged, and every one rewarded according to his desert, which within seven weeks was performed, to the honour of Christendom.

After this S. George earnestly requested the other six Champions, that they would honour him with their presence home to his Country of England, and there receive the comfort of joyful ease, after the bloody encounters of so many dangerous battels. This motion of S. George, not only obtained their consents, but added a forwardness to their willing minds: so incontinently they set forward towards England: upon whose chalky cliffs they in a short time arrived, and after this took their journey towards the City of London, where their entertainments were so honourably performed, as I want the Eloquence of Cicero, and the Rhetorick of Caliope to describe it.

Thus gentle Reader hast thou heard the first part of the Princely Atcheivements, Noble Adventures, & Honouroble Lives of these Renowned and worthy Champions. The second part relates the Noble Atchievemens & strange Fortunes of S. Georges three Sons, the loves of many gallant Ladies, the Combates and the Turnaments of many valiant Knights, and tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise the rest of the Noble Adventures of the Renowned Seven Champions, also the manner and places of their honourable deaths, and how they came to be called the seven Saints of Christendom.

FINIS.

THE

FAMOUS HISTORY

OF THE

Seven Champions

OF

CHRISTENDOM.

The Second Part.

LIKEWISE

Shewing the Princely Prowess, Noble Atchievements, and strange Fortunes of Saint GEORGE's three Sons, the liveiy Sparks of Nobility.

The Combats and Turnaments of many valiant Knights, the Loves of many Gallant Ladies, the Tragedies of Mighty Potentates.

ALSO

The manner and places of the honourable Deaths of the Seven Champions, being so many Tragedies: and how they came to be called the seven Saints of CHRISTENDOM.

LONDON.

Printed by *Ed. Crowch*, for *Andrew Crook*. 1670.

FAMOUS HISTORY

OF THE

Seven Champions

OF

CHRISTENDOM

The Second Part.

LONDON.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord WILLIAM HOWARD, *Richard Iohnſon* wiſheth encreaſe of all Proſperity

AS it hath, Right Honourable, of late pleaſed your moſt Noble Brother in kindneſs to accept of this Hiſtory, and to grace it with a favourable countenance: So am I now emboldned to Dedicate the Second Part unto your Honour, which here I humbly offer to your Lordſhips hands, not becauſe I think it a gift worthy the receiver; but rather that it ſhould be, as it were a witneſs of the love and duty which I bear to your Right Noble Houſe.

And when it ſhall pleaſe you to beſtow the reading of theſe Diſcourſes, my humble requeſt is, that you would think I wiſh your Honour as many happy days as there be letters contained is this Hiſtory.

Thus praying for your Honours chief happineſs, I remain

Your Honours in all dutifull
Love, to his poor power,

I. R.

To the Gentle Reader

Have finished The Second Part of the Seven Champions of Christendom, *for thy delight, being thereto encouraged by thy great Acceptance of my* First Part. *I will not boast of Eloquence nor Invention, thereby to invite thy willingness to read: Only thy curtesie must be my Buckler against the carping malice of mocking Jesters, that being worse able to do well, scoff commonly at that they cannot mend, censuring all things, doing nothing, but (Monkey-like) make Apish jests at any thing they see in Print: and nothing pleaseth them, except it savour of a scoffing or invective spirit. Well, what those say of me I do not care, thy delight only is my desire: Accept it, and I am satisfied; reject it, and this shall be my penance, never again to come in Print. But having better hope, I boldly lead thee to the Mayn, for this doubtful Flood of Suspition, where I rest. Walk on in the History, as in an overgrown and ill husbanded Garden: if among all the weeds thou finds one pleasing Flower, I have my wish.*

Richard Johnson.

The Honourable HISTORY OF THE Seven Champions OF CHRISTENDOM.

The Second Part.

How Saint *George*'s three Sons were entertained into the Famous City of *London*, and after how their Mother was slain in a Wood with the pricks of a Thorney Brake: her blessings she gave her Sons, Saint *George*'s Lamentation over her bleeding Body: and likewise of the journey the Seven Champions intended to *Jerusalem* to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.

After St. George with the other six Champions of Christendom (by invincible Conquests) had brought into subjection all the Eastern parts, and by Dint of bloody Wars yoaked the stubborn Infidels even to the farthest bounds of India, where the golden Sun beginneth to arise, as you heard discoursed in the former part of the History, they returned with the Conquest of Imperial Diadems, Regal Crowns, Kingly Scepters, to the rich and plentiful Countrey of England, where in

in the famous City of London they many a day sojourned, a place not only beautified with sumptuous Buildings, but graced with a number of Valiant Knights and Gallant Gentlemen of Courtly Behaviour, and there withall adorned with Troops of Ladies of Divine and Celestial Beauties, that trip it up and down the Stræts like to the Grecian Quæns, when as they tyed the Phrygian Warriours in the Silken Snares of Love: whereby it sæmed rather a Paradise for Heavenly Angels, than a place for Earthly Inhabitants.

Here the Christian Champions laid their Arms aside, here hung they up their Weapons on the bower of Peace, here their glistering Corslets rusted in their Armories, here was not heard the Warlike sound of Drums, nor Silver Trumpets, here stood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor Barbed Stæds prepared to the Battel, but all things tended to a lasting Peace. They that had wont in Stæled Coats to slæp in Champion Fields, lay dallying now in Beds of Silk: they that had wont with weary Arms to weld the warlike Fauchion sate now imbracing lovely Ladies on their Knæs, and they whose ears had wont to hear the ruful cryes of slaughtered Souldiers, where now ore-cloy'd with Musicks pleasant Harmony.

In this delicious manner lived these Champions in the City of London, burying the remembrance of all their former Adventures in the Lake of oblivion, and spending their time in honourable Tilts, and Courtly Turnaments: where Saint George performed many Atchievements in honour of his beloved Lady, and the other Knights in Honour of their Mistresses.

But at last, Saint George's thræ Sons Guy, Alexander, and David, being all thræ born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the Wilderness, and sent into thræ several Kingdoms by their careful Father to be trained up: the one in Rome to the Warlike Romans, another into Wittenberg to the Learned Germans, the third unto Brittain to the Valient English. But now being grown to some ripeness of Age, and agility of strength, they desired much to visit their Parents, whom they had

had not seen from their Infancies, lying in their Cradles: and to crave at his hands the honour of true Knight-hood, and to wear the golden Spur of Christendom.

This earnest and Princely Request so highly pleased their Tutours, that they furnished them with a stately Train of Knights, and sent them honourably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the famous City of London, where their Entertainments were most Princely, and their welcome so honourable, that I want Art to describe, and memory to express.

I omit what sumptuous Pageants and delightful shows the Citizens provided, and how the streets of London were beautified with Tapestry, the solemn Bels that rung them joyful Welcomes, and the Silver strained Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I pass over the Fathers joy, who prized their sights more precious in his Eyes, then if he had been made sole Monarch of the golden Mynes of rich America: or that every hair that grew upon his Head had been equalled with a Kingdom, and he to give as many golden Diadems in his arms. Also their Mothers Welcomes to her Sons, who gave them more kisses then she breathed forth Groans at their deliveries from her painful Womb in the Wilderness.

The other Champions courtesies were not the least nor of the smallest in account, to these three young Gentlemen: but to be short, Saint George (whose Love was dear unto his children) in his own Person conducted them unto their Lodgings, whereas they spent that Day, and the Night following in Royal Banqueting amongst their Princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the Morning Sun upon the Mountain tops, and the clear countenance of the Elements made mention of some ensuing Pastime, but St. George commanded a solemn hunting for the welcome of his Sons.

Then began his Knights to Arm themselves in Troops, and to mount upon their Jennets, and some with well Armed Boar-Spears in their hands prepared for the Game on Foot:

but

but St. George with his Sons clad in Grẽn Vestments like Adonis, with silver Horns hanging at their backs in Scarfs of coloured Silk, were still the formost in this exercise. Likewise Sabra (intending to sẽe her Sons valours displayed in the Field, whether they were in courage like their Father or no) caused a gentle Palfrey to be provided, whereon she mounted her Princely person to be witness of these Silvan sports: she was armed with a curious breast-plate wrought like to the scales of a Dolphin, and in her hand she bare a silver Bow of the Turkish fashion, like an Amazonian Quẽn, or Diana hunting in the Troves of Arcadia.

Thus in this gallant manner rode forth these Hunters to their Princely Pastimes, where after they had ridden some six miles from the City of London, there fell from Saint Georges nose thrẽ drops of purple blood, whereat he suddenly started, and therewithal he heard the croaking of a Flight of Night-Ravens, that hovered by the Forrests side, all which he judged to be dismal signs of some ensuing Stratagem: but having a Princely mind; he was nothing discourage thereat, nor little mistrusted the woful accident that after happened, but with a Noble Resolution entered the Forrest, accounting such Fore-telling tokens for old Wives ceremonies, wherein they had not passed the compass of half a Mile, but they started a Wild swift Stagg, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and gave Bridle to their Horses, and followed the Game more swifter than Pyrates pursue the Merchants Ships upon the Seas: but now behold how-frowning Fortune changed their pleasant Pastime to a sad and bloody Tragedy: for Sabra proffering to kẽp pace with them, delighted to behold the valiant Encounters of her young Sons, and being careless of her self, through the over swiftness of her Sẽd, she slipped beside her Saddle, and so fell direcly upon a thorney brake of Brambles, the pricks whereof (more sharp than Spikes of Iron,) entered to every part of her delicate body: some pierce the lovely closets of her star bright eyes, whereby (in stead of Chrystals pearled tears there issued drops of purest blood: her face before that blushed like the Mornings Radiant countenance, was now changed

changed into a Crimson red: her milk white hands that lately strained the Ivory Lute, did seem to wear a bloody Scarlet Glove: and her tender Paps that had often fed her Sons with the Milk of Nature, were all be-rent and torn with those accursed Brambles: from whose deep wounds there issued such a stream of purple gore, that it converted the grass from a lively green to a Crimson hue, and the abundance of blood that trickled from her Breast began to enforce her soul to give the world a woeful farewel. Yet notwithstanding, when her beloved Lord, her sorrowful Sons, and all the rest of the woful Champions, had washed her wounded body with a spring of tears, and when she perceived that she must of force commit her life to the fury of imperious death, she breathed forth this dying Exhortation.

Dear Lord (said she) in this unhappy Hunting must you lose the Truest wife that ever lay by any Princes side: yet mourn not you, nor grieve you my Sons, nor you brave Christian Knights, but let your Warlike Drums convey me royally to my Tombe, that all the world may write in Brazen Books, how I have followed my Lord (the Pride of Christendom) through many a Bloody Field, and for his sake have left my Parents, Friends, and Countrey, and have travelled with him through many a dangerous Kingdom: but now the cruel Fates have wrought their latest spite, and finished my life, because I am not able to perform what Love he hath deserved of me. And now to you my Sons this blessing do I leave behind: even by the pains that fourty weeks I once endured for your sakes, when as you lay enclosed in my Wombe, and by my Travels in the Wilderness whereas my groans upon your birth Day did (in my thinking) cause both Trees and Stones to drop down tears, when as the merciless Tygers and tameless Lyons did stand like gentle Lambs, and mourned to here my Lamentations, and by a Mothers love that ever since I have born you, imitate and follow your Father in all his honourable Attempts, harm not the silly Infant, nor the helpless Widdow, defend the honour of distressed Ladies, and give freely unto wounded Souldiers, seek not to stain the unspotted Virgins with your Lusts, and adventure evermore

to redeem true Knights from Captivity: live ever professed Enemies to Paganism, and spend your lives in the quarrel and defence of Christ, that Babes (as yet unborn) in time to come may speak of you, and record you in the Books of Fame to be true Christian Champions. This is my Blessing, and this is the Testament I leave behind: for now I feel the chilness of pale Death closing the closets of mine eyes: Farewell vain world, dear Lord farewell, sweet Sons you famous followers of my George, an all true Christian Knights, adiew.

These words were not sooner ended, but with a heavy sigh she yeelded up the Ghost: whereat St. George (being impacient in his sorrows) fell upon her lifeless body, tearing his hair, and rending his Haunters Attire from his back into many pieces: and at last when his griefs were somewhat diminished, he burst out into these bitter lamentations.

Gone is the Star (said he) that lightned all the Northen world, withered is the Rose that beautified our Christian Fields, dead is the Dame that for her beauty stained all Christian Women: for whom I'le fill the Ayre with everlasting moans: Let this day henceforth be fatal to all times, and counted for a dismal day of Death. Let never the Sun shew forth his Beams thereon again, but Clouds as black as pitch cover the Earth with fearful darkness. Let every Tree in this accursed Forrest, henceforth be blasted with unkindly Winds: Let Brambles, Hearbs, and Flowers consume and whither: Let Grass and bloomings Buds perish and decay, and all things near the place where she was slain be turned to dismal, black, and gastly colour, that the Earth it self in mourning garments may lament her loss. Let never Bird sing cheerfully on tops of Trees, but like the mournful musick of the Nightingale, fill all the Ayre with fatal tunes: Let babling Rivers murmure for her loss, and silver Swans that swim thereon sing doleful Melody: Let all the Dales belonging to these fatal Woods becovered with grœn bellyed Serpents, croaking Toads, hissing Snakes, and sight killing Cockatrices: in blasted Trees, let fearful Ravens shrike, let Howlets cry, and Crickets sing, that after this it may be

called

called a place of dead mens wandring Ghosts. But fond wretch, why do I thus lament in vain, and bath her bleeding body with my tears, when grief by no means will recal her life? Yet this shall satisfie her soul, for I will go a Pilgrimage unto Jerusalem, and offer up my tears to Jesus Christ upon his blessed Sepulchre, by which my stained soul may be washt from this bloody guilt, which was the causer of this sorrowful days mishap.

These sorrowful words were no sooner ended, but he took her bleeding limbs between his fainting Armes, and gave a hundred kisses upon her dying coloured lips, retaining yet the colour of Alablaster new washt in Purple blood, and in this extasie a while lying, gave way to others to unfold their woes.

But his Sons whose sorrows were as great as his, protested never to neglect one day, but dayly to weep some tears upon their Mothers Grave, till from the Earth did spring some mournful Flower, to bear remembrance of her death, as did the Violet that sprung from chast Adonis blood, where Venus wept to see him slain. Likewise the other six Champions) that all the time of their lamentations stood like men drowned in the dept of sorrow) began now a little to recover themselves, and after protested by the honour of true Knight-hood, and by the Spurr and golden Garter of St. Georges Legg, to accompany him unto holy the Land bare footed, without either Hose or Shoe, only clad in russet Saberdines, like the usual Pilgrims of the world, and never to return till they had paid their Vows at that blessed Sepulchre.

Thus in this sorrowful manner wearied they the time away, filling the Woods with Eccheos of their lamentations, and recording their dolours to the whistling winds: but at last when black night began to approach, and with her sable Mantle to overspread the Christal Firmament, they retired with her dead body, back to the City of London, where the report of this Tragical accident, drowned their friends in a Sea of sorrow: for the news of her timeless death was no sooner bruited abroad, but the same caused both old and young to lament the loss of so sweet a Lady. The silver headed age, that had

wont in Scarlet Gowns to meet in Counsel, sat now at home in discontented griefs: the gallant Youths, and comely Virgins that had wont to beautifie the Streets with costly garments, went drooping up and down in Black and mournful Vestures: and those remorseless hearts that seldom were oppressed with sorrow, now constrained their eyes like Fountains to distil flood of brinish and pearly tears.

This general grief of the Citizens continued for the space of thirty days; at the end whereof, St. George with his Sons and the other Champions interred her body very honourably, and erected over the same a rich and costly Monument (in sumptuous State like the Tombe of Mausolus, which was called one of the wonders of the world, or like to the Pyramides of Greece, which was a stain to all Architects) for thereon was protrayed the Queen of Chastity with her Maidens, Bathing themselves in a Christal Fountain, as a witness of her wonderous Chastity, against the lustful assailments of all lacivious attempts.

Thereon was also most lively pictured a Turtle-Dove sitting upon a Tree of gold, in sign of the true love that she bore to her betrothed Husband.

Also a silver coloured Swan swimming upon a Christal River, as a token of her Beauty: for as the Swan excelleth all other Fowls in whitness, so she excelled all the Ladies in the world for beauty.

I leave to speak of the curious workmanship of the Pinacles that were framed all of the purest Jeat, pummelled with silver and Jasper stones: And I omit the Pendants of gold, the Scutchions of Princes, and the Arms of Countreys that beautified her Tombe, the discourse whereof requires an Orators Eloquence or a Pen of gold dipt in the dew of Helicon, flowing from Parnassus Hill, where as the Muses do inhabit. Her Statue or Picture was carved cunningly in Alablaster and laid as it were upon a pillow of green silk, like to Pigmalions Idory Image, and directly over the same hung a silver Tablet whereon in Letters of gold was this Epitaph written:

Here

HEre lies the wonder of this worldly Age,
For Beauty, Wit, and Princely Majesty,
Whom spiteful death in his imperious rage,
Procur'd to fall through ruthless cruelty,
For as she sported in fragrant Wood,
Upon a Thorney Brake she spilt her Blood.

Let Ladies faire and Princes of great might,
With silver pearled Teares bedew this Tombe,
Accuse the fatal Sisters of despight,
For blasting thus the pride of natures Bloome:
For here she sleeps within this earthly Grave,
Whose worth deserves a Golden Tombe to have.

Seven years she kept her pure Virginity;
In absence of her true betrothed Knight,
When many did persue her Chastity,
Whilst he remained in Prison day and night:
But yet we see that things of purest prize,
Forsake the Earth to dwell above the Skies.

Ladies, come mourn with doleful melody.
And make this Monument your setled Bower:
Here shed your brackish tears eternally,
Lament both Year, Month, Week, Day, Hour:
For here she rests whose like can n'er be found,
Here Beauties pride lies Buried in the Ground:

Her wounded heart that yet doth freshly bleed,
Hath caus'd seven Knights a journey far to take,
To fair *Jerusalem*, in Pilgrims weed,
The fury of her angry Ghost to slake:
Because their silvaine sports was chiefest guilt.
And only cause her blood was timeless spilt.

Thus after the Tombe was erected, and the Epitaph engraven on a Silver Table, and all things performed according to Saint

Saint George's direction, he left his Sons in the City of London, under the government of the English King: and in company of the other Sir Champins, he took his journey towards Jerusalem.

They were attired after the manner of Pilgrims, in russet Gaberdines down to their feet, in their hands they bore staves of Ebon-wood tipt at the ends with silver, the pikes whereof were of the strongest Lydian Steel, of such a sharpness, that they were able to pierce a Target of Tortoys Shell: upon their breasts hung Crosses of Crimson Silk, to signifie they were Christian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre of Christ.

In this manner set they forward from England in the spring time of the year, when Flora had beautified the Earth with Natures Tapestry, and made their Passages as pleasant as the Gardens of Hesperides, adorned with all kind of odoriferous Flowers. When as they strolled the Seas, the silver Waves seemed to lie as smooth as Christal Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the waters, as a sign of a prosperous journey. In travelling by Land, the ways seemed so short and easie, and the chirping melody of Birds made them such Musick as they passed, that in a short season they arrived beyond the Borders of Christendom, and had entred the Confines of Affrica.

There were they forced instead of Down-Beds, nightly to rest their weary Limbs upon heaps of Sun-burnt Sods: and instead of silken Curtains and curious Canopies, they had the Clouds of Heaven to cover them. Now their naked Legs and bare Feet, that had wont to stride the stately Steeds, and to trample in Fields of Pagans blood, were forced to climbe the craggy Mountains, and to endure the torments of pricking Briers, as they travelled through the desert places and comfortless solitary Wildernesses.

Many were the dangers that happened to them in their journey, before they arrived in Judea, Princely their Atchievements, and most honourable their Adventures: which for this time I pass over, leading the Champion for a time in their travel towards the Sepulchre of Christ, and speak what hapned to Sr. George's three Sons in visiting their Mothers Tombe in the City of London.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of the strange gifts that Saint *George*'s Sons offered at their Mothers Tomb, and what happ'ned thereupon: how her Ghost appeared to them, and counselled them to the pursute of their Father: also how the King of *England* Installed them with the honour of Knight-hood, and furnished them with Habiliments of War.

THe swift footed Steeds of Titans fiery Carr had almost finished a year, since Sabra's Funeral was solemnized: in which time St. George's three Sons had visited their Mothers Tomb oftner than were days in the year, and had shed more sorrowful tears thereon in remembrance of her love, than are Stars in the glittering Horizon: but at last these three young Princes fell at a civil discord and mortal strife, which of them should bear the truest love unto their Mothers dead body, and which of them should be held in greatest estæm. For before many days were expired, they concluded to offer up their several Devotions at her Tomb: and he that devised a Gift of the rarest Price and of the strangest quality, should be held worthy of the greatest Honour, and accounted the noblest of them all. This determination was speedily performed, and in so short a time, accomplished, that it is wonderful to discourse.

The first thinking to exceed his Brother in the strangeness of his gift, made repair unto a cunning Enchantress, which had abiding in a secret Cave adjoyning to the City, whom he procured (through many rich gifts and large promises) by Art to devise a means to get the honour from his Brethren, and to give a gift of that strange nature, that all the world might wonder at the report thereof.

The Enchantress (being wone with his promises) by Art and Magick spels, devised a Garland containing all the diversity of flowers that ever grew in Earthly Gardens, and though it were then in the dead time of Winter, when as the sliver Ickles had disrobed both Herbs and Flowers of their Beauties, and the Northern Snow lay frazing on the Mountain tops.

tops, yet was this Garland contrived after the fashion of a rich Imperial Crown, with as many several flowers as ever Flora placed upon the Downs of rich Arcadia: in diversity of colours like the glittring Rain-bow, when it shineth in greatest pride: and casting such an odoriferous scent and savour, as though the Heavens had rained down showers of Champher, Bils, or sweet smelling Amber-Greece.

This rare and exceeding Garland was no sooner framed by Enchantment, and delivered into his hands, but he left the Enchantress sitting in her Ebon Chair upon a block of Steel (practising her fatal Arts,) with her hair hanging about her shoulders, like wreathes of Snakes or invenomed Serpents: and so returned to his Mothers Tomb, where he hung it upon a Pillar of silver that was placed in the middle of the Monument.

The second Brother also repaired to his Mothers Tomb, and brought in his hand an Ivory Lute, whereon he plaid such inspiring melody, that it seemed like the harmony of Angels, or the celestial Musick of Apollo when he descended Heaven for the love of Daphne, whom he turned into a Bay Tree. The Musick being finished, he tied his Lute in a Damask Scarfe, and with great humility he hung it at the west end of the Tomb upon a knob of a Jasper Stone.

Lastly, the third Brother likewise repaired with no outward devotion or worldly gift: but clad in a Vesture of white Silk, bearing in his hand an instrument of death, like an innocent Lamb going to sacrifice, or one ready to be offered up for the Love of his Mothers soul.

This strange manner of repair, caused his other Brothers to stand attentively, and with diligent Eyes to behold his purpose.

First, after he had (submissively, and with great humility) let fall a showre of silver tears from the Cisternes of his eyes, in remembrance of his Mothers timeless Tragedy, he prickt his naked breast with a silver Bodkin, the which he brought in his hand, from whence their trickled down some thirty drops of blood, which he after offered up to his Mothers Tomb in a silver Bason, as an evident sign that there could be nothing

more

more dear, nor of more precious price, than to offer up his own blood for her Love. This Ceremonious gift caused his two other Brothers to swell in hatred like two chased Lyons, and run with fury upon him, intending to catch him by the hair of the Head, and to drag him round about their Mothers Tomb, till his brains were dashed against the Marble Pavement, and his blood sprinkled upon her Grave: but this wicked enterprize moved the Majesty of Heaven, that ere they could accomplish their intents, or stain their hands with his blood, they heard (as it were) the noyse of dead mens bones rattling in the ground, whereupon (looking fearfully about them) the Tomb seemed of it self to open, and thereupon to appear a most terrible and gastly Shape, pale, like unto ashes, in countenance resembling their Mother, with her breast besmeared in blood, and her body wounded with a number of Scarres, and so with a dismal and ruful look she spake unto her desperate Sons in this manner:

Oh you degenerate from natures kind! why do you seek to make a murther of your selves? can you indure to see my body rent in twain, my heart split in sunder, and my Womb dismembred? Abate this fury, stain not your hands with your own bloods, nor make my Tomb a spectacle of more death. Unite your selves in concord that my discontented soul may sleep in peace, and never more be troubled with your unbridled honour. Make hast I say, arm your selves in steeled Corslets, and fellow your valient Father to *Jerusalem*, he is there in danger, and distress of life; away I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this World, but hunt you up and down with gastly visions.

This being said, she vanished from their sight, into the brittle Eyr, whereat for a time they stood amazed, and almost distraught of wits, through the terrours of her words: but at last recovering their former senses, they all vowed a continual Unity, and never to proffer the like injury again, but to live in brotherly concord, till the dissolution of their Earthly Bodies.

So in hast they went unto the King: and certified him of all things that had happed: and falling upon their knees before his Majesty, requested at his hands the honour of Knight-

hood, withdrawe to depart in pursute of their Father, and the other Champions that were fallen into great distress.

The King purposing to accomplish their desires, and to fulfil their requests, presently condiscended, and not only gave them the honour of Knight-hood, but furnished them with rich habilements of War, answerable to their Magnanimous Minds. First, he frankly bestowed upon them three stately Palfrayes, bred upon the bright Mountains of Sardinia, in Colour of an Iron gray, beautified with silver hairs, and in pace swifter then the Spanish Jennets (which are a kind of Horse ingendred by the Winds upon the Alpes, certain cragged Mountains that divide the Kingdoms of Italy and Germany) for boldness and courage like to Bucephalus the Horse of Alexander the Macedonian, or Cæsars Steed, that never danted in the Field: and they were trapped with rich trappings of gold after the Morrocco fashion, with Saddles framed like unto Iron Chairs with backs of Steel, and their Foreheads were beautified with spangled Plumes of Purple Feathers, whereon hung many golden Pendents: the King likewise bestowed upon them three costly Swords, wrought of purest Lybian Steel, with Lances bound about with Plates of Brass, at the tops whereof hung silken Streamers, beautified with the English Crosse being the Crimson badge of Knight-hood, and honour of Adventurous Champions: Thus in this Royal manner rode these three young Knights from the City of London in company of the King with a Train of Knights and gallant Gentlemen conducted them to the Sea-side, where they left the young Knights to their future Fortunes, and returned back to the English Court.

Now are St. George's Sons floating on the Seas, making their first Adventures in the World, that after-Ages might applaud their Atchievements, and enroul their Fames in the Records of honour. Fate prosper them successefully, and gentle Fortune smile upon their Travels, for three braver Knights did never cross the Seas, nor make their Adventures into strange Countreys.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How Saint *George's* Sons after they were Knighted by the English King, travelled towards *Barbary*, and how they redeemed the Dukes Daughter of *Normandy* from Ravishment, that was assayled in a Wood by three Tawny *Moores*: and also of the Tragical tale of the Virgins strange miseries, with other accidents.

MAny days had not these three Magnanimous Knights endured the danger of the swelling Waves, but with a prosperous and successeful wind, they arrived upon the Territories of France: where being no sooner safely set on shore, but they bountifully rewarded their Marriners, and betook themselves fully to their intended Travels.

Now began their costly trapped Steeds to pace it like the scudding winds, and with their Warlike Hoofs to thunder on the beaten passages: now began true honour to flourish in their Princely breasts, and the renown of their Fathers Atchievements to encourage their desires. Although tender youth sate but budding on their cheeks, yet portly manhood triumpht in their hearts: and although their childish armes as yet never tryed the painful adventures of Knighthood: yet bore they high and Princely cogitations in as great estæm as when their Father slue the burning Dragon in Ægipt, for preservation of their Mothers life.

Thus travelled they to the further part of the Kingdom of France (guided only by the direction of Fortune) without any Adventure worthy the noting, till at last riding thorow a mighty Forrest standing on the Borders of Lutsinia, they heard (afar off as it were) the ruful cries of a distressed Women: which in this manner filled the Ayr with the Eccho of her moans.

Oh Heavens (said she) be kind and pitiful unto a Maiden in distress, and send some happy Passengers that may deliver me from these Inhuman Monsters.

This woful and unexpected Noyse, caused the Knights to alight from their Horses, and to see the event of this accident.

So after they had tyed their Steeds to the Body of a Pine Tree, by the Reins of their bridles, they walked on foot into the thickest of the Forrest with their weapons drawn, ready to withstand any assayment whatsoever: and as they drew neer to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breath forth this pity-moving lamentations, the second time:

Come, come, some courteous Knight, or else I must forgo that precious Jewel, which all the World can never again recover.

These words caused them to make the more speed, and to run the nearest way for the Maidens succour, Where approaching her present, they found her tyed by the locks of her own hair to the trunk of an Orange Tree, and three cruel and inhumane Negroes standing ready to dispeople her of her pure and undefiled Chastity, and with their lusts to blast the blooming Bud of her dear and unspotted Virginity.

But when Saint George's Sons beheld her lovely Countenance besmeared in dust, that before seemed to be as beautiful as Roses in Milk, and her Christial Eyes (the perfect Patterns of bashfulness) imbrewed in floods of tears, at one instant they ran upon the Negroes, and sheathed their angry weapons in their loathsome Bowels: the Lechers being slain, their bloods sprinkled about the Forrest, and their Bodies cast out as a Pray for Ravenous Beasts to feed on, they unbound the Maiden, and like courteous Knights demanded the cause of her captivity, and by what means she came into that solitary Forrest: Most noble Knights (quoth she,) and true renowned men at Arms, to tell the cause of my passed misery, were a prick unto my Soul, for the discourse thereof will burst my heart with grief; but consider your Nobilities, the which I do perceive by your Princely behaviour, and your kind courtesies extented towards me, being a Virgin in distress, under the hands of these lustful Negroes whom you have justly murthered, shall so much imbolden me, though unto my hearts great grief, to discourse the first cause of my miserable Fortune.

My Father (quoth she) whilst gentle Fortune smiled upon him, was Duke, and sole Commander of the State of *Normandy*, a Countrey now situated in the Kingdom of *France*, whose Lands and

Revenues

Revenues in his prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as stately a Train, both of Knights and gallant Gentlemen, as any Prince in *Urope*: whereat the King of *France* greatly envyed, and by bloody Wars deposed my Father from his Princely dignity, who for safegard of his life, in company of me his only Heir and Daughter, betook us to these solitary Woods, where ever since we have secretly remained in a poor Cell or Hermitage, the which by our industrious pains hath been builded with plants of Vines and Oaken boughs, and covered over-head with clods of Earth, and Turfs of Grass: seven years we have continued in great extremities, sustaining our hunger with the fruits of Trees, and quenching of our thirsts with the dew of Heaven, falling nightly upon fragrant Flowers: and here instead of Princely attire, Imbroidered garments, and Damask Vestures, we have been constrained to cloath our selves with Flowers, the which we have painfully woven up together.

Here in stead of Musick, that wont each morning to delight our eares, we have the whistling Winds resounding in the Woods, our Clocks to tell the minutes of the wandring nights, are Snakes and Toads, that sleep in roots of rotten Trees: our Canopies to cover us, are not wrought of *Median* Silk, the which *Indian* Virgins weave upon their silver Loombs, but the sable clouds of Heaven, when as the cheerful day hath closed her chrystal windows up.

Thus in this manner continued we in this solitary Wilderness, making both Birds and Beasts our chief Companions, till these mercilesse tawnny *Moores* (whose hateful Breasts you have made to water the parched Earth with streams of blood) who as you see came into our Cell, or simple Cabbin, thinking to have found some store of Treasure. But casting their gazing eyes upon my beauty, they were presently enchanted with lustful desires, only to crop the sweet bud of my Virginity. Then with furious and dismal countenance, more black than the sable garments of sad *Melpomine*, when she mournfully writes of bloody Tragedies, and with hearts more cruel than was *Neroes* the Tyrannous *Roman* Emperour, when he beheld the entrailes of his natural Mother laid open by his inhumane and mercilesse commandment, or when he stood upon the highest top of a mighty Mountain, to see that famous and Imperial City of *Rome* set on fire by the remorseless hands of his unrelenting Ministers, that

added

added unhallowed flames to his unholy furies.

In this kind I say these mercileſs and wicked minded *Negroes* with violent hands took my aged Father, and moſt cruelly bound him to the blaſted Body of a withered Oak, ſtanding before the entry of his Cell: where neither the reverend honour of his ſilver hairs, gliſtering like the frozen Iſikles upon the Northern Mountains, nor the ſtrained ſighes of his breaſt, wherein the pledge of wiſdom was Inthronized, nor all my tears, or exclamations could any wit abate their cruelties, but (grim Dogs of *Barbary*) they left my Father faſt bound unto the Tree, and like Egregians Vipers took me by the trammels of my golden hair, dragging me like a ſilly Lamb unto this ſlaughtering place, intending to ſatisfie their luſts, with the Flower of my Chaſtity.

Being uſed thus, I made my humble ſupplication to the higheſt Majeſty, to be revenged upon their cruelties: I reported to them the rewards of bloody raviſhments by the example of *Tereus* ſometime King of *Thrace*, and his furious Wife, that in revenge of her Siſters raviſhment, cauſed her Husband to eat the fleſh of his own Son. Likewiſe (to preſerve my undefiled honour) I told them that for the Rope of *Lucrece* the *Roman* Matron, *Tarquinius* and his whole name was for ever baniſhed out of *Rome*: with many other examples: thus like the Nightingal, recorded I nothing but Rape and Murther.

Yet neither the fears of Heaven, nor the terrible threats of Hell, could mollifie their bloody minds: but they proteſted to perſevere in that wickedneſs, and vowed that if all the leaves of the Trees that grew within the Wood were turned into *Indian* Pearls, and that place made as wealthy as the golden ſtreams of *Pactolus*, where *Midas* waſht his golden wiſh away, yet ſhould they not redeem my Chaſtity from the ſtain of their inſatiable and luſtful deſires.

This being ſaid, they bound me with the trammels of mine own hair to this Orange Tree, and at the very inſtant they proffered to defile my unſpotted body, you happily approached, and not onely redeemed me from their tyrannous deſire, but quit the world from three of the wickedeſt creature that ever nature framed. For which (moſt noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgins prayers may prevail, humbly will I make my ſupplications to the Deities that you may prove as valiant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that

your

your Fames may ring to every Princes eare, as far as bright *Hyperion* doth shew his golden face.

This Tragical tale was no sooner ended, but the three Knights (with remorseful hearts sobbing with sighes) imbraced the sorrowful Maiden betwixt their Arms, and earnestly requested her to conduct them unto the place whereas she left her Father bound unto the withered Oak. To which she willingly consented, and thanked them highly for their kindness: but before they approched to the old mans presence, what for the grief of his banishment, and violent usage of his Daughter, he was forced to yeld up his miserable life to the mercy of unavoyable death.

When St. Georges valiant Sons (in company of this sorrowful Maiden) came to the Tree, and (contrary to their expectations) found her Father cold and stiffe, devoyd of sense and feeling, also his hands and face covered with green Mols, which they suppose to be done by the Robin Red-breast, and other little Birds, who do use naturally to cover the bare parts of any body that they find dead in the Field, they all fell into a new confused extremity of grief.

But especially his Daughter, having lost all joy and comfort in this World, made both Heaven and Earth resound with her exceeding lamentations, and mourned without comfort, like weeping Niobe, that was turned into a Rock of stone, lamenting for the loss of her children: thus when the three young Knights perceived the comfortless sorrow of the Virgin and how she had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spent the remnant of her days in company of her Fathers dead body, they courteously assisted her to bury him under a Chesnut Tree, where they left her behind them bathing his senseless Grave with her tears, and returned back to their Horses, where they left them at the entry of the Forrest tyed to a lofty Pine, and so departed on their journey.

Where we will leave them for a time and speak of the seven Champions of Christendom, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of Jerusalem, and what strange Adventures hapned to them in their Travel.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Adventures of the Golden Fountain in *Damasco*: how six of the Christian Champions were taken Prisoners by a mighty Gyant, and how after they were delivered by St. *George*: and also how he redeemed fourteen Jews out of Prison: with divers other strange accidents that hapned.

LEt us now speak of the favourable clemency that smiling Fortune shewed to the Christian Champions in their Travels to Jerusalem. For after they were departed from England, and had journeyed in their Pilgrims Attyre through many strange Countreys, at last they arrived upon the Confines of Damasco, which is a Countrey not only beautified with sumptuous costly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of mans devise, but also furnished with all the precious gifts that nature in her greatest liberality could bestow.

In this fruitful Dominion long time the Christian Champions rested their weary steps, and made their abode in the house of a rich and courteous Jew, a man that spent his wealth chiefly for the succour and comfort of Travellors, and wandring Pilgrims, his house was not curiously erected up of carved Timber-work, but framed with quarries of blew stones, and supported by many stately Pillars of the purest Marble: the Gates and Entry of his House were continually kept open, in sign of his bountifull mind: over the Portal thereof did hang a brazen Table, whereon was most curiously engraven the Picture of Ceres the Goddess of Plenty, deckt with Garlands of Wheat, Wreathes of Olives, bunches of Vines, and with all manner of fruitful things: the Chamber wherein these Champions took their nightly reposes and golden sleep, was garnished with as many windows of Christal glass, as there were days in the year, and the walls painted with as many Stories as were years since the Worlds Creation: it was likewise built four square, after the manner of the Piramides in Greece, at the East end thereof was most lively

lively portrayed, bright Phœbus rising from Auroraes Golden Bed, with a glittering countenance distayning the Element for her departure. At the West-side was likewise portrayed how Thetis tripled upon the silver Sands when as Hiperions Car drives to the watery Ocean, and takes his nights repose upon his Lovers Bosom: on the North-side was painted high Mountains of Snow, whose tops did seem to reach the Clouds, and mighty Woods over-hung with silver-Ikkles, which is the nature of the Northern Climate.

Lastly, Upon the West-side of the Chamber, sate the God of the Seas, riding upon a Dolphins back, a troop of Mermaids following him, with their golden trammels floating upon the silver waves, where the Tritons seemed to dance about the Christal streams: with a number of the other silver scaled Fishes that made it seem delightful for pleasure.

Over the roof the Chamber was most perfectly portrayed the four Ages of the World, which seemed to over-hang the rest of the curious works.

First, The golden Age was pendant over the East: the second being the silver (a mettle somewhat baser) seemed to over-spread the freezing North. The third which was the Brazen Age, beautified the Western parts: The fourth and last of all being of Iron, (the very baest of them all) seemed to be fixed toward the Southern Climate.

Thus in this curious Chamber rested these weary Champions a long season; where their food was not delicious, but wholesome, and their services not curious, but comely: the curtious Jew their friendly Host, whom nature had honoured with seven comely Sons, daily kept them company, and not only shewed them the curiosities of his habitation, but also described the pleasant situation of his Countrey, how the Towns and Cities were adorned with all manner of delights, whereby they seemed like the Imperial Places of Jove, where are heard most delightful Harmonies, and the pleasant Fields and flourishing Meadows so beautified with Natures glad some ornaments, that they seemed for pleasure to exceed the Palaces of the great Turk, or any other Potentate whatsoever in the World.

Some days were spent away in this manner to the exceeding great pleasure of the Christian Knights, and evermore when the dark night approached, and the wonted time of sleep commoned them to their silent and quiet rests, the Jews Children, being seven as brave and comely Boys as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the seven Champions eares with such sweet and delicate melodies, gently strained from their Ivory Lutes that not Arion (when all the art of sweet Musick consented with his Tune, Voice, and Hand when he won favour of the Dolphin, being forsaked of men) was comparable thereto: whereby the Christian Champions were Inchanted with such delights that their sleeps seemed to be as pleasant as was the sweet joys of Elizium.

But upon a time, after the courteous Jew had intelligence how they were Christian Knights, and such admired Martial Champions, whom Fame had canonized to be the wonders of the World for Martial discipline and Knightly Adventures: and finding a fit opportunity as he walked in their companies, upon an evening under an Arbour of Vine-branches, he revealed to them the secrets of his Soul, and the cause of his so sad and solitary dwelling

So standing bare-headed in the middle of the Champions, with his white hair hanging down to his shoulders, in colour like the silver Swan, and softer then the Down of Thistles, or Pedan silk untwisted he began with a sober countenance and gallant demeannour to speak as followeth.

I am sure (quoth he) you invinsible Knights, that ye marvel at my solitary course of living, and that you greatly muse wherefore I exempt my self from the company of worldlings, except my seven Sons, whose sights be my chief comfort, and the only prolongers of my life. Therefore prepare your cares to entertain the strangest discourse that ever tongue pronounced, or over wearied old man in the height of his extremity delivered.

I was in my former Years (whilst Fortune smiled upon my happiness) the principal Commander and chief owner of a certain Fountain, of such wonderful and precious vertue, that it was valued to be worth the Kingdom of *India*: the water thereof was so strange in the operation, that in four and twenty hours it would convert

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any mettal, as Braſs, Copper, Iron, Lead, or Tin, into rich refined Gold: the ſtony Flint would turn into pure ſilver, and any kind of Earth into excellent Mettal. By the vertue whereof, I have made the leaves of Trees a flouriſhing Forreſt of Riches, and the blades of graſs valuable to the Jewels that be found in the Countrey of *America*.

The vertue whereof was no ſooner bruited through the World; but it cauſed many foreign Knights to try the adventure, and by force of Arms to bereave me of the honour of this Fountain.

But at that time nature graced me with one and twenty Sons, whereof ſeven be yet living, and the only comfort of my age: but the other fourteen (whom frowing Fortune hath bereave me of) many a day by their valiant proweſs and matchleſs fortitudes defended the Fountain from many great and furious aſſaylers: for there was no Knight in all the World that was found ſo hardy or of ſuch invincible courage, that if they but once attempted to encounter with any of my valiant Sons, they were either taken priſoners, or ſlain in the combate.

The Fame or their valours, and the riches of the Fountain rung through many ſtrange Countreys, and laſtly, came to the ears of a furious Gyant, dwelling upon the borders of *Arabia*: who at the report thereof came armed with his ſteely Coat, with a mighty Bat of Iron on his neck, like to furious *Hercules* that burſt the Brazen Gates of *Cerberus*, and bore the mighty Mountain *Atlas* upon his ſhoulders: he was the Conquerour of my Sons, and the firſt cauſer of my ſudden downfal. But when I thus had intelligence of the overthrow of fourteen of my Sons, and that he had made conqueſt of my wealthy Fountain, I with the reſt of my Children, thinking all hope of recovery to be paſt, betook our ſelves to this ſolitary courſe of life, where ever ſince in this Manſion or Hermitage we have made our abode and reſidence, ſpending our wealth to the relief of travelling Knights, and wandring Pilgrims: hoping once again that ſmiling fortune would advance us to ſome better hap: and to be plain, right worthy Champions, ſince then my hope was never at the height of full perfection till this preſent time, wherein your excellent preſences almoſt aſſure me that the hiddeous Monſter ſhall be conquered, my Fountain reſtored, and my Sons deaths (for dead ſure they are) revenged.

The Champions with great admiration gave ear to the strange discourse of this reverend Jew, and intended in requital of his extraordinary kindness to undertake this adventure. And the more to encourage the other, St. George began in this manner to utter his mind, speaking both to the Jew their Host and his valiant fellow Champions.

I have not without great wonder (most reverend and courteous old Man) heard the strange discourse of thy admirable Fountain, and do not a little lament that one of so kind and liberal a disposition should be dispossessed of such exceeding riches, neither am I less sorry, that so inhumane a Monster and known enemy to all courtesie and kindness should have the fruition of so exceeding great Treasure: for to the wicked, wealth is the cause of their more wickedness.

But that which most grieveth me, is: that having had so many valient Knights to thy Sons, they all were so unfortunate to fall into the hands of that Relentless Monster. But be comforted, kind old man, for I hope by the Power of my Maker, we were directed hither to punish that hateful Gyant, revenge the injuries offered to thine age, satisfie, with his death, the death of thy Children, if they be dead, and restore to thy bounteous possession that admirable rich Fountain again.

And now to you my valiant Champions I speak, that with me through many dangers have adventured: let us couragiously attempt his rare adventure, wherein such honour to our names, such happiness to our friends, such glory to God consists, in recovering right to the wronged, and punished rightfully the Wrongers of the oppressed. And that there be no contention among us who shall begin this adventure, for I know all of you thirst after honour, therefore lets Lots be made, and to whomsoever the chief Lot falleth, let him be formost in assayling the Gyant, and so good Fortune be our guids.

The exceeding joy which the Old Jew conceived at the speeches of Saint George, had nere hand bereft him of the use of sense, for above measure was he overjoyed. But at length, recovering use of speech he thus thankfully brake forth.

How infinitely I find my self bound unto you, you Famous and undoubted Christian Champions, all my ableness is not able to express:

press: only thankfulness from the depth of a true heart shall to you be rendred.

The Champions without more words disrobing themselves from their Pilgrims attire, every one selected forth an Armour fitting to their portly bodies, then ready in the Jews house, and instead of their Chon Staves, tipt with silver, they wielded in their hands steeled blades, and their feet that had wont to indure a painful Pilgrimage upon the bare ground, were now ready prest to mount the lofty Stirrop: but as I said, they purposed not generally to assail the Gyant, but singly every one to try his own fortune, thereby to obtain the greater honour, and their deeds to merit the higher Fame: therefore the Lots being cast among themselves which should begin the adventure, the Lot fell first to Saint Dennis the Noble Champion of France, who greatly rejoyced at his fortune, and so departed for that night to get things in readiness: but the next morning no sooner had the Golden Sun displayed his Beauty in the East, but Saint Dennis arose from his sluggish Bed and attyred himself in costly Armour, and mounted upon a Steed of Iron gray, with a spangled Plume of purple Feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Stars of Gold, resembling the Azure Firmament beautified with glittering Stars.

Where after he had taken leave of the other Champions and had demanded of the Jew where the Gyant had his residence, he departed forward on his journey, and before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, he approached to the Gyants presence, who as then sate upon a Block of Steel directly before the golden Fountain, satisfying his hunger with raw Flesh, and quenching his thirst with the juyce of ripe grapes.

The first sight of his ugly and deformed proportion almost daunted the valour of the French Champion, that he stood in a maze, whether it was better to try the adventure or return with dishonour back to his other fellow Knights. But having a heart furnished with a true magnanimity, he chose rather to dye in the encounter, than to return with infamy: so committing his trust to the unconstant Queen of Chance, he spurred forth

forth his Horse, and assayed the Giant so furiously, that the stroks of his sword sounded like a waighty blow hammered upon an Andile.

But so smally regarded the Giant the puissant force of this single Knight, that he would scarce rise from the place where he sate: but yet remembring a strange Dream, that a little before he had in his sleep which revealed unto him, how that a Knight would come from the Northern Climates of the Earth, which should alone end the adventure of the Fountain, and vanquish him by fortitude, therefore not minding to be taken at an advantage, he suddenly started up and with a grim and furious countenance he ran upon Saint Dennis, and took him, Horse, Armour, Furniture and all, under his left arm, as lightly, as a strong man would take a sucking Infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow Rock of stone, bound about with bars of Iron, standing neer unto the Fountain, in a Valley betwixt two mighty Mountains. In which Prison he closed the French Champion, among fourteen other Knights, that were all sons to the courteous Jew, as you heard before discoursed, and being proud of that attempt, he returned to the block of Steel, where we will leave him sitting glorying in his own conceit, and speak of the other Champions remaining in the Jews House, expecting the French Knights Fortunate return: but when the sable Curtains of darkness were drawn before the Christal Windows of the Day, and Night had taken possession of the Elements, and no news was heard of the Champions success, they judged presently that either he was slain in the Adventure, or discomfited and taken prisoner.

Therefore they cast Lots again which of them the next morning should try his fortune, and revenge the French Knights quarel, so the Lot fell to St. James, the Noble Champion of Spain, wherat his Princely heart more rejoyced than if he had been made King of the western World.

So in like manner on the next morning by break of day he attired himself in rich and costly armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a Spanish Gennet, in pace most swift and speedy, and in portly state like to Bucephalus the proud

sted of Macedonian Alexander: his Caparison was in colour like to the Waves of the Sea, his Bargonet was beautified with a spangled Plume of sable Feathers: and upon his breast he bore the Arms of Spain.

Thus in this gallant manner departed he from the Jews Habitation, leaving the other Champions at their Divine contemplations for his happy success, but his fortune changed contrary to his wishes, for at the Gyants first Encounter he was likewise born to the Rock of Stone, to accompany St. Dennis.

This Gyant was the strongest and hardiest Knight at Arms that ever set foot upon the Confines of Damasco, his strength was so invincible, that at one time durst encounter with any hundred Knights: But now return we again to the other Champion, whom when night approached, and likewise missing the company of St. James, they cast Lots the third time, and it fell to the noble Champion of Italy, St. Anthony, who on the next morning attired himself in costly habiliments of war and mounted upon a Barbarian Palfrey, as richly as did the Valiant Jason, when he adventured into the Isle of Colcos for the Golden Fleece, and for Medeas love: his Helmet glistered like and Isle Mountain deckt with a Plum of Ginger coloured Feathers, and beautified with many silver Pendants. But his shining glory was soon blemished with a cloud of mischance, for although he was as valiant as ever Brandisht weapon in the Fields of Mars, yet he found a disability in his fortitude, to withstand the furious blows of the Gyant, in such sort that he was forced to yeeld himself prisoner like the former Champions.

The next Lot that was cast, chanced to St. Andrew of Scotland, a Knight as highly honoured for Martial discipline as any of the rest: his Steed was clad with a Caparison after the manner of the Grecians, his Armour varnished with green Dyes, like the colour of the Summer Fields, upon his breast he bore a Cross of Purple Silk, and on his Bargonet a goodly Plume of Feathers: but yet Fortune so frowned upon his enterprize, that he nothing prevailed, but committed his life to the mercy of the Gyant, who likewise imprisoned him with the other Knights.

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The fifth Lot fell to St. Patrick of Ireland, as brave a Knight as ever nature created, and as adventurous in his atchievements: If ever Hector upon his Phrygian Steed pranced up and down the streets of Troy, and made that age admire his fortitude this Irish Knight might countervail his valour.

For no sooner had the silver Moon forsook the Azure Firmament, and had committed her charge to the golden burnisht Sun: but St. Patrick approached the sight of the Gyant, mounted upon his Irish Hobby, clad in a Corslet of proof beautified with silver Nayls: his Plum of Feathers of the colour of Virgins Hayr, his Horse covered with a Mayl of Orange tawny silk, and his Saddle bound about with Plates of steel, like to an Iron Chair.

The sight of this valient Champion so daunted the courage of the Gyant, that he thought him to be the Knight that the Vision had revealed, and by whom the Adventure should be accomplished: therefore with no cowardly fortitude he assayled the Irish Knight, who with as Princely Valour indured the encounter: but the unkind destinies not intending to give him the honour of the Victory, compelled the Champion to yeeld to the Gyants force, and like a captive to accompany the other imprisoned Champions.

The next Lot fell to St. David of Wales, who nothing discouraged at the discomfiture of the other Christian Knights, but at the morning Sun uprise into the azure Firmament glistered in his silver Armour before the Fountain, with a Golden Griffon shining on his breast, where he indured a long and dangerous combat with the Gyant, making the skies resound with Ecchoes of their stroaks but at last when the Gyant perceived that St. David began to grow almost breathless, in defending the huge and mighty blows of his steeled Bat, & chiefly through his long encounter, the Gyant renued his strength, and so redoubled his stroaks, that Saint David was constrained like to other Christian Champions to yield to the Gyants mercy.

But now the invincible and Heroical Champion of England St. George, he that was Fames true Knight, that Pap of Honour, and the Worlds wonder, remaining in the Jews Pavilion,

tion, and pondring in his mind the bad success of the other six Champions, and that it was his turn to try his Fortune the next morning in the Adventure: he fell into great contemplation; (quoth he) I that have fought for Christian Knights in Fields of purple blood, and made my enemies to swim in streams of crimson gore, shall I not now confound this bloody and inhumane Monster, that hath discomfited six of the bravest Knights that ever nature framed. I slew the burning Dragon in Egypt: I conquered the terrible Gyant that kept the enchanted Castle amongst the Amazonians, then fortune let me accomplish this dangerous adventure, that all Christians and Christian Knights may applaud my name.

In this manner spent he away the night, hoping for the happy success of the next days enterprize, whereon he vowed by the honour of his Golden Carter, either to return a worthy Conqueror, or to die with honour valiantly.

And when the day began to beautifie the Estern Elements with a fair purple colour, he repaired to the Jews Armory, and clad himself in a black Corslet, mounting himself upon a pitchie coloured Steed, Adorned with a blood-red Caparison, in sign of a bloody and Tragical Adventure: his Plume of Feathers was like a flame of fire quencht in blood, as a token of speedy revenge: he armed himself not with a sturdy Lance, bound about with Plates of Brass, but took a Javelin made of Steel, the one end sharpned like the point of a Needle, at the other end a Ball of Iron in fashion of a Mace or Club.

Being thus armed according to his wished desires, he took leave of the Jew and his seven Sons,, all attired in black and mournful Ornaments, praying for his happy and fortunate success: and so departed speedily to the Golden Fountain, where he found the Gyant sleeping carelesly upon his Block of Steel, dreading no ensuing danger.

But when the Valiant Champion Saint George was alighted from his Horse, and sufficiently beheld the deformed proportion of the Gyant: how the Hair of his head stood staring upright like the Bristles of a Wild Boar, his eyes gazing open like two blazing Comets, his teeth long and sharp like to Spikes of Steel, the Nails of his Hands like the Talants

of an Eagle, over which was drawn a pair of Iron Gloves: and every other limb huge and strongly proportioned, like to the body of some mighty Oak, the worthy Champion awakened him in this order.

Arise (said he) unreasonable deformed Monster, and either make delivery of the captive Knights whom thou wrongfully detainest, or prepare thy ugly self to abide the uttermost force of my warlike Arm and death prepared Weapon.

At which words the furious Gyant started up, as one suddenly amazed or affrighted from his sleep, and without making any reply at all, took his Iron Mace fast in both his hands, and with great terrour let drive at the most worthy English Champion, who with exceeding cunning & nimbleness defended himself from the danger, by speedy avoiding the violent blows, and withal returned on his Adversary a mighty thrust with the pointed or sharp end of his Javelin, which rebounded from the Gyants body, as if it had been run against an Adamantine Pillar.

The which the invincible Knight Saint George perceiving, turned his heavy round ball end of his Massie Javelin, and so mightily assailed the Gyant, redoubling his heavy blows with such couragious fortitude, that at last he beat his brains out of his deformed head: whereby the Gyant was constrained to yield up the Ghost, and to give such a hideous roar, as though the whole frame of the Earth had been shaken with the violence of some clap of thunder.

This being done Saint George cast his loathsome Carcass as a prey to the Fowls and ravenous Beasts to seize upon: and after very diligently searched up and down, till he found the Rock wherein all the Knight and Champions were imprisoned: the which with his steely Javelin he burst in sunder, and delivered them presently from their servitudes, and after returned most triumphantly back to the Jews Pavilion, in as great Majesty and Royalty as Vespasian with his Romane Nobles and Peers returned into the Confines of flourishing Italy, from the admired and glorious Conquest of Jerusalam and Judea.

But when the reverend Jew saw the English Champion

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return with Victory, together with his other six fellow Champions, and likewise beheld his fourteen Sons safely delivered, his joy so mightly exceeding the bounds of reason, that he suddenly swounded, and lay for a time in a dead trance, with the great exceeding pleasure he conceived.

But having a little recovered his decayed senses, he gladly conducted them into their several Lodgings, and there they were presently unarmed, and their wounds washed in white Wine and new Milk, and after banqueted them in the best manner he could devise. At which Banquet there wanted not all the excellency of Musick that the Jews seven younger Sons could devise, extolling in their swéet sonnets the excellent fortitude of the English Champion, that had not only delivered their captived Brethren, but restored, by that ugly Gyants deserved death, their aged Father to the repossession of his golden Fountain.

Thus after Saint George with the other six Champions had sojourned there for the space of thirty days, having placed the Jew with his Sons in their former desired dignities, that is, in the Government of the Golden Fountain; they cloathed themselves again in their Pilgrims attire, and so departed forward on their intended journey to visit the holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Of whose noble adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

CHAP. V.

Of the Champions return to *Jerusalem*, and after how they were almost famished in a Wood: and how St. *George* obtained them food by his Valour in a Gyants House, with other thing that happ'ned.

The Champions after this Battle of the Golden Fountain never rested travelling till they arrived at the Holy Hill of Sion, and had visited the Sepulchre, the which they found most richly built of the purest Marble, garnished curiously by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jasper, and Pillars of Jeat. The Temple wherein it was erected,

from seven degrées of Stairs down within the ground, the Gates whereof were of burnisht Gold, and the Portals of refined Silver, cut as it did seem, out of a most excellent beautified Alablaster Rock.

But in it continually burned a sweet smelling Taper, always maintained by twelve of the noblest Virgins dwelling in Judea attending still upon the Sepulchre, clad in Silken ornaments, in colour like to Lillies in the flourishing pride of Summer: the which costly attire, they continually wore as an evident sign of their pure and unspotted Virginities: many days offered up these worthy Champions their Ceremonious Devotions, to that sacred Tomb, washing the Marble Pavement with their true and unfained tears, and witnessing their true and hearty zeals, with their continual Volleys of discharged sighs.

But at last upon an evening, when Titans Golden beams begin to descend the Western Element, as those Princely minded Champions, in company of these twelve admired Maidens, knæled before the Sepulchre, offering up their Evening Orizons, an unseen voyce (to the amazement of them all) from a hollow Vault in the Temple uttered these words:

You Magnanimous Knights of Christendom, whose true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with reports of Fame, whose bare feet for the love of our sweet Saviour, have set more weary steps upon the parched Earth, than there be Stars within the golden Canapy of Heaven, return, return into the bloody Fields of War, and spend not the Honours of your time in this ceremonious manner, for great things by you must be accomplished, such as in time to come shall fill large Chronicles, and cause Babes as yet unborn to speak of your honourable Atchievements.

And you chast Maidens that spend your time in the service of your God, even by the plighted promise you have made to true Virginity, I charge you to furnish forth these warlike Champions with such approved Furniture as hath been offered to this Royal Sepulchre, by those travelling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Christendom. This is the pleasure of High Fates, and

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this for the redress of all wronged Innocents in Earth, must be with all immediate dispatch forthwith accomplished.

This unexpected voyce was no sooner ended, but the Temple (in their conceits) seemed strangly to resound, like the melody of celestial Angels, or the Holy Harmony of Cherubins, as a sign that the Gods were pleased at their proceeding: whereupon the twelve Virgins arose from their Divine contemplations, and conducted the seven Champions to the further side of Mount Sion, and there bestowed frankly upon them, seven of the bravest Steeds that they ever beheld, with Martial furniture answerable thereunto, befitting Knights of such esteem: thus the Christian Champions being proud of their good Fortunes, attyred themselves in rich and sumptuous Corslets, and after mounted upon their warlike Coursers, kindly bidding the Ladies adieu, betook them to the worlds wide journey. This travel began at that time of the year, when the Summers Queen began to spread her beauteous mantle among the green and fresh boughs of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all kind of small Birds flew round about, recreating themselves in the beauty of the day, and with their well-tuned notes making a sweet and Heavenly melody: at which time I say, these mighty and well esteemed Knights, the seven Champions of Christendom, took their way from Jerusalem, which they though to be most used: in which they had not many days travelled through the Desarts, and over many a Mountain top, but they were marvelously feeble for lack of their accustomed and dayly Victuals, and could not hide nor dissemble their great hunger, so that the War which they sustained with hunger, was far greater than the Battels that they had fought against their enemies, as you heard discoursed in the first part of this History.

So upon a Summers evening, when they had spent the day in great extremity, and night grew on, they happed into a thicket of mighty trees, when as the silver moon with her bright beams glittered most clearly, yet to them it seemed to be as dark as pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which should sustain them, and their face did shew and de-

clare

clare the perplexities of their Stomacks.

So they sat them down upon the green and fresh Hearbs, very pensive of their extream necessity, providing to take their rests that night; but all was in vain, for that their corporal necessities would not consent thereunto: but without sleeping they walked up and down for that night, till the next day in the morning that they turned to their accustomed travel and journey, thinking to find some food for the cherishing of their stomacks, and had their eyes always gazing about, to spie some Village or House, where they might satisfie their hunger and take their rests.

Thus in this helpless manner spent they away the next day, till the closing of the evening light, by which time they grew so faint, that they fell to ground with feebleness: Oh what a sorrow was it to St. George, not only for himself, but to see the rest of the Champions in such a miserable case, being not able to help themselves! and so parting a little from them, he lamented in this manner following.

Thou that hast given me many Victories: thou that hast made me Conquerour of King and Kingdoms: and thou by whose invincible power I have tamed the black faced Furies of dark *Cositus*, that maskt abroad the World in humane shapes: look down sweet Queen of Chance I say, from thy Imperial Seat: shew me some favour, and do not consent that I and my company perish for hunger and want of Victuals: make no delay to remedy our great necessity: let us not be meat for Birds hovering in the Ayr, nor our bodies cast as a prey for ravenous Beasts ranging in these Woods: but rather, if we must needs perish, let us die by the hands of the strongest Warriers in the universal World, and not basely here lose our lives with cowardly hunger.

These and such like Lamentations uttered this valiant Champion of England, till such time as the day appeared, and the sable curtains of coal black night were withdrawn. Then turned he to the rest of his Company, where he found them very weak and feeble: but he encouraged them in the best manner he could devise, to take their Horses and try the chance of their utmost unkind Fortune.

Although St. George as they travelled was ready to die by

the way, and in great trouble of mind for want of food, yet rode he first to one, then to another, comforting them, and making them ride apace: which they might very well do, for that their Horses were not so unprovided as their Masters, by reason of the goodly grass that grew in these Woods, wherewith at pleasure they filled them every night.

But this time the golden Sun had almost mounted to the top of Heaven, and the glorious prime of the day began to approach, when they came into a great field very plain, where in the midst of it was a little Mountain, out of the which there appeared a great smoak, which gave them to understand that there should be some habitation in that place.

Then the Princely minded Saint George said to the other Champions: take comfort with yourselves, and by little and little come forward with an easie pace: for I will ride before to see who shall be our Host this ensuing night. And of this, brave Knights and Champions, be all assured: whether he be pleased or no, he shall give us lodging and entertainment like travelling Knights, and therewithal he set spurres to his Horse, and swiftly scoured away, like to a ship with swelling sails upon the Marble coloured Ocean: his beast was so speedy, that in a short time he approached the Mountain, whereat the noyse and rushing of his Horse in running, there arose from the ground a mighty and terrible Gyant, of so great height, that he seemed to be a big grown Tree, and for hugeness like to a Rock of stone: but when he cast his staring eyes upon the English Knight, which seemed to him like two Brazen plates, or two torches ever flaming, he laid his hand upon a mighty Club of Iron which lay by him, and came with great lightness to meet St. George, but when he approached his presence, he thinking him to be a Knight but of small valour and fortitude, he threw away his Iron Bat, and came towards the Champion, intending with his Fists to buffet and beat out his brains, but the courage of the English Champion so exceeded, that he forgot the extremity of hunger, and like a couragious Knight raised himself in his Stirrops, otherwise he could not reach his Head, and gave him such a blow upon the Fore-head with his keen edged Fauchion, that he cut his

Head

Head halt in sunder, and his Brains in great abundance ran down his deformed body: so that amazed he fell to the ground and presently died. His fall seemed to make the ground to shake, as though a stony Tower had been overturned, for as he lay upon the Earth he seemed to be a great Oake blown up by the Roots with a tempestuous Whirlewind.

At that instant the rest of the Champions came to that place with as much joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowful.

And so when St. Dennis with the other Knights did see the greatnes of the Gyant, and the deformity of his body, they advanced his valour beyond imagination, and deemed St. George the fortunatest Champion that ever nature framed, holding that Adventure in as high honour, as the Grecians held Jasons Prize, when he returned from Colchos with Medea's Golden Fleece: and with as great danger accomplished as the twelve fearful labours of Hercules: but after some few speeches passed, St. George desired the rest of the Champions to go and see what store of victuals the Gyant had prepared for him.

Whereupon they concluded, and so generally entred the Gyants House, which was in the manner of a great Barn cut out of hard stone, and wrought out of a Rock: therein they found a very large Copper Cauldron standing upon a trevet of Steel, the feet and supporters thereof were as big as great Iron Pillars, under the same burned such a huge flaming fire, that it sparkled like the fiery Furnace in burning Acharon.

Within the Cauldron were boyling the flesh of two fat Bullocks, prepared only for the Gyants dinner: the sight of this ensuing Banquet gave them such comfort, that every one fell to work, hoping for their travel to eat part of the meat, one turned the Beef in the Cauldron: another encreased the fire, and others pulled out the Coals so that their was not any idle in hope of the benefit to come.

The hunger they had, and their desire to eat, caused them to fall to their meat before it was half ready, as though that it had been over sodden: the two Knights of Wales and Ireland, not intending to dine without Bread and Drink, searched in a

secret

secret hollow Cave, whereas they found two great Loaves of Bread, as big in compass as the circle of a well, and two great Flagons full of as good Wine as ever they tasted, the which with great joy and pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the great and exceeding contentment of the other Champions.

Instead of knives to cut their Victuals, St. George used his Curtle-Axe which had lately been stained with the hatefull Gyants detested blood, and imbrewed with his loathsome brains.

Thus, and after this manner qualified they the pinching pains and torments of hunger, whereof they took as joyful a repast as if they had banqueted in the richest Kings Pallace in the World.

So being joyful for their good and happy fortunes, Saint George requested the Champions to take Horse, and mounted himself upon his Palfrey, and so they travelled from thence thorow a narrow path, which seemed to be used by the Gyant, and so with great delight they travelled all the rest of that day, till night closed in the Beauty of the Heavens: at which time they had got to the top of a high Mountain, from whence a little before night they did discover marvellous and great Playns, the which were inhabited with fair Cities and Towns: at which sight these Christian Champions received great contentment and joy, and so without any staying, they made hast onward on their journey till such time as they came to a low Valley lying betwixt two running Rivers: where in the middest of the way they found an Image of fine Chrystal, the Picture and lively form of a beautiful Virgin, which seemed to be wrought by the hands of some most excellent Workman, all to bespotted with blood.

And it appeared by the wounds that were cunningly formed in the same Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had suffered torments, as well with terrible cutting of Irons, as cruel Whippings: the Ladies Legs and Arms did seem as though they had been Martyred, and wrung with Cords, and about the neck, as though she had been forcibly strangled with a Napkin or towel. The Chrystal Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black Cloathes, under an Arbour of purple

Roſes: by the curious fair formed Image, ſat a goodly aged Man in a Chair of Cypreſs Wood, his Attyre was after the manner of the Arcadian Shepheards, not curious but comely, yet of a black and ſable colour, as a ſure ſign of ſome deadly diſcontent, his hair hung down below his ſhoulders, like untwiſted Silk, in whitneſs like Down of Thiſtles, his beard over grown, dangling down as it were frozen Iſikles upon a Hauthorn Tree, his face wrinkled and over-worn with age, and his eyes almoſt bling bewailing the griefs and ſorrows of his heart.

Which ſtrange and woful ſpectacle, when the Chriſtian Champions earneſtly beheld, they could not by any manner of means refrain from the ſhedding ſome few ſorrowful tears, in ſeeing before them the Picture of a woman, of ſuch excellent beauty, which had been oppreſſed with cruelty. But the pitiful Engliſh Knight had the greateſt compaſſion, when he beheld the counterfeit of this tormented Creature, who taking truce with his ſorrowful heart, he courteouſly deſired the old Father, ſiting by this woful ſpectacle, to tell the cauſe of his ſorrow, and the diſcourſe of that Ladies paſſed Fortunes, for whoſe ſake he ſeemed to ſpend his days in that ſolitary order: to whom the Old Man with a number of ſighs thus kindly replied:

Brave Knights, for ſo you ſeem by your courteſies and behaviours, to tell the ſtory of my bitter Woes, and the cauſes of my endleſs ſorrows, will conſtrain a ſpring of tears to trickle from the conduits of my aged eyes, and make the manſion of my heart rive in twain, in remembring of my undeſerved Miſeries: as many drops of blood hath fallen from my heart, as there be ſilver Hairs upon my Head, and as many ſighes have I ſtrained from my breaſt, as there be minutes in a year, for thrice ſeven hundred times the Winters Froſts hath nipt the Mountain tops ſince firſt I made thoſe ruful lamentations: during all which time I have ſat before this Chryſtal Image, hourly praying that ſome courteous Knight would be ſo kind as to aide me in my vowed revenge, and now Fortune I ſee hath ſmiled upon me, in ſending you hither to work juſt revenge for the inhumane murther of my Daughter, whoſe perfect Image lieth here carved in fine Chryſtal, as the continual object of my grief: and

because you shall understand the true discourse of her timeless Tragedy, I have written it down in a Paper-book with mine own blood, the which my sorrowful tongue is not able to reveal. And thereupon he pulled from his bosom a golden covered book with silver Claspes, and requested St. George to read it to the rest of the Knights, to which he willingly condescended, so sitting down amongst the other Champions upon the green grass, he opened the bloody written Book, and read over the Contents, which contained these sorrowful words following.

CHAP. VI.

What happ'ned to the Champions, after they had found an Image of fine Chrystal, in the form of a murthered Maiden: where Saint *George* had a golden Book given him, wherein was written in Blood, the true Tragedies of two Sisters: and likewise how the Champions intended a speedy revenge upon the Knight of the Black Castle, for the deaths of the two Ladies.

IN former times whilest Fortune smiled upon me, I was a wealthy Shephoard, dwelling in this unhappy Countrey, not only held in great estimation for my Wealth, but also for two fair Daughters which nature had made most excellent in Beauty: in whom I took such exceeding joy and delight, that I accounted them my chiefest happiness: but yet in the end, that which I thought should most content me, was the occasion of these my endless sorrows.

My two Daughters (as I say before) were endued with winderful Beauty, and accompanied with no less honesty: the Fame of whose vertues was much blazed into many Parts of the World: by reason whereof there repaired to my Shepheards Cottage, divers strange and worthy Knights, with great desire to marry with my Daughters. But above them all, there was one named Leoger, a Knight of a black Castle (wherein he now remaineth) being in distance from this place two hundred Leagues, in an Iland encompassed with the Sea.

This Leoger I say, was so entangled with the beauty of my

Daughters, that he desired me to give him one of them in Marriage: when I little mistrusting the treason and cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great honour that might redound thereof, for that he was a worthy Knight, as I thought, and of much fortitude: I quickly fulfilled his desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after Hymens Holy rites were solemnized in great pomp and state, she was conducted in company of her new wedded Lord to the Black Castle, more like a Princess in state, than a Shepheards Daughter of such low degree.

But still I retained in my company the youngest, being of far more beauty than her elder Sister: of which this trayterous and unnatural Knight was informed, and her surpassing beauty so excelled, that in a small time he forgot his new married Wife and sweet Companion, and wholly gave himself over to my other Daughters love, without consideration that he had married her Sister: So this inordinate and lustful love kindled and encreased in him every day more and more, and he was so troubled with this new desire, that he dayly devised with himself by what means he might obtain her, and keep her in despight of all the World: in the end he used this pilicy and deceit to got her home into his Castle: When the time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his wife should be delivered, he came in great pomp, with a stately train of Followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested me with very fair and loving words, that I would let my Daughter go unto her Sister, to give her that contentment which she desired, for that she did love her more dearly than her own Soul: thus his crafty and subtil perswasions so much prevailed, that I would not frame an excuse to the contrary, but must needs consent to his demand: so straight way when he had in his power that which his Soul so much desired, he presently departed, giving me to understand that he would carry her to his Wife, for whose sight she had so much desired, and at whose comming she would receive so great joy and contentment: her suddain departure bred such sorrows in my heart (being the only stay and comfort of my declining Age) that the

Fountains

Fountains of my eyes rained down a showre of Salt tears upon my aged breast, so dear is the love of a Father unto his Child: But to be short, when this lustful minded Caitiffe with his pompous train came in sight of his Castle, he commanded his Followers to ride forwards, that with my Daughter he might secretly confer of serious matters, and so staid lingring behind, till he saw his company almost out of sight, and they two alone together, then he found opportunity to accomplish his lustful desire, and so rode into a little Grove, which was hard at hand, close by a Rivers side, where without any more tarrying he carried her into the thickest part thereof, where he thought it most convenient to perform so wicked a deed.

When he beheld the Branches of the thick Trees to withhold the light of Heaven from them, and that it seemed a place as it were overspread with the sable mantles of night, he alighted from his Horse, and willed my welbeloved Daughter that she would likewise alight: she in whose heart raigned no kind of suspicion, presently alighted, and sat her down by the Rivers side, and washed her fair white hands in the streams, and refreshed her mouth with the Christal waters.

Then this dissembling traytor could no longer refrain, but with a countenance like the lustful King Thrace when he intended the ravishment of Progne, or like Tarquinius of Rome when he deflowred Lucrecia, he let her understand by some outward shewes, and dark sentences the kindled fire of love that burned in his heart, and in the end he did wholly declare his devillish pretence and determined purpose.

So my unmarryed Daughter being troubled in mind with his lustful Assaylments, began in this manner to reprehend him: Will you (said she) defile my Sisters Bed, and stain the honour of your House with Lust? will you bereave me of that precious Jewel, the which I hold more dear than my life, and blot my true Virginity with your false desires? Brought you me from the comfortable sight of my Father to be joy unto my Sister, and will you flourish in the spoyle of my true Chastity? Look, look, immoderate Knight, (I will not call thee Brother) look I say how the skies blush at thy attempts, and

see

ſée how chaſte Diana ſits upon the winged Firmament, and threatens vengeance for her Virgins ſake: waſh from thy heart theſe luſtful thoughts with ſhowers of repentant tears, and ſeek not in this ſort to wrong thy marriage Bed, the which thou oughteſt not to violate for all the Kingdoms in the World.

Then this accurſed Knight, ſeeing the chaſt and vertues Mayden to ſtand ſo boldly in the defence to her Virginity, with his rigorous hand he took faſt hold by her neck, and with a wrathful countenance he delivered theſe words: do not think ſtuborn Damſel to preſerve thy honour from the purpoſe of my deſires, for I ſwear by the Chryſtal Tower of Jupiter, either to accompliſh my intent, or put thee to the cruelleſt death that ever was deviſed for any Damſel or Maid: at which words the moſt ſorrowful and diſtreſſed Virgin, with a ſhowre of Pearled tears trickled down her ſeemly bluſhing cheeks, replyed in this order. Think not, falſe Traytour (quoth ſhe) that fear of Death ſhall cauſe me to yéeld to thy filthy deſires: no, no, I will account that ſtroak ten times more happy, and welcome to my Soul than the joys of Wedlock: then might I walk in the Elizian Fields amongſt thoſe Dames that died true Virgins, and not live to behold the bud of my Maidens glory withered with the nipping Froſts of thy unnatural deſires.

Thoſe words being well underſtood by the luſtful Knight, who with a countenance more furious than the ſavage Lyons in the Deſarts of Lybia, took her by the ſlender waſt, and rigorouſly daſht her body againſt the ground, and there withal ſpake theſe words: Underſtand, ſaid he, and be well perſwaded, thou unrelenting Damſel, that either living or dead, I will perform my will and intended purpoſe; for in my heart there burns a fire that all the water in the Seas can never quench, nor all the driſling clouds of rain, if they ſhould drop eternal ſhowers: but it is the water of thy ſweet Virginity that muſt quench my furious burning love: and thereupon in a madneſs he cut a great part of the Train of her Gown and bound it very faſt to the hair of her Head, which gliſtered like golden wyers, and dragged her up and down the Grove, till the graſs turned to a purple colour with the blood that iſſued from

from her body: by which cruelty he thought to enforce her to his pleasure, but she respected not his wicked cruelty, and the more he procured to torment her the more earnestly she defended her honour.

When this cruel and inhumane Monster saw that neither flattering speeches, nor his cruel threats were of sufficiency to prevail, he began to forget all faith and loyalty he owed unto the honour of Knight-hood, and the respect he should bear unto Women-kind, and blasphemed against Heaven, tearing her cloaths all to pieces, he stripped her stark neked, and with the Rains of the Bridle of his Horse, he cruelly whipped and scourged her white and tender Back, that it was ful of blew spots, and horrible circles of black and setled blood, with such extream cruelty that it was a very grievous and sorrowful sight to behold. And yet this did profit him nothing at all, for she continued in her former resolution.

He seeing that she still persevered in the defence of her honour he straight-ways like to a bloody Monster heaped cruelty upon cruelty and so took and bound her well proportioned legs, chrystalline Armes, straightly unto a withered Tree, saying, Oh cruel, and more cruel than any Woman in the World hath ever been: why dost thou suffer thy self to be tormented, and not give consent to procure thy ease? Dost thou think it better to endure this torment, than to live a most loving, sweet, and contented life? and therewith his anger so encreased, that he staring on her face with his accursed eyes, fired in such sort that he could not withdraw them back.

The which being perceived by this distressed Virgin, as one far more desirous of death than of life, with a furious voyce she said: Oh thou Traytor, thou wicked Monster, thou utter enemy to all humanity, thou shameless Creature, more cruel than the Lyons in the Desarts of Hircania: thou stain of Knight-hood, and the bloodiest wretch that ever nature framed in the World, wherein dost thou contemplate thus thy self? thou fleshly Butcher, thou unmerciful Tyger, thou Lecherous Hogg, and dishonourer of thy Progeny, make an end (I say) of these my torments, for now it is too late to repent thee, gore my unspotted breast with thy bloody weapon, and send my

soul

soul into the bosom of Diana, whom I beheld sitting in her Celestial Pallace, accompied with numberless Troops of Vestal Virgins, ready to entertain my bleeding Ghost into her pleasant Mansion.

This merciless Knight seeing the stedfastness that she had in the defence of her Honour, with a cruel and infernal heart took a silken Scarfe which the Damsel had girded at her Waste, and with a brutal anger doubled it about her neck and pinched it so strait, that her soul departed from her Terrestrial body.

O you Valiant Knights that by your Prowess come to the reading of this dismal Tragedy, and come to the hearing of these bloody lines contained in this golden Book: consider the great constancy and chastity of this unfortunate Maiden, and let the grief thereof move you to take vengeance of this cruelty shewed without any desert.

So when this infernal minded Knight saw that she was dead, he took his Horse and rode after his fellows, and in a short time he overtook them, and looked with so furious and direful a countenance, that there was none durst be so hardy to ask him where my Daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore me great affection for the kindness and courtesie I offered to him at his Ladies and my Daughters Nuptials, who having a suspition by the great alteration that appeared in his Master, and being very desirous to know what was become of the Damsel, for that he came alone without bringing the Damsel with him, neither could he have any sight of her: he then presently withdrew himself back, and followed the footings of the Horse, and ceased not until he came to the place where this cruelty was wrought: whereas he found the Maiden dead, at the view whereof he remained almost beside himself, in such sort that he had well neer fallen to the ground: the sorrowful Squire remained thus a good while before he could speak, but at last when he came again to himself, he began with a dolorous complaint to cry out against Fortune, because she had suffered so great cruelty to be committed upon this Damsel.

And making this sorrowful Lamentation, he unlosed her from the Tree, and laid her naked body upon part of her apparel, the which he found lying by, all besmeared in blood, and afterwards complained in this pittiful sort.

O cruel Knight (quoth he) what infernal heart remained in thy breast, or what hellish fury did bear thee company, that thy hands have committed this inhumane sacrifice! Was it not possible that this her surmounting Beauty might have moved thee to pitty, when it is of power to move the bloody Canibal to remorse, and constrain even Savage Monsters to relent? So with these, and other like sorrowful words the woful Squire spake unto the dead Corps, he cut down branches from the Trees, and gathered grass from the ground for to cover the Body, and left it lying so, that it seemed to be a Mountain of green Grass, or a Thicket of springing Trees, and then determined with himself in the best manner that he could, to dissemble the knowledge of the bloody fact: so he took his Horse and rode the next way towards the Castle, in which he rode so fast that he overtook the Knight and his company at the entring of the Gates, whereas the lustful Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any person, entred into his Closet, by reason whereof this kind and courteous Squire had time to declare all things he had seen to the new married Lady, and the dolorous end of the constant Damsel her Sister. This sudden and unlooked for sorrow mixed with anger and wrath, was such in the Lady, that she caused the Squire not to depart from the Castle, until such time as more occasion served, and to keep all things in secret that he had seen, she her self remained very sorrowful, making marvellous and great lamentation to her self all in secret, as if she would not be perceived, yet with a soft voyce she said.

Oh unfortunate Lady, born in a sorrowful hour, when some blazing and unlucky Comet raigned: Oh unhappy Destinies that made me wife unto so cruel a Knight, whose foul misdeeds have made the very Elements to blush: but yet I know that Fortune will not be so far unkind, but that he will procure a strange revenge upon his purple stained soul: Oh you immortal powers, revenge me on this wicked Homicide, if not, I swear that I will with mine own hands put in practise such an enterprize, and so stayn my unspotted heart with

-ıful murther, that all the Fates above, and all the bright Cœleſtial Planets ſhall ſit and look from their immortal Pallaces, and tremble at the terrour of my hate.

This being ſaid, ſhe took in her hand a Dagger of the Knights, and in her Arms her young Son, being but of the age of forty days, ſaying: Now do I wiſh ſo much evil unto the world, that I will not leave a Son of ſo wicked a Father alive: for I will waſh my hands in their accurſed Bloods, were they in number as many as King *Priams* children: And ſo in this ireful order entred ſhe the Chamber where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him tumbling upon his Bed from one ſide to the other, without taking any reſt, but in his fury rending and tearing the ſilken Ornaments, where with a ſorrowful weeping, and terrible voyce ſhe called him Traytor, and like a fierce Tygreſs, with the Dagger that ſhe brought in her hand, before his face ſhe cut the throat of the innocent Babe, and threw it to him on the Bed, and therewithal ſaid: Take there (thou Traytor) the fruit that thy wicked ſeed created in my Body, and then ſhe threw the Dagger at him alſo, in hope to have killed him, but Fortune would not that it ſhould take effect, for it ſtruck againſt the Teſtern of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her hands, which when the Lady ſaw that it nothing prevailed, ſhe returned upon her ſelf her out-ragious fury: ſo taking the bloody Dagger, ſhe thruſt it to her heart in ſuch ſort, that it parted it in two pieces, and ſo ſhe fell down dead betwixt his armes that was the occaſion of all this bloody cruelty.

The great ſorrow hereat that this falſe and unhappy Knight received, was ſo ſtrange, that he knew not what counſel to take: but thinking upon a ſevere vengeance that might ſucceed theſe cruel acts, he ſtraight-ways deviſed that the body of the Lady ſhould be ſecretly buried, which being done by himſelf, in the ſaddeſt time of the night, in a ſolitary Garden under his Caſtle Wall, he heard a hollow voyce breath from the deep Vaults of the Earth, this manner of Speech following.

For the bloody fact which thou ſo lately haſt committed, thy life draws

draws near to a shameful end: and thy Castle, with all thy Treasure therein shall be destroyed, or fall into the hands of him whose Daughters thou hast so cruelly Murthered.

Upon this he determined to use a secret policy: which was, to set Watch and ward in every passage near unto his Castle, and to arrest all such Travellers, as by adventure landed upon that Island, not suffering them to pass until such time as they had promised by Oath to aid and assist him, even unto death, against all his Enemies.

In the mean time, the aforenamed Squire which had seen and heard all the Tragical dealings that have been here declared, in the best wise he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very sorrowful and heavy News: judge here then Gentle Knights and ye beholders of this woful Tragedy, what sorrow I unfortunate Wretch sustained, and what anguish I received: for at the hearing thereof, I fell into a senseless swound, and being come again to my self, I all to besmeared my milk-white hayrs in dust, that before were as clear as tryed Silver, and with my tears, being the true signs of sorrow, I bathed the bosom of my Mothers Earth, and my sighs passed with such abundance from my tormented heart, that they staid the passage of my speech, and my tongue could not reveal the grief that my woful thoughts conceived.

In this dumb silence and sorrow of mind I remained three days, and three nights, numbring my silent passions with the minutes of the day, and my nightly griefs with the Stars when frosty bearded winter hath clad the Elements with sparkling Diamonds: but at last, when my amazed griefs were something abated, my eyes (almost blind with weeping) requiring some sleep, thereby to mittigate the sorrows of my heart, I made my repair into a certain Meddow adjoyning near unto my Cottage, where amongst the green springing Downs, I purposed to take some rest, and to lock up the Closets of my fearful eyes, with golden slumbers, thinking it to be the greatest content my sobbing heart required: But before I could settle my sences to a quiet sleep, I was con-

ſtrained to breath this woful Lamentation from my oppreſſed Soul.

Oh unhappy chance (quoth I,) oh cruel and moſt ſpightful Fortune! Why diddeſt thou not make me loſe this bitter and ſorrowfull life in my Child-hood? Or why didſt thou not permit and ſuffer me to be ſtrangled in my Mothers Womb, or to have periſhed in my Cradle, or at my Nurſes pap? then had my heart never felt this ſorrow, my ears heard the murther of my children, nor mine eyes had never wept ſo many helpleſs tears.

Oh you Mountains, you untamed Beaſts! oh you deep Seas, and you infernal Powers of revengeful Hell! come I ſay and willingly aſſiſt me in this mortal Tragedy, that theſe my aged hands, which never yet practiſed any heinous crime, may now be ſtayned in his accurſed blood that hath bereaved me of the prop and ſtay of declyned age, my Daughters (I mean) whoſe bleeding Ghoſts will never be appeaſed, nor never ſleep in quiet upon the joyful Banks of the *Elyzian* Fields, but wander up and down the World, filling each corner of the Earth with fearful and doleful clamours of murder and revenge, nor ever ſhall the furies of angry ſouls be pacified, until mine eyes behold a ſtream of purple gore run trickling from the deteſtible breaſt of that accurſed Raviſher, and that the blood may iſſue from his guilty heart like a Fountain with a number of ſprings, where the Pavements of his Caſtle may be ſprinkled with the ſame, and the Walls of his Turrets coloured with a crimſon hue, like to the ſtreets of *Troy*, when as her channels ran with blood: at the end of this ſorrowful lamentation, what for grief, and what for want of natural reſt, my eyes cloſed together, and my ſenſes fell into a heavy ſleep.

But as I lay ſlumbering in the green Meddows, I dreamed that there was a great and fierce Wild-man, which ſtood before me with a ſharp Fauchion in his hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat me thought I was ſo frighted, that I gave (in my troubleſome dream) many terrible ſhrikes, calling for ſuccour to the empty Ayr. Then me thought there appeared before my face a company of courteous Knights, which ſaid unto me, Fear not, old man, for we become from the ſouls of thy Daughter to aid and ſuccour thee, but yet for all this the Wild-man vaniſhed not away, but ſtruck with his Fauchion upon my breaſt, whereat it ſeemed to open, and then the wild Centaure put his hand into the gaping wound, and

pulled

pulled out my bleeding heart: where,at the ſame inſtant,me thought that one of the Knights likewiſe laid hold upon my heart, and they ſtrove together with much contention, who ſhould pull it from the others hands, but in the end, each of them remained with a piece in his hand, and my heart parted in two.

Then the piece which remained in the Wild-mans keeping, turned into a hard ſtone, and the piece which remained in the power of the Knight, converted into red blood, and ſo they vaniſhed away.

Then ſtraight after this, there appeared before mine eyes the Image of my Murthered Daughter, in the ſelf ſame manner and form as you behold her portrayed, who with a naked body all beſmeared in blood, reported unto me the true diſcourſe of her unhappy Fortunes, and told me what place, and where her body lay in the Woods, diſhonoured for want of Burial: Alſo deſiring me not of my ſelf to attempt the revengement, for it was unpoſſible, but to Intomb her Corps by her Mother, and cauſe the picture of her body to be moſt lively portrayed and wrought of fine Chryſtal, in the ſame manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it near unto a common paſſage, where Adventurous Knights do uſually travel. And aſſuring me that thither would come certain Chriſtian Champions that ſhould revenge this injury and inhumane murther.

Which words being finiſhed,me thought ſhe vaniſhed away with a grievous and heavy groan, leaving behind her certain drops of blood ſprinkled upon the Graſs: Whereat with great perplexity and ſorrow, I awaked out of my dream,bearing it in my grieved mind, not telling it, on not ſo much as to the vaſt Ayr, but with all expedition performed her bleeding Souls requeſt.

Where, ever ſince, moſt courteous and Noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely death, and my unhappy fortune,ſpending the time in writing her doleful Tragedy in blood-red lines, the which I ſee with great grief you have red in this Book of Gold.

Therefore moſt curious Knights, if ever honour encouraged you to fight in Noble Adventures, I now moſt earneſtly intreat you with your Magnanimous Fortitudes to aſſiſt me to take revengement, for that great cruelty that hath been uſed againſt my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this ſorrowful Hiſtory, Saint George with the other Champions, ſhed many tears, wherewith there did

encreaſe

encreaſe in them a further deſire of revengement, and being moved with great compaſſion, they proteſted by their promiſes made to the honour of Knight-hood, to perſevere ſpædily on their vowed revenge and determined purpoſe: ſo ſealing up a promiſe to their plighted Oaths, proteſting that ſooner ſhould the lives of all the famous Romans be raiſed from death, from the time of Romulus to Cæſar, and all the reſt unto this time, than to be perſwaded to return from their promiſes, and never to travel back into Chriſtendom till they had performed their vows, and thus burning with deſire to ſée the end of this ſorrowful adventure, Saint George claſped up the bloody written Book, and gave it again to the Shepherd, and ſo they proceéded forwards towards the Iſland where the Knight of the Black Caſtle had his reſidence, guided only by the direction of the old man whoſe aged limbs ſéemed ſo luſty in travelling, that it prognoſticated a lucky event in which journey we will leave the Champions for a time, with the wonderful proviſion that the Knight of the Black Caſtle made in his defence, the ſucceſs whereof will be the ſtrangeſt that ever was reported, and return and ſpeak of St. George's three Sons in the purſuit of their Father: where we left them (as you heard before) travelling from the confines of Barbary, where they redéemed the Norman Lady from the tawny Moors.

CHAP. III.

A wonderful and ſtrange Adventure that happ'ned to St. *George* his Sons, in the purſuit of their Father, by finding certain drops of blood, with Virgins Hair ſcattered in the Fields, and how they were certified of the injurions dealing of the Knight of the Black Caſtle againſt the Queen of *Armenia*.

MAny and dangerous were the adventures of the thrée young Princes in the purſuit of their Father Saint George, and many were the Countries, Iſlands, and Princes Courts, that they ſearched to obtain a wiſhed ſight of his Martial countenance, but all to ſmall purpoſe, for fortune neither caſt them happily upon that Coaſt where he with his

Famous

Famous Champions had their residence, nor luckily sounded in their ears the places of their Arrival.

In which pursuit I omit and pass over many Noble Adventures that these three Princes atchived, as well upon the raging Ocean, as upon the firm Land, and only discourse upon an accident that hapned to them in an Island bordered upon the Confines of Armenia, near unto the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter, upon which Coast after they were arrived, they travelled in a broad and straight path, until such time as they came to a very fair and delectable Forrest, whereas sundry creeping Birds had gathered themselves together, to refresh and shroud themselves from the parching heat of the Golden Sun, filling the ayr with the pleasures of their shrill tuned notes.

In this Forrest they travelled almost two hours, and then they went up to the top of a small Mountain which was at hand, from the which they discovered very fair and well Towred Towns, Princely Pallaces, very sumptious to behold: likewise they discovered from the Hill a fair Fountain wrought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed four Spouts running with Water, which fell into a great Cestern, and coming to it, they washed their Hands, refreshed their Faces, and so departed.

After they looked round about them on every side, and toward their right hand they espied amongst a company of green Trees, a small Tent of black Cloath, towards which these young Princes directed their courses, with an easie Pace, but when they had entred the Tent, and saw no body therein, they remained silent a while, hearkening if they could hear any stirring, but they could neither see nor hear any thing, but only they found the print of certain little feet upon the Sand, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose footsteps they were, for that they seemed to be some Ladies or Damsels: so finding the Trace, they followed them, and the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies seemed to haste, so long they pursued after the Trace, that at the end they approached a little Mountain, whereas they found scattered

tered about certain locks of yellow Hair, which seemed like threads of Gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with drops of blood, whereby they well understood, that in great anger they were pulled from some Ladies Head: likewise they saw in divers places how the Earth was spotted with drops of Crimsom blood: then with a more desire than they had before, they went up to the top of that little Mountain, and having lost the foot-steps, they recovered it again by gathering up the hair, where they had not travelled far upon the Mountain, but towards the Waters side they heard a grievous complaint, which seemed to be the voyce of a Woman in great distresse, and the words which the Knights did understand, were these:

O Love, now shalt thou no more rejoyce, nor have any longer dominion over me, for death I see is ready to cut my thred of life, and finish these my sorrowful lamentations: how often have I askt revengement at the hands of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath been the causer of my banishment, but yet she will not hear my Request! how oft have I made my sad complaints to Hell! yet have the fatal Furies stopt their ears against my woful crys.

And with this she held her peace, giving a sorrowful sigh: which being done, the three Christian Knights turned their eyes to the place from whence they heard this complaint, and discovered among certain green Trees, a Lady who was endued with singular Beauty, being so excellent, that it almost deprived them of their Hearts, and captivated their senses in the snares of love, which liberty as yet they never lost: she had her hair about her ears, which hung defusedly down her comely shoulders, through the violence she used against her self, and leaning her Cheek upon her delicate white hand that was all to besprotted with blood, which was constrained by the scratching of her nayls upon her Rosie coloured Face: by her stood another Damsel which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for she was clad in Virgin coloured Silk as white as the Lillies of the Fields, and as pleasant to behold, as the glistring Moon in a clear Winter freezing night: notwithstanding all this delectable sight, the three Princely Knights would not

discover

discover themselves, but stood closely behind three Pine-Trees which grew near unto the Mountain, to hear the event of this accident: whereas they stood cloked in silence, they heard her thus to confer with her beautiful Daughter:

Oh my *Rosana* (quoth she) the unhappy figure of him, that without pitty hath wounded my heart, and left me comfortless with the greatest cruelty that ever Knight or Gentleman left Lady: how hath it been possible that I have had the force to bring up thee, the child of such a Father which hath bereaved me of my liberty! O you Soveraign Powers, grant that I may establish in my mind the remembrance of the Love of thy Adulerous Father? Oh Girle, born to a further grief, here do I desire the guiders of thy Fortunes, that thy glistring beauty may have such force and power, whereby the shining beams thereof may take revengement of the dishonour of thy Mother: give ear dear Child, I say, unto thy dying Mother, thou that art born in the dishonour of thy generation, by the loss of my Virginity, here do I charge thee upon my blessing even at my hour of death, and swear thee by the band of Nature, never to suffer thy beauty to be enjoyed by any one, untill thy disloyal Fathers Head be offered up in Sacrifice unto my grave, thereby somewhat appease the fury of my discontented Soul, and recover part of my former honour.

These and such like words spake the afflicted Quæn, to the wonderful amazement of the three young Knights, which as yet intended not to discover themselves, but still to mark the event, for they conjectured that her woful complaints were the induction of some strange accident: Thus as they stood obscurely behind the Trees, they saw the young and beautiful Damsel give unto her dying Mother, Paper Pen and Ink, the which she pulled from her fair bosome, with which the grieved Quæn subscribed certain sorrowful Lines unto him that was the causer of her banishment: and making an end of her writting, they heard her (with a dying breath) speak unto her Daughter these sorrowful words following:

Come Daughter (quoth she) behold thy Mother at her latest gasp, and imprint my dying Request in thy heart, as in a Table of Brasse, that it never may be forgotten: time will not give longer respite, that with words I might shew unto thee my deep

affections, for I feel my death approaching, and the fatal Sisters ready to cut my threed of life asunder between the edges of their Shears, insomuch that I most miserable Creature do feel my Soul trembling in my Flesh, and my heart quivering at this my last and fatal hour, but one thing (my sweet and tender Child) do I desire of thee before I die: which is, that thou wouldest procure that this Letter may be given to that cruel Knight thy disloyal Father, giving him to understand of this my troblesome death, the occasion whereof was his unreasonable cruelty: **and making an end of saying this, the miserable Queen fell down, not having any more strength to sit up, but let the Letter fall out of her hand, the which her sorrowful Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Mothers Breast, she replyed in this sorrowful manner:**

Oh my sweet Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it adds a torment more grievous unto my Soul than the punishment which *Danaus* Daughters feel in Hell: I had rather be torn in pieces by the fury of some mercilesse Monster, or to have my heart parted in twain by the hands of him that is my greatest enemy, than to remain without your company. Sweet Mother, let these my youthful Years, and this green budding Beauty encourage you still to revive, and not to leave me comfortless, like an Exile in the World: but in the gloomy Fates do tryumph in your death, and abridge your breathing Trunk of life, and your Soul must needs go wander in the *Elizian* Shades, with *Trusa's* Shadow, and with *Dido's* Ghost, here I protest by the great and tender love I bear you, and by the due obedience that I own unto your Age, either to deliver this your Letter into the hand of my unkind Father, or with these my ruful Fingers to rend my heart in sunder: and before I will forget my Vow, the silver streamed *Tygris* shall forsake her course, the Sea her Tydes, and the glistering Queen of Night her usual changes: neither shall any forgetfulness be an occasion to withdraw my mind from performing your dying Requests: **Then this weak Queen (whose power and strength was wholly decayed, and her hour of death grew near at hand,) with a feeble voyce she said:** O you Sacred and Immortal Gods, and all you bright Cœlestial Powers of happiness, into your Divine bosoms now do I commend my dying Soul, asking no other revengement against the causer

of

of my death, but that he may dye like me for want of love.

After this the dying Queen never ſpeak word more, for at that inſtant the cruel Deſtinies gave end unto her life: but when Roſana perceived her to be dead, and ſhe left to the world devoid of comfort, ſhe began to tear the golden trammels from her Head, and moſt furiouſly to beat her white and Ivory breaſt, filling the empty Ayr with clamors of her moans, making the Skies like an Eccho to reſound her Lamentations, and at laſt taking her Mothers Letter into her hands, waſhing it with floods of tears, and putting it next unto her naked breaſt, ſhe ſaid: Here lie thou, near adjoyning to my bleeding heart, never be removed untill I have performed my dying Mothers Teſtament. Oh works, and the laſt work of thoſe her dying hands, here do I ſwear by the honour of true Virgins, not to part it from my grieved boſom, until ſuch time as love hath rent the diſloyall heart of my unkind Father; and ſpeaking this ſhe kiſſed it a thouſand times, breathing forth millions of ſighs, and ſo with a bluſhing countenance, as radiant as Aurora's glitſtring Beams, ſhe roſe and ſaid to her ſelf: What is this *Roſana*, doſt thou think to recal thy Mothers life with ceremonious complaints, and not perform that which by her was commanded thee? Ariſe, ariſe, I ſay, gather unto thy ſelf ſtrength and courage, and wander up and down the World, till thou haſt found thy diſloyal Father, as thy true heart hath promiſed to do.

Theſe words were no ſooner finiſhed, but Saint George's Sons like men whoſe hearts were almoſt overcome with grief, came from the Pine-Trees, and diſcovered themſelves to the Damſel, and courteouſly requeſted her to diſcourſe the ſtory of all her paſſed miſeries, and as they were true Chriſtian Knights, they promiſed her (if it lay in their powers) to releaſe her ſorrows, and to give end unto her miſeries. Roſana when ſhe beheld theſe courteous and well demeanor'd Knights, which in her conceat carried relenting minds, and conſidering how kindly they deſired to be partners in her griefs, ſhe ſtood not upon curious terms, nor upon vain exceptions, but moſt willingly condeſcended to their requeſts: ſo when they had prepared their ears to entertain her ſad and ſorrowful Diſcourſe, with a ſober coun-

tenance, she began in this manner:

Lately, I was (quoth she, whilst Fortune smiled on me) the only child and daughter of this liveless Queen that you behold here lying dead, and she before my Birth whilst Fortune granted her prosperity, was the Maiden Queen of a Countrey called *Armenia*, adjoyning near unto this unhappy Island: whom in her young years when her Beauty began to flourish, and her high renown to mont upon the Wings of Fame, she was so intrapped with the golden bait of blind *Cupid*, and so intangled with the love of a disloyal Knight called the Knight of the Black Castle, who after he had flourisht in the spoyle of her Virginity, and had left his fruitful Seed springing in her Womb, grew weary of her love, and most discourteously left her as a shame unto her Counrrey, and a stain unto her kindred, and after gave himself to such lustful and lascivious manner of life, that he unlawfully marryed a Shepheards Daughter in a Forraign Land, and likewise ravished her own Sister, and after committed her to most inhumane slaughter in a Desart Wood: this being done, he fortified himself in his Black Castle, and onely conforted with a cunning Negromancer, whose skill in Magick is now grown so excellent, that all the Knights in the World can never conquer the Castle, where ever since he hath remained in despight of the whole Earth.

But now speak I of the Tragical story of my unhappy Mother. When as I, her unfortunate Babe began first to struggle in her Womb, wherein I wish I had been strangled: she heard news of her Knights ill demeanour, and how he had given himself to the spoyle of Virginity, and had for ever left her love, never intending to return again; the grief whereof so troubled her mind, that she could not in any wise dissemble it, and so upon a time being amongst her Ladies, calling to remembrance her spotted Virginity, and the Seed of dishonour plainted in her Womb, she fell into a wonderful and strange Trance, as though she hath been oppressed with sudden death, which when her Ladies and Damsels beheld, they presently determined to unbrace her rich Ornaments, and to carry her unto her Bed, but she made signs with her hands that they should depart and leave her alone, whose commandment was straightway obeyed, not without great sorrow of them all, for their loves were dear unto her. This afflicted Queen, when she saw that she was alone, began

to exclaim against her Fortune, reviling the Fates with bitter exclamations.

Oh unconstant Queen of Chance (said she) thou that hast warped such strang Webs in my Kingdom, thou that gavest my honour to that Tyrants lust, which without all remorse hath left me comfortless, it is thou that didst constrain me to set my life to sale, and so sell my honour as it were with the Cryer, compelling me to do that which hath spotted my Princely Estate, and stained my bright honour with black infamy: woe is me for Virginity! that which my Parents gave me charge to have respect unto, but I have carelesly kept it, and small regarded it: I will therefore chastise my body, for thus forgetting of my self, and be so revenged for the little regard that I have made of my honour, that it shall be an example to all noble Ladies and Princes of High Estate in the whole World.

Oh miserable Queen, oh fond and unhappy Lady! thy speeches be too foolish, for although thy desperate hand should pull out thy dispised heart from thy bleeding breast, yet can it not make satisfaction for thy dishonour.

Oh you Clouds! Why do you not cast some fiery Thunder-bolt down upon my head? or why doth not the Earth gape and swallow my infamous Body? Oh false and deceiving Lord I would thy loving and amorous words had never been spoken! nor thy quick-sighted Eyes never gazed upon my Beauty, then had I florisht still with glory and renown, and lived a happy Virgin of chaste *Diana's* Train.

With these and other like Lamentations this grieved Queen passed away the time from day to day, till at last she felt her Womb to grow big with Child: at the which she received double pain, for that it was impossible to cover or hide it, and seeing her self in this case, like a woman hated and abhorred, she determined to discover her self, publikely unto her subjects, and deliver her body unto them to be Sacrificed unto their Gods: and with this determination one day she caused certain of her Nobles to be sent for, who straight-way came, according to her commandment, but when she perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of honour were come thither before her, she covered her self with a rich Robe, and sate upon her

her Bed in her private Chamber, being so pale and lean, that all they that saw her had great compassion upon her sorrow: being all set round about her Bed, and keeping silence, she revealed to them the cause of her grief in this manner:

My Lords (quoth she) I shame to entitle my self your Queen and Soveraign, in that I have defamed the honour of my Country, and little regarded the welfare of our Common-wealth: my glistring Crown, me thinks is shaded with a cloud of black disgrace, and my Princely attyre converted into unchaste habilements: in which I have both lost the liberty of my heart, and withall my wonted joy, and now am constrained to indure perpetual pain, and an ever pining death: for I have lost my honour, and reaped nothing but shame and infamy.

To conclude, I have forgone the liberty of a Queen, and sold my self to a slavish sin, only mine own is the fault, and my own shall be the punishment. Therefore without making any excuse: I here surrender up my body into your Powers, that you may (as an evil Queen) sacrifice me unto our Gods: for now my Lord you shall understand, that I am dishonoured by the Knight of the Black Castle, he hath planted a Vine within my fruitful Garden, and also sown a Seed within my accursed Womb, that hath made *Armenia* infamous: he it is that hath committed hourly evils in the world, he it is that delights in Virgins spoyls, and he it is that hath bereaved me of my honour, but with my consent I must needs confesse, and left me for a testimony of this my evil deed, big with child, by which my Virgins glory is converted to a monstrous scandal: and with this she made an end of her lamentable Speech: And being grievously oppressed with the pain of her burthenous Womb, she sate her down upon her rich Bed, and attended their wils.

But when those Earls, Lords, and honourable Personages that were present, had understood all that the Queen had said unto them, like men greatly amazed, they changed their colours from red to white, and from white to red, in sign of anger, looking one upon another, without speaking any words, but printing in their hearts the fault done by their Queen, to the great disgrace of their Country, they without any further consideration, deprived her from all Princely Dignity, both of Crown and Regiment, and pronounced her perpetual banish-

banishment from Armenia, like subjects not to be governed by such a defamed Prince, that hath grafted the fruit of such a Tree within her Womb.

So at the time appointed, like a Woman forlorn and hated of all Companies, she stored her self with sufficient Treasure and betook her self to her appointed Banishment. After whose departure, the Armenians elected themselves another Prince, and left their lustful Queen wandring in unknown Ilands, big with Child, devoid of succour and relief, where instead of her Princely Bed covered with Canopies of Silk, she took her nightly reposes upon the green grass, shadowed with the sable Curtains of the Skies, and the Nurses that were provided against her delivery, were Nymphes and Fayries dancing in the night by Proserpines commandment. Thus in great grief continued she many days, contenting her self with her appointed banishment: making her Lamentations to whispering Winds, which seemed in her conceit to re-answer her complaints: at length the glistring Moon had ten times borrowed light of Golden Phœbus, and the nights clear Candle was now almost extinguished, by which time approached the hour of her labourSome Travel, where without help of a Woman, she was delivered of me her unhappy Daughter, where ever since I have been nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many times when I came to years of discretion, my woful Mother would discourse unto me this lamentable story of both our miseries, the which I have most truly declared unto you.

Likewise she told me, that many times in my Infancy, when she wanted Milk in her breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lyoness and sometimes a She-Bear, and gently give me suck, and contrary to the nature of Wild Beasts, they would many times sport with me, whereby she conjectured that the immortal Powers had preserved me for some strange fortune: Likewise at my Birth, nature had pictured upon my breast directly betwixt my two Paps, the lively form of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautifie my bosom with a vermillion colour: and this was the cause that my Mother named me Rosana, answerable to my natures mark.

After

After this we lived many a year in great distresse, penury, and want, intreating time to redresse our woes, more often then we had lived hours: the abundance of our tears might suffice to make watry Seas, and our sighs counterbail the Stars. But at last, the fatal Sisters listning to my Mothers moans, and to my great sorrows deprived her of her life, where now I am left a comfortless Orphant to the World, attending the time untill I find some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black Castle, where my disloyal Father hath his residence, that I may there perform my Mothers dying will.

These words being finished, Rosana stood silent, for that her extream grief hindred the passage of her tongue, and her eyes rained such a shower of pearled tears upon the lifeless body of her Mother, that it constrained St. George's Sons to expresse the like sorrow: where after they had let fall a few salt tears down from their sad eyes, and had taken truce for a time with grief, they took Rosana by the hand (which before that time never touched the hand of any man) and protested never to depart from her company till they had safely conducted her to the Black Castle.

Thus after this when the Christian Knights had pittifully bewailed the misery and untimely death of her Mother, they took their Daggers and digged a deep Grave under a Bay Tree, and buryed her Body therein, that hungry Ravens might not seize upon it, nor furious Bears tear it in pieces, nor Ravenous Harpies devour it, and after with the point of their Daggers, they engarved this Epitaph in the rinde of the Bay Tree. which words were these that follow.

The EPITAPH over the Grave of the unfortunate Queen of *Armenia*.

Here lies the Body of a helpless Queen,
Whose great good-will to her small joy did bring:
Her willing mind required was with teen:
Though she deserv'd for love a Regal King.
And as her Corps inclosed here doth lie,
Her luckless Fate, and Fame should never die.

So when they had made this Epitaph and covered her grave with green Turves, they departed forward on their journey towards the Black Castle, where we will leave them in their Travels, and return to the disloyal Leoger, and how he fortified his Castle by Magick Art, according to the learned skill of a cunning Negromancer, and of the adventure that hapned to St. George with the other three Christian Champions in the same Castle, therefore grant you immortal powers of invention, that my Pen may be dipt in the Water of that learned Fountain, where the nine Sisters do inhabite, that by the help of that sweet liquor my Muse may have a delightful vain, so that mixing the speech of Mercury, with the proves of Mars, I may discourse the strangest accident that ever hapned to wandring Knights.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the preparation that the Knight of the Black Castle made by Magick Art, to withstand his Enemies, and how the seven Champions entred the same Castle, where they were Enchanted into a deep sleep: so long as seven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the water of an Enchanted Fountain.

THe wicked Leoger, as you have read of before, being the Knight of the Black Castle, and one that for Wealth

and Treasure surpassed most of the Potentates, when he grew detested and abhorred in every company, as well by Noble Knights as Gallant Ladies, for the spoyle and murther of those three Virgin Dames, whose pittiful stories you heard in the two former Chapters, and fearing sudden vengeance to fall upon his head, he fortified himself strongly in his Castle, and with his Treasure hired many furious Gyants to defend it: wherein if they failed, and should chance to be overcome, he consorted with a wicked Negromancer, that he with cearms and spels should work wonders in his Castle, which magical accomplishments we will pass over till a more convenient time, because I purpose to explain the History in good order to the Reader.

First, speak we of Saint George with the other Christian Knights that came in revenge of the Shepherd and his unfortunate Daughter, who with good success arrived upon the shoar of the Island, where this wicked Leoger and the Magitian had Fortified their Black Castle, in which Country the Champions like the invincible followers of Mars, fearing no danger, nor the frowns of unconstant Fortune, betook themselves to the readiest way towards the Castle, in which journey they were almost ravished with the pleasure of the Island, for entring into a narrow and straight lane, garnished on both sides with Trées of divers sorts, they heard how the Summer Birds recorded their pleasant melodies, and made their swéet and accustomed songs without fear of any man to molest them. In which row of pleasant Trées that delighted them on both sides, there wanted not the gréen Lawrel, so much estéemed of learned Scholers: nor the swéet Myrtle Trée, loved by Ladies: nor the high Cypress, so much regarded of Lovers: nor the stately Pine, which for his flourishing height is called the Prince of Trées: whereby they judged it to be rather an habitation for Gods and Goddesses, than a terrestial Country, for that the Golden Sun with his glittering Beams did pass through those grén and pleasant Trées without any hindrance of black Clouds, for the skies wore clear as tryed silver: likewise the Western Wind did softly shake the shivering leaves, whereby it made as swéet a harmony as if they had

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bén Celestial Cherubins: a thousand little streamed brooks ran upon the enamled ground, making sundry fine works by their crooked turnings, and joyning one water with another, with a very gentle méeting, making such silver musick, that the Champions with the pleasure thereof were almost ravish-ed, and smally regarded whether their Horses went right or no, and travelling in this sort, they rode forward till they came into a marvelous great and wide Meddow, being of such excéding faireness, that I am not able with a Pen to paint out the excellency thereof: whereas were féeding both wild and tame Harts, adorned with great and cragged Horns: like-wise the furious Wild Boze, the fierce Lyon, and the simple Lambs, were all together, féeding with so great friendship, as on the contrary, by nature they were enemies.

Whereat the Noble Champions were almost overcome in their own conceits, and amazed in their imaginations, to see so strange love, clean contrary unto nature, and that there was no difference betwixt the love of wild Beasts and tame, in this manner they travelled along, till upon a sudden they arrived before the buildings of the Black Castle: and casting their eyes towards the same, they beheld near unto the principale gate, right over the Castle, twelve marble Pinacles, of such an excéding height, that the Pyramides of Egypt were very low in comparison of them: in such sort that whosoever would look upon them, was scant able with his sight to comprehend the height thereof, and they were all painted most gorgeously with several colours.

Down below under the Castle there was an Arch with a Gate, which séemed to be of Diamonds, and all was compassed about with a great Moat or Ditch, being of so great a depth, that they thought it to reach to the midst of the Earth, and it was almost two hundred paces broad, and every Gate had his Draw-bridge, all made of red Boords, which séemed as though they had bén bathed all in blood.

After this the Champions rode to the other side of this goodly Castle, wondring at the curious and sumptuous workman-ship, where they espyed a Pillar of beautiful Jaspe stone, all wrought full of precious Stones of strange works, the which

Pillar was of great vallue, and was garnished with chains of Gold, that were made fast unto it by Magick Art, at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly silver Trumpet, with certain letters carved about the same, the which contained these words following:

If any dare attempt this place to see,
By sounding this, the gate shall opened be;
A Trumpet here enchain'd by Magick Art,
To daunt with fear the proudest Champions heart:
Look thou for blows that entrest in this Gate,
Return in time; repentance comes too late.

The which when St. George beheld, and had understood the meaning of those mystical Letters, without any more tarrying, he set the silver Trumpet to his mouth, and sounded such a vehement blast, that it seemed to Eccho in the foundation of the Castle: whereat the principal Gate presently opened, and the Draw-bridge was let down, without the help of any visible hand, which made the Champions to wonder, and to stand amazed at the strange accident, but yet intending not to return, like Cowards daunted with a puff of wind, they allighted from their Warlike Steeds, and delivered them into the old Shepheards hands, to be fed upon the fragrant and green Grass, till they had performed the adventure of the Castle, the which they vowed either to accomplish, or never to return: so locking down their Beavers, and drawing forth their Keen-edged Fauchions, they entred the Gates, and being safe within, the Champions loked round about them to see if they could espy any body, but they saw nothing but a pair of winding Stairs, whereat they descended, they had not gone many steps, but therein was so great a darkness, that scarce they could see any light, so that it rather seemed the similitude of Hell, than any other worldly place, yet groping by the walls, they kept their going down those narrow and turning stairs, which were very dark, and at such lenght, that they thought they descended into the middle of the Earth.

They spent a great time in descending those Stairs, but in the

the end they came into a very fair and large Court all compassed with Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a Pallace provided to keep untamed Lyons, wherein casting their eyes up to the top of the Castle, they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Negromancer upon a large Gallery, supported with huge Pillars of Brass: likewise there were attending upon them seven Gyants cloathed in mighty Iron Coats, holding in their hands Bats of Steel: to whom the bold and venturous Champion of England spake with an undaunted courage and lowd voyce in this manner, saying.

Come down thou wicked Knight, thou spoyle of Virginity, thou that art invironed with these monstrous Gyants, these the wondring works of nature, whose daring looks seem to scale the clouds, much like unto the pride of *Nimrod*, when he offered to build up Babels confused Tower.

Come down I say, from thy Brazen Gallery, and take to thee thy Armour, thou that hast a heart to commit a Virgins Rape, for whose revenge we come; now likewise have a courage in thy defence: for we vow never to depart out of thy Castle, till we have confounded thee, or by thy force be discomfited.

At which words he held his peace, expecting an answer, whereat the wicked Knight when he heard these Heroical Speeches of St. George, began to fret and fume like to a starved Lyon, famished with hunger, or the cruel Tyger musling in humane blood, with a great desire to satisfie his thirst, or like the wrath of dogged Cerberus when as he feasted with Alcides Flesh; even so raged Leoger the Knight of the Black Castle, threatning forth fury from his sparkling eyes: and in this vile manner re-answered the Noble Champion of England.

Proud Knight (said he) or Peasant, whatsoever thou art, I pass not the smallest hair of my head, for thy upbraiding me with thy unruly tongue, I will return thy speeches on thy self, for the pavements of my Castle shall be sprinkled with thy accursed blood, and the bones of those thy unhappy followers shall be buried in the sinks of my channels. If thou hadst brought the Army of *Cæsar*, that made all Lands to tremble where he came, yet were they but as a blast of wind unto my force; Seest thou not my Gyants which stand

like

like Oaks upon our Brazen Gallery! they at my commandment shall take you from the places where you stand: and throw you over the Walls of this my Castle, in such sort, that they shall make you flee into the Ayr, more than ten fathoms high. And for that thou hast upbraided me with the disgrace done unto a Virgin, I tell thee, if I had thy Mother here, of whom thou tookest first the Ayr of life, my hand should split her womb, that thou mightest see the Bed of thy conception, as *Nero* did in *Rome*: or if thy wife and children were here present before thy face, I would abridge their lives, that thy accursed eyes might be witnesses of their bloody Murthers: so much wrath and hate rageth in my heart, that all the blood in thy body cannot wash it thence.

At which words the Gyants which he had hyred to defend him from his Foes, came unto him very strongly armed with sturdy weapons in their hands, and requested him to be quiet, and to abate his so incensed danger, and they would fetch unto his presence all those braving Knights that were the occasion of his disquietness and anger: and so without tarrying for an answer, they departed down into the Court, and left the Knight of the Castle with the Magician, standing still upon the Gallery to behold the following encounters.

But when the Gyants approached the Champions presence, and saw them so well proportioned and furnished, and Knights of so gallent Statures, they flourished about their knotty Clubs, and purposed not to spend the time in words but in blows.

Then one of the fiercest and cruellest Gyants of them all (which was called Brandamond) seeing Siant George to be the forwardest in the enterprize, and judged him to be the Knight that had so braved his Lord, he began with a stern countenance to speak unto him in this manner: Art thou that bold Knight (said the Gyant) that with thy witless words hast so angred the mighty *Leoger* the Lord of this Castle? If thou be, I advise thee by submission to seek to appease his furious wrath before revengment be taken upon thy person.

Also I do charge thee (that if thou wilt remain with thy life) that thou dost leave thy Armour and yield thy self with all these followers, with their hands bound behind them, and go and ask forgiveness

at his feet: To which Saint George with a smiling countenance answered: Gyant (said he) thy counsel I do not like, nor thy advice well I receive, but rather do we hope to send thee and all thy followers, without tongues to the infernal King of fiery *Phlegeton*, and for that you shall not have any more time to speak such folly and foolishness, either return your ways from whence you came, and repent of this which you have said, or else prepare your selves to a mortal Battel.

The Gyants when they heard the Champions resolutions, and how slightly they regarded their proffers, without any longer tarrying they straight way fell upon Saint George and his Company, intending with their knotty Bats of Stéell to beat them as small as flesh unto the Pot, but the Quéen of chance so smiled upon the Christian Champions, that the Gyants smally prevoiled, for betwixt them was fought a long and terible battel, in such danger that the victory hung wavering on both sides not knowing to whom it would fall: the Bats and Fauchions made such a noyse upon one anothers Armour, that they sounded like to the blows of the Cyclops working upon their Anvils: and of every blow they gave, fire flew from their Stéeled Corslets, like sparkles from the flaming Furnaces in Hell, the skies resounded back the Ecchoes of their stroaks, and the ground shook as though it had béen oppressed with an Earth-quake: the pavement of the Court was overspread with an intermixing of blood and sweat, and the Walls of the Castle were mightily battered with the Gyants Clubs: by the time that glistering Sol, the days bright Candle began to decline from the top of Heaven, the Gyants (wearied in fight) began to faint, whereat the Christian Knights with more courage, began to encrease in strength, and with such vigour assayled the Gyants, that before the golden Sun had dived to the Western World, and the Gyants were quite discomforted and slain: some lay with their hands dismembred from their bodies, waltring in purple gore: some had their brains sprinkled against the Walls, some lay in Channels with their intrals trailing down in streams of blood: and some joyntless, with Bodies cut in pieces: so that there was not one left alive to withstand the Christian Champion.

Whereat

Whereat St. George with the other six Knights fell upon their knees, and thanked the immortal Rector of all good chance for their Victory.

But when the Knight of the Black Castle which stood upon the Gallery during all the time of the Encounter, and saw how all the Gyants were slain by the Prowess of those strange Knights, he raged in great wrath, wishing that the ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delivered into the hands of his Enemies, and presently would have cast himself head long from the top of the Gallery, thereby to have dasht out his brains against the pavement, had not the Negromancer, who likewise beheld the event of the encounter, intercepted him in his intended drift, promising to perform by Art what the Gyants could not do by force.

So the Negromancer fell to his Magick Spels and Charms, by which the Christian Champions were mightily troubled and molested, and brought in danger of their lives, by a fearful and strange manner, as shall be hereafter shewn.

For as they stood after their long Encounters, unbuckling their Armours to take the fresh ayr, and wash their bloody wounds received in their last conflict: the Magician caused by his Art a Spirit in the likeness of a Lady of a marvellous and fair beauty, to look through an Iron grate, who seemed to lean her fair face upon her white hand very pensively, and distilled from her Christal eyes great abundance of tears. When the Champions saw this beautiful Creature, they remained in great admiration, thinking with themselves that by some hard misfortune she was Imprisoned in those Iron Grates: at which this Lady did seem to open her fair and Christaline eyes, loking earnestly upon Saint George, and giving a grievous and sorrowful sigh, she withdrew her self from the Grate; which sudden departure caused the Christian Knights to have a great desire to know who it should be, suspecting that by the force of some Enchantment, they should be overthrown: but casting up their eyes again to see if they could see her, they could not, but they saw in the very same place, a woman of a great and Princely stature, who was all armed

armed in silver Plates, with a Sword girded at her waste, sheathed in a golden scabberd, and had hanging at her neck an Ivory Bow and a Guilt Quiver: this Lady was of so great beauty, that she seemed almost to excéd the other, but in the same sort as the other did, upon a sudden she vanished away, leaving the Champions no less troubled in their thought than before they were.

The Christian Knights had not long time bewailed the absence of the two Ladies, but that without séeing any body they were stricken, with such furious blows upon their backs, that they were constrained to stop with one knée upon the ground, yet with a trice they rose again, and loking about them to sée who they were that struck them, they perceived them to be the likeness of certain Knights, which in great hast séemed to run in at a dore that was at one of the corners of the Court, and with the great anger that the Champions received, séeing themselves so hardy entreatrd, they followed with their accustomed lightness after the Knights, in at the same dore: where in they had not entred three steps, but that they fell down into a déep Cave, which was covered over in such subtile sort, that whoever did tread on it straightway fell into the Cave, except he was advertized thereof before. Within the Cave it was as dark as the silent Night, and no light at all appeared: but when the Champions saw themselves treacherously betrayed in the Trap, they greatly feared some further mischief would follow, to their utter overthrows, so, with their swords drawn, they stood ready charged to make their defence, against whatsoever should after happen: but by reason of the great darkness that they could not sée any thing, neither discover wherein they were fallen, they determined to settle themselves against something, either Post, Pillar, or Wall, and groping about the Cave, they searched in every place for some other Dore that might bring them forth out of the darksome Den, which they compared to the Pit of Hell.

And as they went groping and féeling up and down, they found that they did tread upon no other things but dead mens bones, which caused them to stand still, and not long after they espyed a secret window, at the which entred a little clearness,

and gave some light into the Den, where they were, by which they espyed a Bed most richly furnished with Curtains of Silk, and golden Pendants, which stood in a secret room of the Cave, behung with rich Tapestry of a sable colour: which Bed when the Champions beheld, and being somewhat weary of their long fight which they had with the Gyants in the Court of the Castle, they required some rest, and desired to sleep upon the Bed: but not all at one instant, for they feared some danger to be at hand, and therefore Saint George as one most willing to be their Watch-man, and keep sentinal in so dangerous a place, caused the other Champions to take their reposes upon the Bed, and he would be as wakeful as the Cock against all dangerous accidents, so the six Christian Knights repaired to the Bed, whereon they were no sooner laid, but presently they fell into a heavy and enchanted sleep, in such sort that they could not be awaked by any manner of violence, not all the warlike Drums in Europe if they were sounding in their ears, nor the ratling thunder-claps of Heaven were sufficient to recal them from their sleeps: for indeed the Bed was inchanted by the Negromancers charms, in such manner that whosoever but sate upon the sides, or but touch the Furniture of the Bed, were presently cast into as heavy a sleep, as if they had drunk the juce of Dwaile, or the seed of Poppy: where we will leave them for a time like men cast into a Trance, and speak of the terrible adventure that hapned to Saint George in the Cave, who little mistrusting of their enchantments, stood like a careful guard, keeping the furious Wolf from the spoyle of the silly Sheep: but upon a sudden his heart began to throb, and his hair to stand upright upon his head, yet having a heart fraught with invincible courage, he purposed not to awake the other Knights, but of himself to withstand whatsoever hapned: so being in this Princely cogitation, there appeared to him as he thought, the shape of a Magician, with a visage lean, pale, and full of wrinckels, with locks of black hair hanging down to his shoulders, like to wreaths of envenomed Snakes, and his body seemed to have nothing upon it but skin and bones, who spake unto Saint George in this despightful manner: In an evil hour (said the Magician)

Magician) camest thou hither, and so shall thy lodging be, and thy entertainment worse: for now thou art in a place where as thou shalt look for no other thing but to be meat unto some furious Beast, and thy surmounting strenght shall not be able to make any defence.

The English Champion whose heart was oppressed with extream wrath, answered, O false and accursed Charmer (said he) whom ill chance confound for thy condemned Arts, and for whom the Fiends have digged and everlasting Tomb in Hell, what fury hath incenst thee, that with thy false and Devillish Charms thou dost practise so much evil against travelling and Adventurous Knights? I hope to obtain my liberty in despight of all thy mischief, and with the strength of this arm to break all thy bones in sunder.

All that thou dost and wilt do I suffer at thy hands, replyed the Negromancer: only for revengement that I will take of thee for the slaughter of my Masters Gyants, which as yet lie murthered in the Court, and that very quickly: and therewithal he went invisibly out of the Cave. So not long after at his back he heard a sudden noyse, and behold as it were a window opening by little and little whereas there appeared a clear light, by the which Saint George plainly perceived that the Walls of the Cave were dasht with blood, and likewise saw that the bones whereon they did tread at their first entry into the Den were of humane Bodies, which appeared not to be very long since their flesh was torn off with hard and cruel Téeth. But this consideration could not long endure with him, for that he heard a great crushing, and looking what it should be, he saw coming forth of another Den a mighty Serpent with Wings, as great in body as an Elephant, he had only two fèet which appeared out of that monstrous body but of a span length, and each foot had three claws of three spans in length, she came with her mouth open, of so monstrous and huge bigness, and so deformed, that a whole armed Knight, Horse and all might enter in thereat: she had upon her jaws two Tusks, which seemed to be as sharp as nèedles, and all her body was covered with sharp Scales of divers colours, and with great fury she came with her wings all abroad St. George although he had a valiant and undanted

mind, yet could he not chuse but be troubled at the sight of so monstrous a Beast.

But considering with himself, that it was then time and great need to have courage, and to be expert and valiant for to make his defence, he took his good cutting Sword in his hand, and shrouded himself under his hard and strong shield, and tarryed the coming of that ugly Monster.

But when the furious beast saw that there was a prey whereon she might employ her sharp teeth, she struck with her invenomus Wings and with her piercing Claws she griped, and laid fast hold upon Saint Georges hard shield, pretending to have swallowed whole this corragious Warriour, and fastning her sharp Tusks upon his Helmet, which she found so hard, that she let go her hold, and furiously pulled at this Target with such a strength that she drew it from his Arm: With that the English Knight struk at her head a mighty and strong blow with his Sword, but in no wise it could hurt her by reason of the hard scales wherewith it was covered, and though he gave her no wound, yet for all that she felt the blow in such sort, that it made her to recoyl to the ground, and to fall upon her long and hidious Tail: then this valient Knight made great hast to redouble his force to strike her another blow, but all was in vain, for that upon a sudden she stretched her self so high, that he could not reach her head: but yet kind Fortune so favoured his hand, that he struck her upon the belly, whereas she had no defence with Scales, nor any other thing but feathers, whereout issued such abundance of black blood, that it sprinkled all the Den about.

This terrible and furious Serpent, when she felt her self so sore wounded, struk at Saint George such a terrible blow with her Tail, that if he had not seen it coming it had been sufficient to have parted his body in pieces, the Knight to clear himself from the blow, fell flat upon the ground, for he had no time to make any other defence: But that terrible blow was no sooner passed over him, but straigtways he recovered his feet, at such time as the furious Serpent came towards him. Here Saint George having a great confidence in his strength, performed such a valiant Exployt, that all former Adventures that have

been

bæn ever done by any Knight, may be put in oblivion, and this kept in perpetual memory: for that he threw his Sword out of hand and ran unto the Serpent, and caught her betwixt his Arms, and did so squeeze her, that the furious beast could not help her self with her sharp Claws, but only with her wings she beat him on every side. This Valliant Champion and noble Warriour would never let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his arms continuing this perilous and dangerous fight, till all his bright Armour was imbrued with her bestial blood, by which occasion she lost a great part of her strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long indured this great and dangerous Encounter, and the infernal Serpent remained fast unto the noble and valiant brest of the English Knight, till such time as he plainly perceived that the Monster began to wax faint, and to lose her strength. Likewise it could not be otherwise, but Saint George waxed somewhat weary, considering the former fight he had so lately with the Gyant. Notwithstanding, when he felt the great weakness of the Serpent, he did animate himself with courage, and having opportunity by reason of the quantity of blood that issu'd from his wounds, he took his trusty sword and thrust it into her heart with such violence, that he clove it in two pieces: so this infernal Monster fell down dead to the ground, and carryed the Christian Champion with her, for that they were fast closed together, but by reason that the Serpent lacked strength, he quickly cleared himself of her Claws and recovered his Sword. But when he saw certainly he was clear from the Monster, and that she had yielded up her detested breath into the brittle ayr, he knæled down and gave thanks to the happy Quæn of Chance for his delivery. The venome was so great that the Serpent threw out to infect the Knight, that if his Armour had not bæn of a precious vertue, he had bæn impoysoned to death.

After the Victory was obtained and the Monster dead, he grew very weary and unquiet, and was constrained to sit and cool himself by a Well which was full of water, standing in a corner of the Cave, from whence the Monstrous Ser-

pent

pent first appeared and came forth. And when he found himself refreshed, he repaired to the Enchanted Bed whereupon the other six Champions lay sleeping, and dreamed of no such strange accident that had hapned to him: whom he purposed to reveal the true discourse of all dangers that had befaln him in that accident.

But no sooner approached he unto that enchanted Bed, and had set himself down upon the one end thereof and thinking to begin his discourse, but he presently fell into a heavy and dead slumber.

There will we leave them sleeping and dreaming upon the Enchanted bed, not to be wakened by any means, and return to the Negromancer, that was busied all the time of the Serpents encounter with Leoger, in burying of the dead Gyants, but he knew by his Art, that he Serpent was slain, and likewise Saint George oppressed with a charmed sleep in company of the other Champions upon the Enchanted Bed, from whence he purposed that they never more should awake, but spend the rest of their Fortunes in eternal sleeps.

Whereupon by his devillish Arts he caused Lamps to burn continually before the entry of the Cave, the properties whereof were so strange, that so long as the Lamps continued burning, the Champions should never be waked, and the fires should never be quenched but by the water of an enchanted Fountain, the which he likewise by Magick Art had erected in the middle of the Court guarded most strongly with Sprights: and the water should never be obtained but by a Virgin which at her Birth should have the form of a Rose lively pictured upon her Breast.

These things being performed by the secrets of the Magicians skill, added such a pleasure to Leogers heart, that he thought himself elivated higher than the Towers of his dwelling, for he accounted no joy so pleasing unto his Soul, as to see his mortal Enemies captivated in his power, and that the Magician had done more by his Art, than all the Knights in Asia could perform by Prowesse. We will not now only leave the Champions in their sleeps, dreaming of no Mishap, but

also

also the Magician with Leoger in the Black Castle, spending their time securely, careless of all ensuing danger, and speak now of the old Shepherd whom the Champions at their first entring in at the Gates of the Castle, left to look unto their warlike Palfries, as they fed upon the green grass: which old man, when he could hear no news of the Champions return, he greatly mistrusted their confusion, and that by some treachry they were intercepted in their vowed revengement, therefore he protested secretly with his own soul, if that for his sake so many brave Champions had lost their lives, never to depart out of those Fields, but to spend his days in such sorrow as did that haples King of Babylon, that for seven parching Summers, and as many freezing Winters was constrained to feed upon the flowers of the Fields, and to drink the dew of Heaven, till the hairs of his head grew as stiff as Eagles Feathers, and the Nails of his Fingers like unto Birds claws, the like extremity he vowed to endure until he either re-obtained a wished sight of these invincible Knights (the flowers of Chivalry) or else were constrained by course of nature to yield up his loathed life to the fury of those fatal Sisters: In this deep distress will my weary Muse likewise leave this old Shepherd mourning for the long absence of the English Champion, and the other Christian Knights, and turn unto St. George's valiant Sons, whom we left travelling from the Queen of Armenia's Grave with her unhappy daughter Rosana, to take revengement of her disloyal Lord being the Knight of the Black Castle, of whose villanies you have heard so much before.

CHAP. IX.

How Saint *George*'s three Sons after their departure from the Queen of *Armenia*'s Sepulchre, in company of her Daughter *Rosana*, met with a Wild-man, with whom there hapned a strange Adventure: and after how they entred the Black Castle, whereas they quenched the Lamps, and awaked the seven Champions of Christendom, after they had slept seven days upon an Enchanted Bed, with other things that chanced in the same Castle.

THe budding Flowers of Chivalry the valiant Sons of Saint George to perform their Knightly promises, and to accomplish what they had protested to Rosana, at the Queen her Mothers Grave, which was to bring her safely unto the Black Castle, where her unkind Father had his residence. First, they provided her a Palfrey or Jennet, bred upon the Borders of Spain, which was furnished with black Caparisons, in sign of her heavy and discontented mind, and his fore-head beautified with a spangled Plume of Feathers.

Where in her company they travelled day and night from the Confines of Armenia, with successful Fortune, till they happily arrived upon the Island of the Black Castle, where they were constrained to rest themselves many nights under the shadows of green leaved Trees, where the melody of silver tuned Birds brought to them sweet sleeps: and instead of delicate fare, they were forced to satisfie their hungers with sweet Oranges, and ripe Pomegranets, that grew very plentifully in that Island.

But at last, upon a morning, when the skies appeared in their sight very clear and pleasant, and at such time as when the Sun began to spread his glittering Beams upon the lofty Mountains and stately Cedars, they set forward on their journey, hoping before the closing in of the days bright countenance, to arrive at the Black Castle, being their long wisht for Haven and desired Port. But entring into an unknown way and narrow path not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderful Adventure.

For

For as they travelled in those untroden passages, spending the time in pleasant conference without mistrusting of any thing that should happen to them in that pleasant Island: upon a sudden (not knowing the occasion) their Horses started and rose up with their fore feet, and turned backward into the Ayr in such sort, that they had almost unsadled their Masters: whereat the valiant Knights upon a sudden looked round about them to see who or what it was that caused so much fear, but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should be the occasion of such terrour, they grew wonderfully troubled in mind. Then one began to encourage the rest, saying: Believe me Brethren, I much wonder what should be the cause of this alteration in our Horses, hath some Spirit glided by us? or remaineth some Devil among these bushes? Whatsoever it be, let us by the power and favour of all good luck attempt to know, and with our warlike Weapons revenge the frighting of our Horses, for our minds are not daunted by the prowesse of men, nor are we afraid of the fury of Devils.

These words being spoken with great courage and Majesty, caused Rosana to smile with a chearful countenance, and to embolden her heart against all ensuing accidents: so presently they came unto a River which was both clear and deep, the which they judged to run quite thorow the middle of the Island: and so travelling along by the River side where within a little while their Horses began again to startle, and to be wonderfully afraid: whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilent eyes, to see if they could perceive what it should be that made their Horses so timerous, they espyed a terrible Monster in the shape and form of a Satyre or a Wild-man, which did cross overthwart the Island, of a wonderful great and strange making, who was as big and broad as any Gyant, for he was almost four square: his face was three foot in length, and had but one eye, and that was in his fore-head, which glistered like a blazing Comet or a fiery Planet, his body was covered all over with long and shagged hair, and in his breast there was as though it had been glass, out of the which there seemed a great and shining light to proceed.

This Monster directed his way towards certain Rocks of Stone which stood in the Island, and by reason of the straggling and great noyse that the Horses made, he cast his head aside, and espyed the three Knights travelling in company of the Lady: upon whom he had no sooner cast his blazing eye, but with a Devilish fury he ran towards them, and in stead of a Club, he bare in his hand a great and knotty Marple Tree.

These valiant Knights never dismayd at the sight of this deformed Creature, but against his coming, they cheared up their Horses, and pricked their sides with their golden Spurs, giving a great shout, as in sign of encouragement, and withal drawing forth their sharp cutting Swords, they stood attending the fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotty Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light leaps cleared themselves from his violent blows, so that his Club fell down to the ground with a terrible fall: as though with the violence it would have overthrown a Castle.

With that the Knights presently alighted from their Horses thinking thereby more nimly to defend themselves, and with more courage to assaile the Satyre. Many were the blows on both sides, and dangerous the encounter, without sign of victory inclining to either party.

During the Battel, Rosana (through the grief and fear that she received (swounded upon her Palfrey, and had faln beside his back, if she had not first closed her hands about the pummel of the Saddle: and being come a little unto her self, she made humble supplication unto the Lady of Chance, soliciting her that she might rather be buryed in the Monsters bowels, thereby to satisfie his wrath, than to see such Noble Knights lose the least drop of blood, or to have the smallest hair upon their heads deminished: such was the love and true zeal she bore unto those three Knights.

But Saint George's Sons so manfully behaved themselves in the Encounter, bearing the Prowesse of their Fathers mind, that they made very deep wounds in the Monsters Flesh, and such terrible gashes in his Body, that all the green Grasse was covered with his black blood, and the ground

all

all to besmeared and strewed with his mangled Flesh.

When the Devillish Monster felt himself wounded, and saw how his blood stood upon the Earth like congealed goze, he fled from them more swifter than a whirle-wind, or like to an Arrow forced from a Musket, and ran in great haste to the Rocks that stood thereby, where presently he threw himself into a Cave, pulling down after him a Rock of Stone, which did close up the entry, the which was done with so great lightness, that the Knights had no time to strike him, but after a while wondring with themselves to see such a strange and sudden thing, they assayed by strength to remove the Stone, and clear the mouth of the Cave, which they did, not without great difficulty.

Yet for all that they could not find which way they might enter in thereat, but like unto Lyons fraught with anger, fretting and chasing, they went searching round about the Rock to see if they could espie any entry, and at last they found a great cliffe of the one side of the Rock, and looking in the reat, espyed the Monster, lying upon the Flor licking of his bleeding wounds with his purple tongue.

And seeing him, one of the Knights said, O thou Traytor and Destroyer by the High-ways! O thou infernal Devil and Enemy unto the World: thou that art the devourer of Humane Flesh, and drinker of mans blood, think not that this thy strong and fast closing up of thy self in this Rock of Stone shall availe thee, or that thy Devillish body shall escape unslaughtred out of our hands: No, no, our bloody Weapons shall be sheathed in thy detested bowels, and ride thy damned heart asunder; and there withall they thrust their Weapons through the Clift of the Rock, and pierced his throat in such sort that the Monster presently dyed, the which being done, they returned in tryumph like Conquerors to Rosana, where they found her half dead lying upon her Palfrey.

But when she saw them return in safety, with a joyful and lowd voyce she said: O sweet Queen of Chance, how hath it pleased thy Divine Majesty, to furnish these Knights with more strength and Prowesse than any other in all the World, else could they not have chosen but have been overcome by this remorcelesse Monster,

which seemed to be of force to destroy Kingdoms: therewithall she alighted in good state from her Palfrey, and sate her down, under the shadow of a Pine Tree, where the three Knights likewise sate down, and laid their weary Heads upon her soft Lap to sleep, upon whose Faces she Fanned a cole breathing Ayr, and wiped their sweaty Brows with her Handkercher, using all means she could to procure them contentment.

Long had they not reposed themselves upon Rosana's Lap, refreshing their weary Bodies with a golden slumber, but they awaked and mounted upon their Steeds, and the next morning by break of day they approached the sight of the Black Castle: before whose Walls they found seven sportly Steeds, feeding within a green Pasture, and by them an ancient man, bearing in his face the true picture of sorrow, and carving in the Barks of Trees the true subject of all his passed grief: this man was the old Shepherd which the seven Champions of Christendom (before their enchanted sleeps in the Castle) left without the Gates to over-see their Horses, as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But St. George's Sons (after they had a while beheld the manner of the Shepherds silent lamentations) demanded the cause of his grief, and wherefore he remained so near the danger of the Castle? to whose demands, the courteous old man answered in this manner.

Brave Knights (said he) for you seem to be no lesse by your Princely demeanors, within this Castle remaineth a bloody Tyrant and a wicked Homicide called *Leoger*, whose tyranny and lust hath not only ravished but murthered two of my Daughters, with whom I was honoured in my young years, in whose revenge there came with me seven Christian Knights of seven several Countreys, that entred this accursed Castle about seven days since, appointing me to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant care of their Horses, till I heard either news of the Tyrants confusion, or their overthrows: but never since by any means could I learn whether good or bad were befallen them.

These words strook such a terror to their hearts, that for a time they stood speechlesse, imagining that those seven Knights were the seven Champions of Christendom, in whose pursuits

they

they have travelled so many Countreys. But at last, when St. George's Sons had recovered their former speeches, one of them (though not intending to reveal what they imagined) said to the old Shepheard: that likewise they came to be revenged upon that accursed Knight, for the spoyle of a beauteous and worthy Virgin Queen, done by the same lust inflamed Tyrant.

Then the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their Horses and likewise committed them to the keeping of the old Shepheard: who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous proceedings. So the three Knights buckled close their Armours, laced on their Helmets, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in company of Rosana they went to the Castle Gate, the which glistered against the Sun like burnisht gold: whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, wherewith they beat so vehemently against the Gate, that it seemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous storm of Thunder in the Element.

Then presently there appeared (looking out of a Marble pillared window) the Magician, newly risen from his Bed, in a wrought shirt with black Silk, and covered with a Night-gown of Damask Velvet: and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the Gate, he thus discourteously greeting them.

You Knights of strange Countreys (said he,) for so doth it appear by your strange demeanours, if you desire to have the Gates opened, and your Bones burried in the Vaults of our Castle, turn back unto the Jasper Pillar behind you, and sound the Silver Trumpet that hangs upon it, so shall your entry be easie, but your coming forth miraculous. And thereupon the Magician left the Window.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper piller, and with a vehement breath sounded the enchanted Trumpet, as Saint George did before, whereat the Gates flew open in like manner: where into (without disturbance) they entred: and coming into the same Court were the Champions had fought with the Gyants, they espied the Enchanted Lamps, which hung burning before the entry of the Cave where the

Champions

Champions lay upon the Enchanted Bed. Under the Lamps hung a silver Tablet in an Iron Chain, in it was written these words following:

These fatall Lamps with their Enchanted Lights,
In deaths sad sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with sloth confounded,
Whose Fame but late in every place resounded.
Except the flaming Lamps extinguisht be.
Their golden thoughts shall sleep eternally.

A Fountain fram'd by Furies rais'd from Hell,
About whose Spring doth fear and terrour dwell:

No Earthly Water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art commander is,
No weight alive this water may procure,
But she that is a Virgin chast and pure,
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,
Upon her Breast to print a purple Rose.

These Verses being perused by the three Knights, and finding them as it were contrived in the manner of mystical Oracle, they could not imagine what they should signifie: but Rosana being singular well conceited, and of a quick understanding, presently knew that by her the adventures should be finished, and therefore she encouraged them to a forwardnesse, and to seek out the enchanted fountain, that by the water thereof the Lamps might be quenched, and the seven Champions delivered out of Captivity.

This importunate desire of Rosana, caused the three young Knights not to lose any time, but to search in every corner of the Castle, till they had found the place wherein the Fountain was: for as they went towards the North-side of the Court, they espyed another little dore standing in the Wall, and when they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong Iron, with a Portal of Steel, and in the key-hole thereof there was a brazen key, with the which they did open it, where-

at

at presently (unto their wonderful amazements) they heard a very sad and sorrowful voyce breath forth these words following:

Let no man be so foolish hardy, as to enter here, for it is a place of terrour and confusion.

Yet for all this they entred in thereat, and would not be daunted with any ceremonious fear, but like Knights of an Heroical estimation they went forward: wherein they were no sooner entred, but they saw that it was wonderful dark, and it seemed unto them that it should be a very large Hall, and there they heard very fearful howlings, as though there had been a Legion of Hell-hounds, or that Platoes Dog had been Vice gerent of that place. Yet for all this these valiant Knights did not lose any of their accustomed courage, nor would the Lady leave their companies for any danger at all: but they entred in further, and took off their Gountlets from their left hands, whereon they wore marvellous great and fine Diamonds, which were set in Rings, that gave so much light, that they might plainly see all things that were in the Hall, the which was very great and wide, and upon the Walls were painted the Figures of many furious Fiends, Devils, with other strange Visions framed by Magick Art, only to terrifie the Beholders. But loking very circumspectly about them on every side, they espyed the Enchanted Fountain standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their Shields braced on their left arms, and their good Swords charged in their right hands, ready to withstand any dangerous accident whatsoever should happen.

But coming to the Fountain, and offering to fill their Helmets with water, there appeared before them a strange and terrible Gryphon, which seemed to be all of flaming fire, who struck all the three Knights one after another in such sort, that they were forced to recoyl back a great way: yet notwithstanding with great discretion they kept themselves upright, and with a wonderful lightness, accompanied with no less anger they threw their Shields at their Backs, and taking

their Swords in both their hands, they began most fiercely to assayl the Gryphon with mortal and strong blows. Then presently there appeared before them a whole Legion of Devils with Flesh-hooks in their hands, spitting forth flames of Fire, and breathing from their Nostrils smoaking Sulphur and Brimstone. In this terrible sort tormented they these three valiant Knights, whose years although they were but young, yet with great wrath and redoubled force adventured they themselves amongst this Hellish Crew, striking such terrible blows, that in spight of them they came unto the Fountain, and proffered to take of the water: but all in vain, for they were not onely put from it by this Devillish company, but the water it self glided from their hands.

Oh in what great travel and perplexity these Knights remained amongst this wicked and Devillish generation, for to defend themselves, that they might attain to the finishing of this adventure, according to their Knightly promise.

But during the time of all these dangerous encounters, Rosana stood like one bereft of sense, through the terrour of the same: but at last remembring her self of the superscription written in the silver Tablet, the which the Knights perused by the enchanted Lamps: the signification of which was that the quenching of the Lights should be accomplished by a pure Virgin that had the lively form of a Rose naturally pictured upon her Breast, all the which Rosana knew most certainly to be comprehended in her self, therefore whilest they continued in their dangerous fight, she took up a Helmet that was pulled from one of the Knights Heads by the furious force of the Gryphon, and ran unto the Fountain, and filled it with water, wherewith she quenched the enchanted Lamps, with as much ease as though one had dipped a waren Torch in a mighty River of water.

This was no sooner done and finished, to Rosana's chiefest contentment, but then the Skies began to wax dark, and immediately to be overspread with a black and thick Cloud, and it came with great Thundring and Lightnings, and such a terrible noyse as though Earth would have sunk: and the longer it endured, the more was the fury thereof, in such sort

that

that the Gryphon with all that deluded generation of Spirits vanished away, and the Knights forsook their encounters, and fell upon their knees: and with great humility they desired in their hearts to be delivered from the fury of that exceeding and terrible Tempest.

By this sudden alteration of the Heavens, the Knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions redeemed from their Enchanted sleeps, the Castle yelded to the pleasure of the three Knights, and his own life to the fury of their Swords, except he preserv'd it by a sudden flight; so presently he departed the Castle and secretly fled out of the Island unsuspected by any one: of whose after Fortunes, miseries and death, you shall hear more hereafter in the course of the History following.

The Negromancer by his art likewise knew that the Castle was yelded unto his Enemies Power, and that his Charms and Magick spels nothing prevailed: therefore he caused two ayrie Spirits in the likeness of two Dragons to carry him swiftly through the Ayr in an Ebon Chariot.

Here we likewise will leave him in his wicked and Devillish attemps, and damned enterprises, which shall be discoursed hereafter more at large: because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the seven renowned Champions of Christendom, that by the quenching of the Lamps, were awakened from their Enchantments, wherein they had lain in obscurity for the space of seven days. For when they were risen from their sleep, and had rowsed up their drowsie spirits, like men newly recovered from a Trance, being ashamed of that dishonourable enterprize, they long time gazed on each others Face, being not able to expresse their minds, but by blushing looks being the silent speakers of their extream sorrows. Yet at last, St. George began to expresse the extremity of his grief in this manner:

What is become of you brave *Europe* Champions (said he) where is now your wonted Valours, of late so much renowned through the World? what is become of your surmounted strengths, that hath bruised enchanted Helmets, and quaild the power of mighty multitudes? what is become of your terrible blows, that have sub-

dued Mountains, hewed in sunder Diamond Armours, and brought whole Kingdoms under your subjections? Now I see that all is forgotten and nothing worth, for that we have buried all our Honours, Dignities, and Fames, in slothful slumbers, upon a silken Bed.

And thereupon he fell upon his knees, and said, thou that art the Guider of all our Fortunes, unto thee I invocate and call, and desire thee to help us, and do not permit us to have our Fames taken away for this dishonour and let us merit Dignity by our Victories, and that our bright Renowns may ride upon the glorious wings of Fame, whereby the Babes as yet unborn may speak of us, and in time to come fill whole Volums with our Princely Atchievements.

These and such like Spæches pronounced this discontented Champion, till such time as the Elements cleared, and that golden faced Phœbus glistred with splendant brightnesse into the Cave through a secret hole, which sæmed in their conceits to dance about the Vayle of Heaven, and to rejoyce at their happy deliveries.

In this joyful manner returned they up into the Court of the Castle, with their Armours buckled fast unto their bodies, which had not bæn unbraced in seven days before, where they met with the thræ Knights coming to salute them, and to give them the courtesies of Knight-hood.

But when Saint George saw his Sons, whom he had not sæn in two years before, he was so ravished with joy, that he swounded in their bosoms, being not able to give them his blessing, so great was the pleasure he took in their sights.

Here I leave the joyful græting betwirt the Father and his Sons to these that know the secret love of Parents to their children, and what dear affection long absence brædeth.

For when they had sufficiently opened the integrity of their Souls to each other, and had at large explained how many dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their departure from England, when as they bægun their first intended Pilgrimage to Jerusalem as you heard in the beginning of this Book, they determined to search the Castle, and to find out Leoger with his associate the wicked Enchanter, that they might receive due punishments for their committed offences, but they like wily Foxes were fled from the Hunters traps,

and

and had left the empty Castle to the spoyl of the Christian Champions :but when Rosana saw her self dismist from her purpose, and that she could not perform her Mothers will against her disloyal Father, she protested by her Mothers name, never to close up her careful eyes with quiet slumbers, nor never rest her weary Limbs in Bed of Down, but travel up and down the circled Earth, till she enjoyed a sight of her disloyal Father, whom as yet her eyes did never see. Therefore she conjured the Champions by the love and honour that Knights do bear unto poor distressed Ladies, to grant her liberty to depart, and not to hinder her from her intended Travel.

The Knights considered with themselves that she was a Lady of a Divine Inspiration, born unto some strange Fortune, and one by the Heavens appointment, which had redeemed them from a wonderful misery.

Therefore they condescended to her desires, and not only gave her leave to depart, but furnished her with all things belonging to a Lady of so brave a mind.

First, they found within the Castle an Armour fit for a woman, the which the Enchanter had caused to be made by magick Art, of such a singular nature that no weapon could pierce it, and so light in wearing, that it wayed no heavier than a Tygers skin it was contrived after the Amazonian fashion, plated before with silver plates, like the Scales of a Dolphin, and riveted together with golden Nails: so that when she had it upon her back, she seemed like to Diana, hunting in the Forrests of transformed Acteon.

Likewise they found standing in the Stable at the East side of the Castle, a lusty limbed Steed big of stature, and of a very good hair, for the half parts forwards was of the colour of a Wolf, and the other half was all black, saving that here and there it was spotted with little white spots: his feet were cloven, so that he needed not at any time to be shod: his neck was somewhat long, having a little head, with great ears hanging down like a hound: his pace was with great majesty, and he so doubled his neck, that his mouth touched his breast: there came out of his mouth two great tusks like unto an Elephant, and

he did exceed all Horses in the World in lightness, and did run with an exceeding good grace. This likewise bestowed they upon the Lady, the which did more content her mind, than any thing that ever her eyes had seen before that time, Also the ten Christian Knights gave her at her depart ten Diamond Rings, continually to wear upon her Fingers, in perpetual remembrance of her courtesie.

This done without any longer tarryance, but only thanking them for their great kindness shewed unto her in distress, she leapt into the Saddle without the help of stirrup or any other thing, and so rode spedily away from their sights, as a shower of rain driven by a violent tempest.

After her departure, the Champions remembred the old Shepherd, whom they had almost forgotten, through the joy that they took in their happy metings, he as yet remained without the Castle gates, carefully keeping their Horses, whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the honour due unto his age, but bestowed frankly upon him the state and government of the Castle, with store of Jewels, Pearls, and Treasure, only to be maintained and kept for relief of poor Travellers.

This being performed with their general consents, they spent the remnant of the day in banqueting and other pleasant conference of their passed adventures: and when the night with her sable Clouds had over-spread the days delightful countenance, they betook them to their rests: the seven Champions in a Chamber that had as many windows as there were days in the year, the old Shepherd by himself in a rich furnished Parlor, and St. George's three Sons in the greatest Hall in the Castle.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How after the Christian Knights were gone to Bed in the Black Castle, Saint *George* was awaked from his sleep in the dead time of the night, after a most fearful manner, and likewise how he found a Knight lying upon a Tomb that stood over a flaming fire, with other things of note that hapned upon the same.

MOst sweet were the sleeps that these Princely minded Champions took in the Castle all the first part of the night without molestation either by disquiet dreams or disturbing motions of their minds, till such time as the Queen of Night had run half her weary journey, and had spent the better part of the night: for betwixt twelve and one being the chiefest time of fear and terrour in the night, such a strange alteration did work in St. George's thought, that he could not enjoy the benefit of sweet sleep, but was forced to lie broad awake, like one disquieted by some sudden fear, but as he lay with wakeful eyes thinking upon his passed Fortunes, and numbring the minutes of the night with his cogitations, he heard as it were a cry of Night-Ravens which flew beating their fatal Wings against the Windows of his Lodging, by which he imagined that some direful accident was near at hand: yet being not frighted with this fearful noyse, nor daunted with the croking of these Ravens, he lay still silently, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the six several Beds in the same Chamber: but at last being betwixt sleeping and waking, he heard as it were the voyce of a sorrowful Knight that constrained these bitter passions from his tormented soul, and they contained these words following:

O thou invincible Knight of England, thou that art not frighted with this sorrowful dwelling, wherein thou canst see nothing but torments, rise up I say, from thy sluggish bed, and with thy undaunted courage and strong arm, break the charm of my Enchantment.

And

And therewithal he seemed to give a most terrible groan, and so ceased. This unexpected noyse caused Saint George (without the knowledge of any of the other Champions) to arise from his bed, and to buckle on his Armour, and to search about the Castle to see if he might find the place that harboured the Knight that made such sorrowful lamentation.

So going up and down by corners in the Castle, all the latter part of the night, without finding the adventure of this strange voyce, or disturbance by any other means but that he was hindred from his natural and quiet sleeps, by the break of day, when the dark night began to withdraw her sable curtains, and and to give Aurora liberty to explain her purple brightness, he entred into a four square Parlor, hung round about with black cloath, and other mournful habilements, where on the one side of the same he saw a Tomb all covered likewise with black, and upon it there lay a man with a pale colour, who at certain times, gave most marvellous and grievous sighs, caused by burning flames that proceeded from under the Tomb, being such that it seemed that his body therewith should be converted into Coals: the flame thereof was so stinking, that it made Saint George somewhat to retyr himself from the place where he did see that most horrible and fearful spectacle.

He which lay upon the Tomb, casting his eyes aside, espyed Saint George, and knowing him to be a humane creature, with an afflicted voyce he said, who art thou Sir Knight that art come into this place of sorrow where nothing is heard but clamours of fear and terrour.

Nay, tell me (said Saint *George*,) who thou art, that with so much grief dost demand of me, that which I stand in doubt to reveal to thee.

I am the King of *Babylon* (answered he) which without all consideration, with my cruel hand did piece thorow the white and delicate breast of my beloved Daughter, wo be to me, and wo unto my soul therefore, for she at once did pay her offence by death, but I a most miserable wretch with many torments do die living.

When this worthy Champion Saint George was about to answer him, he saw come forth from under the Tomb a Damsel who had her hair of a yellow and wan colour, hanging down

about

about her shoulders, and by her face she seemed that she should be very strangely affected with torments, and with a sorrowful voyce she said:

O unfortunate Knight, what dost thou seek in this infernal lodging, where cannot be given thee any other pleasure but mortal torment, and there is but one thing that can cleer thee from it, and this cannot be told thee by any other but by me? yet I will not express it, except thou wilt grant me one thing which I will ask of thee.

The English Champion that with a sad countenance stood beholding of the sorrowful Damsel, and being greatly amazed at the sight which he had seen, answered and said: The powers which were Governors of my liberty, will do their pleasures, but touching the grant of thy request I never denyed any lawful thing to either Lady or Gentlewoman, but withal my power and strength I was made to fulfil the same, therefore demand what thy pleasure is,

And with that the Damsel threw her self into the Sepulchre, and with a grievous voyce she said: now most courteous Knight perform thy promise, strike but three stroaks upon this fatal Tomb, and thou shalt deliver us from a world of miseries, and likewise make an end of our continual torments.

Then the invincible Knight replyed in this order, whether you be humane creatures said he, placed in this Sepulchre by Enchantment, or furies raised from fiery *Acheron*, to work my confusion or no, I know not, and there is so little truth in this infernal Castle, that I stand in doubt whether I may believe thy words or not: but yet discourse unto me the truth of all your passed fortunes, and by what means you were brought into this place, and as I am a true Knight and one that fights in the quarrel of Christendom, I vow to accomplish whatsoever lieth in my power.

Then the Damsel began with a grievous and sorrowful lamentation to declare as strange a Tregedy as ever was told. And lying in the fatal Sepulchre unseen of Saint George, that stood leaning his back against the Wall to hear her discourse and lamentable story, with a hollow voyce like a murthered Lady, whose bleeding Soul as yet did feel the terrible stroak of her death, she repeated this pittiful tale following.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Of a Tragical discourse pronounced by a Lady in a Tomb, and how her Enchantment was finished by Saint *George*, with other strange accidents that hapned to the other six Champions of Christendom.

IN famous Babylon sometimes reigned a King, although a Heathen, yet adorned with noble and vertuous customes, and had only one Daughter that was very fair whose name was Angelica, humble, wise, and chast: who was beloved of a mighty Duke and a man wonderful cunning in the black Art, this Magician had a sage and grave countenance, and one that for wisdom better deserved the government than any other in the Kingdom, and was very well estæmed thorowout all Babylon, almost equally with the King: for which there ingendred in the Kings heart a secret rancour and hatred towards him. This Magician cast his love upon the young Princess Angelica, and it was ordained by destiny that she should repay him with the same affection, so that both their hearts being wounded with love the one to the other, they indured sundry great passions.

Then Love which continually seeketh occasions, did on a time set before this Magician, a waiting maid of Angelica's named Fidelia, the which thing seemed to be wrought by the immortal power of the Goddess Venus: Oh in what fear the Magician was to discover unto her all his heart and to bewray the secrets of his love-sick soul, but in the end, by the great industry and diligence of the waiting maid (whose name was answerable unto her mind) there was order given that these two Lovers should meet together.

This fair Angelica for that she could not at her ease enjoy her true Lover, she did determine to leave her own natural Country and Father, and with this intention being one night with her Love, she cast her arms about his neck and said:

Oh my sweet and welbeloved friend, seeing that my destinies have been so kind to me, as to have my heart linked in thy breast, let no

man

man find in thee ingratitude, for that I cannot live, except continually I enjoy thy sight: and do not muse (my Lord) at these my words, for the entire love that I bear to you, constraineth me to make it manifest. And this believe of a certainty, that if thy sight be absent from me, it will be an occasion that my heart will lack his Vital recreation, and my soul forsake her Earthly habitation. You know, my Lord, how that the King my Father doth bear you no good will, but doth hate you from his soul, which will be an occasion that we cannot enjoy our hearts contentments: for the which I have determined (if you think well thereof) to leave both my Father and my native Countrey, and to go and live with you in a strange Land. And if you deny me this, you shall very quickly see your loving Lady without life: but I know you will not deny me for thereon consisteth the benefit of my welfare, and my chiefest prosperity. And therewithal shedding a few tears from her Christal eyes, she held her peace.

The Magician (as one half ravished with her earnest desires) answered and said.

My Love and sweet Mistress, wherefore have you any doubt that I will not fulfil and accomplish your desire in all things? therefore out of hand put all things in readiness that your pleasure is to have done: for what more benefit or contentment can I receive, than to enjoy your sight continually, in such sort that neither of us may depart from the others company, till the fatal destinies give end to our lives? Or if it so fall out that fortune frown upon us, that we be espied and taken in our enterprize, and suffer death together, what more glory can there happen unto me, than to die with thee, and to end my life betwixt thy arms? therefore do not trouble your self dear Lady and Mistress, but give me leave for to depart your presence, that I may provide all things in readiness for our departures: **and so with this conclusion they took leave one of the other, and departed away with as great secresie as might possible be divised.**

After this, within a few days, the Magician by his Enchantment caused a Chariot to be made, that was drawn by two flying Dragons, into the which without being espyed of any one, they put themselves, together with their trusty waiting-maid, and in great secresie they departed out of the Kings

Pallace, and took their journey towards the Country of Armenia: in the which Country in a short time they arrived, and came without any misfortune unto a place whereas deep Rivers did continually strike upon a rock upon the which stood an old ancient building, wherein they intended to inhabite, as a most convenient place for their dwelling, whereas they might without all fear of being found, live peaceably, enjoying each others love.

Not far from that place there was a small village, from whence they might have necessary provision for the maintaining of their Bodies. Great joy and pleasure these two Lovers received when they found themselves in such place whereas they might take their fill of each others loves.

The Magician delighted in no other thing but to go a hunting with certain Country dwellers, that inhabited in the next Village, leaving his swæt Angelica accompanied with her trusty Fidelia in that house, so in this order they lived together four years, spending their days in great pleasure, but in the end time (who never rested in one degrée) did take from them their rest, and repayed them with sorrow and extream misery. For when the King her Father found her missing, the sorrow and grief was so much that he received, that he kept his Chamber a long time, and would not be comforted of any body.

Four years he passed away in great heavines, filling the Court with Ecchoes of his beloved Daughter, and making the Skies to resound his lamentations: sorrow was his food, salt tears his drink, and grief his chief companion.

But at last, upon a time as he sate in his Chair, lamenting her absence with great heavines, and being over-charged with grief, he chanc'd to fall into a troublesome dream, for after quiet sleep had closed up the closets of his eyes, he dreamed that he saw his Daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea-side, offering to cast her body into the Waves before she would return at Babylon, and that he beheld her Lover with an Army of Satyres and Wild-men ready furnished with habilements of War to pull him from his Throne, and to deprive him of his Kingdom.

Out of this Vision he presently started from his Chair, as though it had been one frighted with a Legion of Spirits, and caused four of the chief Peers of his Land to be sent for, to whom he committed the Government of his Countrey: certifying them that he intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at Memphis, thereby to qualifie the fury of his Daughters Ghost, whom he dreamed to be drowned in the Seas, and that except he sought by true Submission to appease the angry Fates, whom he had offended, he should be deposed from his Kingdom.

None could withdraw him from his determination, though it was to the prejudice of the whole Land: therefore within twenty days he furnished himself with all necessaries, as well of Armour and Martial Furniture, as of Gold and Treasure, and so departed from Babylon privately and alone, not suffering any other (though many desired it humbly and very earnestly) to bear him company.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after any Ceremonious Order, but like a blood Hound searching Countrey after Countrey, Nation by Nation, and Kingdom by Kingdom, that after a barbarous manner he might be revenged upon his Daughter for her disobedience. And as he travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wilderness but he furiously entred, and deligently searched for his Angelica.

At last, by strange Fortune he hapned into Armenia, near unto the place whereas his Daughter had her residence, whereafter he had intelligence by the Commons of the Countrey, that she remained in a old ruinated Building on the top of a Rock near at hand, without any more delay he travelled unto that place, at such a time as the Magician her Husband was gone about his accustomed Hunting, where coming to the Gate and finding it lockt, he knockt thereat so furiously that he made the noyse resound all the House over with the redoubling Eccho.

When Angelica heard one knock she came unto the Gate, and with all speed she did open it, where when she thought to imbrace him (thinking it to be her Lover) she saw that it was her Father, and with a sudden alteration she gave a great shrike, and ran with all the speed she could back into the House.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lyon followed her, saying: It doth little avayl thee *Angelica* to run away, for that thou shalt die by this revengeful hand, paying me with thy death the dishonour that my Crown hath received by thy flight,

So he followed her till he came to the Chamber where her waiting Maid Fidelia was, who likewise presently knew the King: upon whose wrathful countenance appeared the Image of pale death, and fearing the harm that might happen unto her Lady, she put her self over her Ladies body, and gave most terrible lowd and lamentable shrikes.

The King, as one kindled in wrath, and forgetting the natural love of a Father towards his Child, he laid hands upon his Sword, and said: It doth not profit thee *Angelica* to flie from thy death, for thy desert is such, that thou canst not escape from it: for here mine own arm shall be the killer of mine own flesh, and I unnaturally hate that, which nature it self commandeth me especially to love.

Then Angelica with a countenance more red then Scarlet, answered and said: Ah my Lord and Father, will you be now as cruell unto me, as you had wont to be kind and pittiful? Appease your wrath, and withdraw your unmerciful Sword, and hearken unto this which I say in discharging my self of that you charge me withall. You shall understand my Lord and Father, that I was overcome and constrained by love for to love, forgetting all fatherly love and duty towards your Majesty: yet for all that, having power to accomplish the same, it was not to your dishonour, in that I live honourably with my Husband: then the King (with a visage frought with terrible ire) more like a Dragon in the Woods of Hircania, than a man by nature, answered and said.

Thou viperous Brat, degenerate from Natures kind, thou wicked Traytor to thy generation: what reason hath thou to make this false excuse, when as thou hast committed a crime that deserves more punishment than humane nature can inflict? And in saying these words, he lift up his Sword, intending to strike her into the heart, and to bath his weapon in his own Daughters blood: whereat Fidelia being present, gave a terrible shrike, and threw her self upon the body of unhappy Angelica, offering her tender Breast to the fury of his sharp cutting Sword, only to

set

set at liberty her dear Lady and Mistresse.

But when the furious King saw her in this sort make her defence, he pulled her off by the hair of the Head, offering to trample her delicate Body under his feet, thereby to make a way that he might execute his determined purpose without resistance of any.

Fidelia, when she saw the King determined to kill his Daughter, like unto a Lioness, she hung about his neck, and said: Thou monstrous Murtherer, more cruel than the mad Doggs in *Ægypt*, why dost thou determine to slaughter the most chaste and loyallest Lady in the World, even she within whose lap untamed Lions will come and sleep?

Thou art thy self (I say) the occasion of all this evil, and thine only is the fault, for that thy self wert so malicious and so full of mischief, that she durst not let thee understand of her love.

These words and tears of Fidelia did little profit to molifie the Kings heart, who rather like a wild Boar in the Wilderness being compassed about with a company of Dogs, most irefully shook his Limbs, and threw Fidelia from him, in such sort, that he had almost dasht her Brains against the Chamber Walls, and with double wrath he did proceed to execute his fury. Yet for all this Fidelia with terrible shrikes sought to hinder him, till such time as with his cruel hand he thrust his Sword into her Ladies Breast, so that it appeared forth at her back, whereby her soul was forced to leave her terrestial habitation, and flie into the wide Ayr, after those which dyed for true loves sake.

Thus this unhappy Angelica, when she was most at quiet, and content with her mean kind of life, then Fortune turned her unconstant Wheele, and cast her from a glorious delight to a sudden death.

The irefull King, when he beheld his Daughters blood sprinkled about the Chamber, and that by his own hands it was committed, he repented himself of the deed, and cursed the hour wherein the first motion of such a crime entred into his mind, wishing the hand that did it ever after might be lame, and the heart that did contrive it, to be plagued with more extremities than was miserable Oedipus, or to be terri-

fied

fied with her ghostly spirit, as was the Macedonian Alexander with Clitus shaddow, whom he causlesly murthered.

In this manner the unfortunate King repented his Daughters bloody Tragedy, with this determination, not to stay till the Magician returned from his Hunting exercise, but to exclude himself from the company of all men, and to spend the remnant of his loathsome life among untamed Beasts in some wild Wilderness. Upon this resolution he departed the Chamber, and withall said: Farewel thou liveless Body of my *Angelica*, and may thy blood which I have spilt, crave vengeance of the Fates against my guilty Soul, for my Earthly Body shall indure a miserable punishment. Likewise at his departure he Writ upon the Chamber Walls these Verses following with his Daughters blood:

Now unto Hills, to Dales, to Rocks, to Caves I go,
To spend my days in shame, in sorrow, grief, and woe.

Fidelia (after the departure of the King) used such violent fury against her self, both by rending the golden trammels of her hair, and tearing her Rose-coloured Face with her furious Nayls, that she rather seemed an infernal Fury, subject to Wrath, than any Earthly Creature furnished with clemency: she sate over Angelica's Body, wiping her bleeding bosom with a Damask Scarf, which she pulled from her Waist, and bathing her dead Body in luke-warm Tears, which forcibly ran down from her eyes like an over-flowing Fountain.

In this woful manner spent the sorrowful Fidelia that unhappy day, till bright Phœbus went into the Western parts: at which time the Magician returned from his accustomed Hunting, and finding the Door open, he entred into Angelica's chamber, where when he found her Body weltring in congealed blood, and beheld how Fidelia sate weeping over her bleeding wounds, he cursed himself, for that he accounted his negligence the occasion of her death, in that he had not left her in more safety. But when Fidelia had certified him, how that by the hands of her own Father she was slaughtered, he began like a Frantick Tyrant to rage against black Destiny,

and

and to fill the Ayr with terrible exclamations.

Oh cruell Murtherer (said he) crept from the Womb of some untamed Tyger: I will be so revenged upon thee, O unnatural King, that all Ages shall wonder at thy misery,

And likewise thou unhappy Virgin shalt endure like punishment, in that thy accursed tongue hath bruited this fatal Deed unto my ears, the one for committing the Crime, and the other for reporting it. For I will cast such deserved vengeance upon your Heads, and place your Bodies in such continual torments, that you shall lament my Ladies death, leaving alive the Fame of her with your lamentations.

And in saying these words, he drew a Book out of his bosom, and in reading certain Charms, and Enchantments, that were therein contained, he made a great and very black Cloud appear in the skies, which was brought by terrible and hasty winds, in the which he took them up both, and brought them into the Enchanted Castle, where ever since they have remained in this Tomb cruelly tormented with unquenchable Fire, and must for ever continue in the same extremity, except some courteous Knight will vouchsafe to give but three blows upon the Tomb, and break the Enchantment.

Thus have you heard you Magnanimous Knight, the true discourse of my unhappy Fortunes. And the Virgin which for the true love she bore unto her Lady was committed to this torment is my self, and this pale Body lying upon the Tomb, is the unhappy Babylonian King which unnaturally murthered his own Daughter: and the Magician which committed all these villanies, is that accursed wretch, which by his Charms and Devillish Enchantments hath so strongly withstood your Encounters.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George drew out his sharp cutting Sword and gave three blows upon the enchanted Tomb, whereat presently appeared the Babylonian King standing before him, attyred in rich Robes, with an Imperial Diodem upon his Head: and that Lady standing by him, with a countenance more beautiful than the Damask Rose.

When Saint George beheld them, he was not able to speak

for

for joy, nor to utter his mind, so exceeding was the pleasure that he took in their sights; so without any long circumstance he took them betwixt both his hands, and led them into the Chamber, whereas he found the other Knights newly risen from their Beds. To whom he revealed the true discourse of the passed adventure, and by what means he redeemed the King and the Lady from their Enchantments, which to them was as great joy as before it was to Saint George.

So, after they had for some six days refreshed themselves in the Castle, they generally intended to accompany the Babylonian King into his Countrey, and to place him again in his Regiment.

In which Travel we will leave the Christian Knights to the conduct of Fortune, and return again to Rosana, who (as you heard before) departed from the Castle in the pursute of her disloyal Father: of whose strange accidents shall be spoken in this following Chapter.

CHAP. XII.

How the Knight of the Black Castle after Conquest of the same by the Christian Champions, wandred up and down the World in great terrour of conscience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his own Daughter, in whose presence he desperately slew himself, with other accidents that after hapned.

YOu do well remember when that the Christian Champions had slain the seven Gyants in the Enchanted Castle and had made conquest thereof, disloyal Leoger, being Lord of the same, secretly fled: not for anger of the losse, but for the preservation of his life. So in grief and terrour of conscience he wandred like a fugitive up and down the World; sometimes remembring of his passed prosperity, other times thinking upon the Rapes he had committed, how disloyally in former time he had left the Queen of Armenia beg with Child, bearing in her Womb the stain of her honour, and the confusion of her reputation. Sometime his guilty mind imagined that the bleeding Ghosts of the two Sisters (whom he

he both ravished and murthered) followed him up and down, hanting his ghost with fearful exclamations, and filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of revengement.

Such fear and terror raged in his soul, that he thought all places where he travelled, were filled with multitudes of Knights, and that the strength of Countreys pursued him to heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wronged Ladies.

Whereby he cursed the hour of his birth, and blamed the cause of his creation, wishing the Fates to consume his Body with a Fire, or that the Earth would gape and swallow him. In this manner he travelled up and down, filling all places with Ecchoes of his sorrows and grief, which brought him into such a perplexity, that many times he would have slain himself, and have rid his wretched soul from a world of miseries.

But it hapned that one morning very early, by the first light of Titans golden Torch, he entred into a narrow and straight path which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forrest, wherein with much sorrow he travelled till such time as glistring Phœbus had passed the half part of his journey.

And being weary with the long way and the great waight of his Armour, he was forced to take some rest and ease under certain fresh and green Myrtle Trées, whose large leaves did shadow a very fair and clear Fountain, whose stream made a bubling murmure on the pibbles.

Being set, he began anew to have in remembrance his former committed cruelty, and complaining of Fortune, he thus published his great grief: and although he was weary of complaining, yet seeing himself without all remedy, he resolved like unto the Swan to sing a while before his death: and so thinking to give some ease unto his tormented heart, he warbled forth these Verses following.

MOurnfull *Melpomene* approch with speed,
And shew thy sacred face with tears besprent:
Let all thy Sisters hearts with sorrow bleed,
To hear my plaints and rufull discontent.

And with your moans ſweet Muſes all aſſiſt.
My mournful Song that doth on wo conſiſt.

That ſo I may at large paint out my pain,
Within theſe Deſart Groves and Wilderneſſe:
And after I have ended to complain,
They may record my woes and deep diſtreſſe:
Except theſe Myrtle Trees relentleſſe be,
They will with ſobs aſſiſt the ſighs of me.

Time wears out life, it is reported ſo,
And ſo it may, I will it not deny:
Yet have I tryd ſo long, and this do know,
Times gives no end to this my miſery:
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fates agree,
To plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Silvan Nymps that in theſe Woods do ſhrowd,
To you my mournful ſorrows I declare:
You Savage Satyres, let your ears be bow'd,
To hear my wo your nimble ſelves prepare:
Trees, Herbs, and Flower's, in Rural Field that grow,
While thus I mourn, do you ſome ſilence ſhow.

Sweet *Philomel*, ceaſe thou thy Song a while,
And will thy mates their Melodies to leave:
And all at once attend my mournful ſtile,
Which will of mirth your ſugred notes bereave:
If you deſire the burthen of my Song,
I ſigh and ſob, cauſe Ladies I did wrong.

You furious Beaſts that feed on Mountains high,
And reſtleſſe run with rage your prey to find,
Draw near to him whoſe brutiſh cruelty,
Hath cropt the bud of Virgins chaſte and kind:
This onely thing yet reſts to comfort me,
Repentance comes a while before I die.

Since

Since all agree for to encreaſe my care,
What hope have I for to enjoy delight?
Sith Fates and Fortune do themſelves prepare,
To work againſt my ſoul their full deſpight,
I know no means to yield my heart relief,
'Tis only death which can diſſolve my grief.

I muſe, and may, my ſorrows being ſuch,
That my poor heart can longer life ſuſtain,
Sith dayly I do find my grief ſo much,
As every day I feell a dying pain.
But alas, I live afflicted ſtill,
And have no hope to heal me of my ill.

When as I think upon my pleaſure paſt,
Now tur'd to pain, it makes me rue my ſtate;
And ſince my joy with woe is over-caſt,
O death give end to my unhappy fate,
For only death will laſting life provide,
Where living thus, I ſundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that here my mournful Song,
And taſted have the grief that I ſuſtain,
All luſtful Raviſhers that have done wrong,
With tear-fill'd eyes aſſiſt me to complain,
All that have being do my being hate,
Crying haſt, haſt, this wretches dying ſtate.

This ſorrowful Song being done, he laid himſelf all along upon the green graſs, cloſing up the cloſets of his eyes in hope to repoſe himſelf in a quiet ſleep, and to abandon all diſcontented thoughts; in which ſilent contemplation we will leave him for a while, and return to Roſana the Queens Daughter of Armenia, that bold Amazonian Lady, whom you remember likewiſe departed from the Black Caſtle (clad with Enchanted Armour) in the purſuit of her diſloyal Father whom ſhe never in her life beheld. This courteous Lady (to perform her Mothers will) travelled up and down ſtrange Countries with

many a weary step, yet never could she meet with her unkind Father, unto whom she was commanded to give her Mothers Letter, neither could she hear in any place whersoever she came, where she might go to seek. In the which travel she met with strange Adventures, which with great honour to her name she finished, yet still she wandred over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, and through many solitary Woods, till at last she hapned by fortune into the Wilderness whereas this discontented Knight lay sleeping upon the green grass, near to which place she likewise reposed her self under the branches of a Chesse-nut Tree, desiring to take some rest after her long travel.

But upon a sudden being betwixt waking and sleeping, she heard towards her left hand a very dolorous groan, as it were of some sorrowful Knight, which was so terrible heavy, and better that it made her to give an attentive ear unto the sound, and to see if she could hear and understand what it should be.

So with making the least noyse that she could possibly, she arose up and went toward the place, whereas she might see who it was, and there she beheld a Knight very well armed, lying upon the green grass, under a certain fair and green Myrtle Tree, his Armour was all russet, and full of bars of black steel, which shewed to be a very sad, sorrowful, and heavy enamelling, agreeable to the inward sadness of his heart.

He was somewhat of a big stature of body, and well proportioned, and there seemed by his disposition to be in his heart great grief: where after she had a while stood in secret, beholding his sorrowful countenance, in a woful manner he tumbled his restless body upon the green grass, and with a sad and heavy look he breathed forth his lamentation.

Oh heavy and perverse Fortune (said he) why dost thou consent that I so vile and cruel a wretch do breath so long upon the Earth, upon whose wicked head the Golden Sun disdains ro shine, and the glistering Elements deny their cheerful lights.

Oh that some ravenous Harpy would wealter from his Den, and make his loathsome bowels my fatal Tomb, or that my eyes were sightless, like the miserable King of *Thebes*, that I never might again behold this Earth, whereon I have long lived and committed so many cruelties. I am

I am confounded with the curse of sad mischance for wronging that Maiden Queen of *Armenia*, in the spoyle of whose Virginity I made a tryumphant conquest.

Oh *Leoger*, *Leoger*, what fury did induce thee to commit so great sin, leaving her stayned with thy lust, and dishonoured by thy disloyalty? Oh cruel and without faith, thou wert nursed with some unkindly milk of Tygers, and born into the world for thine own torment. Where was thine understanding when thou forsookest that gracious Princess, who not only yielded to thee her liberty, love, and honour, but therewith a Kingdom and a golden Diadem? and therefore wo unto me Traytor, and more woes fall upon my soul than there be hairs upon my head, and may the sorrows of old *Priam* be my latest punishment.

What doth it profit me to fill the ayr with Lamentations, when that the crime is already past, without all remedy or hope of comfort? this being said, he gave a grievous and terrible sigh, and so held his peace.

Rosana by those heavy and sorrowful lamentations, together with his reasons which she heard, knew him to be her disloyal Father, whom she had so long travelled after to find out: but when she remembred how that his unfaithfulness and unkindness was the death of her Mother, her heart endured such extream pain and sorrow, that she was constrained (without any feeling) to fall down to the ground.

But yet her courageous heart could not remain long in that passion, but straightways she rose up again upon her feet, with a desire to perform her Mothers will, but yet not intending to discover her name, nor to reveal unto him that she was his Daughter. So with this thought and determination, she went unto the place where Leoger was, who when he heard the noyse of her coming, strait ways started up on his feet.

Then Rosana did salute him with a voyce somewhat heavy, and Leoger did return his salutations with no less shew of grace.

Then the Amazonian Lady took forth the Letter from her naked breast, where so long time she had kept it, and as she delivered it into his hands, she said:

Is it possible that thou art that forgetful and disloyal Knight, which

which left the unfortunate Queen of *Armenia* (with so great pain and sorrow) big with child among those unmerciful Tyrants her Countrey men, which banished her out of her Country in revenge of thy committed crime, where ever since she hath been companion with Wild Beasts that in their natures have lamented her banishment.

Leoger, when he heard her say these words, began to behold her, and although his eyes were all to be blubbred and weary of weeping, yet he most earnestly gazed in her face, and answered her in this manner.

I will not deny to thee gentle Amazonian (said he) that which the very clouds do blush at, and the low earth doth mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I am the same Knight whom thou hast demanded after, tell me therefore what is thy will.

My will is, said she, thou most ungrateful Knight, that thou read here this Letter, the last work of the white hand of the unhappy *Armenian* Queen.

At which words the Knight was so troubled in thought, and grieved in mind, that it was almost the occasion to dissolve his soul from his body, and therewithal putting forth his hand somewhat trembling, he took the Letter, and set himself down very sorrowful upon the green grass, without any power to the contrary his grief so abounded the bounds of reason.

No sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently know it to be written by the hand of his wronged Lady the Armenian Queen and with great alteration both of heart and mind he read the sorrowful lines, which contained these words following:

The Queen of Armenia her Letter.

TO thee thou disloyal Knight of the Black Castle, the unfortunate Queen of *Armenia* can neither send nor wish salutations: for having no health my self, I cannot send it unto him whose cruel mind hath quite forgotten my true love: I cannot but lament continually yea, and complain unto my Fates incessantly, considering that my fortune is coverted from a Crowned Queen

to

to a miſerable and baniſhed caitif, where as Savage Beaſts are my chief companions, and the mournful Birds my beſt ſoliciters. Oh *Leoger*, *Leoger*, why didſt thou leave me comfortleſs without all cauſe, as did *Æneas* his unfortunate *Dido?* what ſecond love hath bereaved me of thy ſight, and made thee forget her that ever ſhall remember thee? O *Leoger*, remember the day when firſt I ſaw thy face, which day be fatal evermore, and counted for a diſmal day in time to come, both heavy, black, and full of foul miſchances, for it was unhappy unto me, for in giving thee joy, I bereaved my ſelf of all, and loſt the poſſeſſion of my liberty and honour, although thou haſt not eſteemed nor took care of my ſorrowful fortunes, yet thou ſhouldeſt not have mockt my perfect love, and diſdained the fervent affection that I have born thee, in that I have yielded to thee that precious Jewel, the which hath been denyed to many a noble King. O love, cruel and ſpiteful love, that ſo quickly didſt make me blind, and deprieved me of the knowledge that belonged to my Royal Highneſs. Oh uncourteous Knight, being blinded with thy Love: the Queen of *Armenia* ſtained her honeſty which ſhe ought to have kept, and preſerved it from the biting canker of diſloyal love: Hadſt thou pretended to mock me, thou ſhouldſt not have ſuffered me to have loſt ſo much as I did forgo for thy ſake.

Tell me, why didſt thou not ſuffer me to execute my Will, that I might have opened my white Breaſt with a piercing Sword, and ſent my ſoul to ſhady Banks of ſweet *Elizium?* then had it been better for me to have dyed, than to live ſtill and dayly die.

Remember thy ſelf *Leoger*, and behold the harm that will come hereof: have thou a care to the pawn which thou haſt ſealed in my Womb, and let it be an occaſion that thou maiſt (after all thy violent wrongs) return to ſee me ſleeping on my Tomb, that my child may not remain Fatherleſſe in the power of wild Beaſts, whoſe hearts be fraughted with nothing but cruelty. Do not conſent that the perfect love which I bear thee ſhould be counted vain, but rather perform the promiſe which thou haſt made to me.

Oh unkind *Leoger*, O cruel and hard heart! is falſhood the firm love that ſo unfeignedly thou dideſt profeſſe to me? What is he that hath been more unmerciful than thou haſt been? There is no furious beaſt nor lurking Lyon in the Deſarts of *Lybia*, whoſe mercileſſe pawes are all beſmeared in blood, that is ſo cruelly hearted as thy

ſelf,

ſelf, elſe wouldeſt thou not leave me comfortleſs, ſpending my days in ſolitary Woods, whereas Tygers mourn at my diſtreſſes, and the chirping Birds in their kinds, grieve at my lamentations: the unreaſonable torment and ſorrows of my ſoul are ſo many, that if my Pen were made of Lybian Steel, and my Ink the purple Ocean, yet could I not write the number of my woes.

But now I determine to advertiſe thee of my deſired death, for in writing this my laſt Teſtament, the Fates are cutting aſunder my thred of life, and I can give thee knowledge of no more: but yet I deſire thee by the true love which I bear thee, that thou wilt read with ſorrow theſe few lines, and now I deſire of the deſtinies that thou mayeſt die the like death that for thee I now do. And ſo I end,

By her which did yeeld unto thee her Life, Love, Honour, Fame, and Liberty.

When this ſad and heavie Knight had made an end of reading this dolorous Letter, he could not reſtrain his eyes from diſtilling ſalt tears, ſo great was the grief that his heart ſuſtained: Roſana did likewiſe bear him company to ſolemnize his heavineſſe, with as many tears trickling from the conduits of his eyes.

The great ſorrow and lamentation was ſuch and ſo much in both their hearts, that for a great ſpace the one cold not ſpeak unto the other: but afterwards their griefs being ſomewhat extenuated, Leoger began to ſay:

Oh Meſſenger from her, with the remembrance of whoſe wrong my heart is wounded, being undeſervedly of me evilly rewarded: tell me (even by the nature of true love) if thou doſt know where ſhe is? ſhew unto me her abiding place, that I may go thither and give a diſcharge of this my great fault by yeelding unto death.

Oh cruel and without love (anſwered *Roſana*) what diſcharge canſt thou give unto her that already (through thy cruelty) is dead and buryed, only by the occaſion of ſuch a forſworn Knight?

This penitent and grieved Knight, when he underſtood the certainty of her death, with a ſudden and haſty fury he ſtruck himſelf on the breaſt with his fiſt, and lifting his eyes unto the Clouds, in manner of exclamation againſt the Fates, giving

deep

deep and sorrowful sighs, he threw himself to the ground: tumbling and wallowing from the one side unto the other, without taking any ease, or having any power or strength to declare the inward grief which at that time he felt, but with lamentations which did torment his heart, he called continually on the Armenian Queen, and in that Devillish fury wherein he was, drew out his Dagger, and lifting up the skirt of his shirt of Male, he thrust it into his body, and giving himself this unhappy death (with calling upon his wronged Lady,) he finished his life, and fell to the ground.

This sad and heavie Lady when she beheld him so desperately to gore his Martial Breast, and to fall liveless to the Earth, she greatly repented her self that she had not discovered her name, and revealed to him how that she was his unfortunate Daughter, whose face before that time he had never beheld, and as a Lyon (though all to late) who seeing before her eyes a young Lyoness evil intreated of the Hunter, even so she ran unto her murthered Father, and with great speed pulled off his Helmet from his wounded head, and unbraced his Armour, the which was in colour according to his passion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made by Magick Art. Also she took away his Shield which had on it a Russet Flag, and in the middest thereof was portrayed the God of Love with two faces, the one was very fair and bound with a cloath about his eyes, and the other was made marvellous fierce and furious.

This being done, with a fair linnen cloath she wiped off the blood from his wounded Body. And when she was certain that it was he after whom she had travelled so many weary steps, and that he was without life, with a furious madness she tore her Attyre from her Head, and all to rent her golden hair, tearing it in pieces, and then returned again and wiped his bleeding body, making such sorrowful lamentation, that whosoever had seen her, would have been moved to compassion. Then she took his Head betwixt her hands striving to lift it up, and to lay it upon her Lap, but seeing for all this, that there was no moving in him, she joyned her face unto his pale and dead Cheeks, and with sorrowful words she said:

Dear Father, open thine eyes and behold me, open them sweet

Father, and look upon me thy sorrowful Daughter: If Fortune be so favourable, let me receive some contentment whilst Life remaineth: Oh strengthen thy self to look upon me, wherein such delight may come to me, that we may one accompany the other. Oh my Lord and only Father, seeing that in former times my unfortunate Mothers tears were not sufficient to reclaim thee, make me satisfaction for the great travel which I have taken in seeking thee out. Come now in death and joy in the sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and Die not without seeing her: open thine eyes that she may gratifie thee in dying with thee.

This being said, Rosana began again to wipe his Body, for that it was again all to be bathed in blood, and with her white hands she felt his eyes and mouth, and all his Face and Head, till such time as she touched his Breast, and put her hand on the mortal wound, where she held it still and looked upon him whether he moved or no. But when she felt him without sence or feeling she began anew to complain, and crying out with most terrible exclamations, she said:

Oh my hapless Father, how many troubles and great Travels hath thy Daughter passed in seeking thee, watering the Earth with her Tears, and always in vain calling for thee? Oh how many times in naming thy name hath she been answered with an Eccho, which was unto her great dolour and grief? And now that Fortune hath brought her where thou art, to rejoyce her self in thy presence, the same Fortune hath converted her wishes into grief and dolour. Oh cruel and unconstant Queen of Chance, hath *Rosana* deserved this, to be most afflicted when she expected some joy? Oh *Leoger*, if ever thou wilt open thine eyes, now open them, or let the glasses of mine be closed eternally.

Herewith she perceived his dim eyes to open, and his senses now a little gathered together: and when he saw himself in her Arms, and understood by her words, that she was his Daughter, whom he had by the unfortunate Queen of Armenia, he suddenly strove against weakness, and at last recovering some strength, he cast his yielding Arms about the milk-white neck of the fair Rosana, and they joyned their Faces the one with the other, distilling betwixt them many salt and bitter tears, in such sort that it would have moved the very wild

Beasts

Beasts unto compasion ? and then with a feeble and weak voyce the wounded Knight said :

Oh my Daughter, unfortunate by my disloyalty, let me recreate and comfort my self, in enjoying this thy mouth, the time that I shall remain alive, and before my silly Soul doth depart the company of my dying Body : I do confess that I have been pittiless unto thy Mother, and unkind to thee, in making thee to travel with great sorrow in seeking me, and now thou hast found me, I must leave thee alone in this sorrowful place with my dead Body pale and wan, yet before my death sweet Girle give me some few gentle kisses : this only delight I crave for the little time I have to tarry, and afterwards I desire thee to intomb my Body in thy Mothers Grave, though it be far in distance from this unlucky Country.

Oh my dear Lord (answered she) do you request me to give your Body a Sepulchre ? I think it more requisite, to seek some to give it unto us both : for I know my life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates deprive me of your living company. And without strength to proceed any further in speeches, she kissed his Face with many sobbings and sighs, and having within her self a terrible conflict, she tarryed for the answer of her dying Father, who with pain and great anguish of death, said :

Oh my Child, how happy should I be, that thus imbracing one in anothers Arms, we might depart together ? then should I be joyfull in thy company, and account my self happy in my death : but alas, I must leave thee unto the World. Daughter farewel, good Fortune preserve thee, and for ever may she take thee into her Favour. And when he had said these words, inclining his neck upon the Face of Rosana he dyed.

When this sorrowful Lady saw that the Soul had got the victory and departed from the Body, she kissed his pale lips, and giving deep and dolorous sighs, she began a marvellous and most heavy lamentation, calling her self unhappy and unfortunate, and laid her self upon the dead body, cursing her destinies, so that it was lamentable to hear.

Oh my dear Father, said she, what small benefit have I received for all my travel and pain, the which I have suffered in seeking thee, and now in the finding of thee, the more is my grief, for that I came to see thee die ? Oh most unhappy that I am, where was my mind

when I saw that fatal Dagger pierce thy tender Breast? whereon was my thoughts? wherefore did I stand still, and did not with courage make resistance against that terrible and fatal blow?

If my strength would not have served me, yet at the least I should then have born thee company. You furious Beasts that are hid in your Dens and deep Caves, where are you now? why do you not come and take pitty upon my grief in taking away my life? doing so, you shew your selves pittiful, for that I do abhor this dolorous Life. Yet all this while she did not forget the promise that she made him, which was to give his body burial in her Mothers Tomb. Which was the occasion that she did somewhat ceals her lamentation, and taking unto her self more courage than her sorrowful grief would consent unto, she put the dead Body under a broad branched Pine-apple Tree, and covered it with leaves and green grass, and withal hung his Armour upon the boughs, in hope that the sight thereof would cause some adventurous Knight to approach her presence, that in kindness would assist her to intomb him. This done, here we will leave Rosana weeping over her Fathers Body, and speak of the Negromancer after his flight from the Black Castle.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Magician found *Leogers* Armour hanging upon a Pine-Tree, kept by *Rosana* the Queens Daughter of *Armenia*, betwixt whom hapned a terrible Battel: also of the desperate death of the Lady: and after, how the Magician framed by Magick Art an Enchanted Sepulchre, wherein he inclosed himself from the sight of all humane creatures.

I Am sure you do well remember, when the Christian Knights had conquered the Black Castle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the furious Negromancer to preserve his life fled from the same, carried by his Art through the ayr in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two flying Dragons: in which charmed Chariot he crossed over many parts and plains of the Eastern Climates.

At last, being weary of his journey, he put himself into the thickest

thickest of a Forrest, wherein travelling with his whirling Dragons, he never rested till he came unto a mighty and broad River, the which seemed to be an arm of the Marble-coloured Ocean: there he alighted from his Chariot for to refresh himself, and took water with his hands and drunk thereof, and washed his face: and as he found himself all alone, there came into his mind many thoughts of his forpassed life, and how he was vanquished by the Christian Knights, for which with great anger he gave terrible sighs, and began to curse not only the hour of his Birth, but the whole World, and all the generation of Man-kinde.

Likewise he remembred the great sorrow and travel that he ever since had endured, and what toyle travelling Knights do endure: In these variable cogitations spent he the time away till golden Phœbus began to withdraw himself into his accustomed Lodging, to hide his light in the Occidental parts, and therewith drew on the dark and tenebrous night, which was the occasion that his pain did the more encrease: all that night he passed away with such sorrowful lamentations for his late disgraces, that all the Woods and Mountains did resound his woful exclamations, till that Sol with his glistering beams began again to recover the Earth.

The which being seen by the Magician, with a trice he arose up, and intending to prosecute his journey, but lifting up his eyes towards the Elements, he discovered hanging upon a high and mighty Pine-apple Tree the Armour of Leoger.

This Armour was hung there by Rosana, in the remembrance of his death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And although it had almost lost the wonted colour, and began to rust through the abundance of rain that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed a great value and of a wonderful richnesse: so without any further circumspection or regard, he took down th Knights Armour, and armed himself therewith, and when he had lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, he heard a voyce that said: Be not so hardy thou Knight as to undo this Trophie, except thou prepare thy self to win it by the Sword.

The Magician at this unexpected noyse, cast his Head on the one side, and espied Rosana newly awaked from a heavy sleep,

most

most richly Armed with a strong Enchanted Armour, after the manner of the Amazonians, but for all that he did not let to make an end of arming himself, and having laced on his Burgonet, he went towards the Demander with his sword ready drawn in his hand, inviting her to a mortal battle.

Rosana, who saw his determination, did provide to defend her self, and offend her enemy.

Oh my Muse, that I had but learned eloquence for to set out and declare the noble encounters of these two Gallant Warrious: Rosana though she was but a Feminine by nature, yet was she as bold in Heroical adventures as any Knight in the World, except the invincible Christian Champions.

But now return we to our History. The valiant Amazonian when her enemy came unto her, she struck him so terrible a blow upon the visour of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof she made sparkles of fire to issue out with great abundance and forced him to bow his head unto his breast.

The Magician did return unto her his salutation, and struck her such a blow upon her Helmet, that with the great noyse thereof it made a sound in all the Mountains. And so began betwæn them a marvellous and fearful Battle. Fortune not willing to use her most extremity, inclined the foyle to neither party, nor as yet gave the conquest to any, all the time of the conflict, the furious Magician and the valiant Amazonian thought on no other thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an overthrow, striking each at other such terrible blows, and with so great fury, that many times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the great force one of another, were marvellously incenst with anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her Shield at her back, that with more force she might strike and hurt her enemy, and therewithal gave him so strong a blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite astonished to the Earth without any fæling.

But when the Magician came again to himself, he returned Rosana such a terrible blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloven her Head in pieces, but with great discretion she cleared her Head in such sort that it was stricken in vain, and with great lightness she retyred, and

struck

struck the Magician so furiously, that she made him once again to fall to the ground all astonied, and there appeared at the visour of his Helmet, great abundance of blood that issued out of his mouth: but presently he revived and got up in a trice, with so great anger, that the smoak which came from his mouth seemed like a mist before his Helmet, so that almost it could not be seen.

Then this furious Devil (blaspheming against his hard hap) having his sharp Sword very fast in his hand, ran totowards his Enemy, who (without any fear of his Fury) went forth to receive him: and when they met together, they discharged their blows at once: but it fortuned that the Amazonians blow did first fasten, with so great strength that for all the Helmet of the Magician, which was wrought of the strongest Steel, it was not sufficient to make defence, but with the rigorous force wherewith it was charged, it bended in such sort that it brake into pieces: and the Magicians head was so grievously wounded, that streams of blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced for want of strength to yield to the mercy of the valient Lady, who quickly condescended to his requests, upon this condition, that he would be a means to convey her Fathers dead Body to an Island near adjoyning to the Borders of Armenia, and there to Intomb it in her Mothers Grave, as she promised when that his ayr of life fleeted from his body.

The Magician for safeguard of his life, presently agreed to perform her desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she demanded.

Then presently by his Art he prepared his Iron Chariot with his flying Dragons in a readiness, wherein he laid the murthered Body of Leoger upon a pillow of Mystle toe, and likewise placed themselves therein, wherein they were no sooner entred, with necessaries belonging to their Travels, but they fled thorow the Ayr more swifter than a Whirl-wind, or a Ship sayling on the Seas in a stormy tempest.

The wonders that he performed by the way, be so many and miraculous, that I want an Orators Eloquence to describe them, and a Poets skill to express them.

But

But to be short, when Rosana was desirous to eat, and that her hunger encreased by his Charms he would procure Birds (of their own accords) to fall out of the skies, and yield themselves unto their pleasure, with all things necessary to suffice their wants.

Thus Rosana with her Fathers dead body, carryed through the ayr by Magick Art, over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, Woods and Forrests, Towns and Cities, and through many both wonderful and strange places and Countreys.

And at last, they arrived near unto the Confines of Armenia, being the place of their long desired rest. But when they approached nèer unto the Quèen of Armenia's Grave, they descended from their Enchanted Chariot, and bore Leoger's body to his burying place, the which they found (since Rosana's departure) over-grown with Mosse and whithered Brambles: yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre and laid his Body (yet freshly blèding) upon his Ladies consumed Carkesse: which being done, the Magician covered again the grave with earth, and laid thereon grèn Turves, which made it seem as though it never had bèn opened.

All the time that the Magician was performing the Ceremonious Funeral, Rosana watered the Earth with her tears, never withdrawing her eyes from looking upon the Grave: and when it was finished, she fell into a sorrowful lamentation following:

Oh cruel Destinies (said she) sith your rigours have bereaved me of both my Parents, and left me to the World, a comfortlesse Orphan, receive the sacrifice to my chastity. in payment of your vengeance, and let my blood here shed upon this Grave shew the singlenesse of my heart. And with the like solemnity may all their hearts be broken in pieces, that seek the downfal and dishonour of Ladies.

As she was uttering these and the like sorrows, she took forth a naked Sword which she had ready for the same effect, and putting the Pummel to the ground, cast her breast upon the point. The which she did with such furious violence and exceèding haste, that the Magician although he was there pre-

sent,

sent, could not succour her, nor prevent her from committing on her self so bloody a fact.

This sudden mischance so amazed him, and so grieved his Soul, that his heart (for a time) would not consent that his tongue should speak one word to expresse his passion. But at last (having taken truce with sorrow, and recovering his former speech,) he took up the dead body of Rosana, bathed all in blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents Grave: and over the same hung an Epitaph that did declare the occasion of all their deaths.

This being done, to expresse the sorrows of his heart for the desperate death of such a Magnanimous Lady, and the rather to exempt himself from the company of all humane creatures, he erected over the Grave by Magick Art a very stately Tomb, which was in this order framed: First, there were fixed four Pillars, every one of a very fine Rubie: upon which was placed a Sepulchre of Chrystal: within the Sepulchre there seemed to be two fair Ladies; the one having her breast pierced thorow with a Sword, and the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and so lean of Body that she seemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre there lay a Knight all along, with his Face looking up to the Heavens, and armed with a Corslet of fine Steel, of a russet enamelling: under the Sepulchre there was spread abroad a great Carpet of Gold, and upon it two Pillars of the same, and upon them lay an old Shepherd and his Sheep-hook lying at his feet: his eyes were shut, and out of them were distilled many pearled tears: at either Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely feature, the one of them seemed to be murthered, and the other ravished.

And near unto the Sepulchre there lay a terrible great beast, headed like a Lyon, his breast and body like a Wolf, and his tail like a Scorpion: which seemed to spit continually flames of fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron, with four Gates for enter in thereat: the Gates were after the manner and colour of fine Diamonds: and directly over the top of the chiefest Gate stood a Marble Pillar, where-

on hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents whereof were as follow:

So long shall breath upon this brittle Earth
The Framer of this stately Monument,
Till that three Children of a Wondrous Birth
Out of the Northern Climate shall be sent:
They shall obscure his name, as fates agree,
And by his fall the Fiends shall tamed be.

This Monument was no sooner framed by the assistance of Pluto's Legions, and maintained by their Devillish powers, but the Negromancer inclosed himself in the Walls, where he consorted chiefly with Furies and walking Spirits, that continually fed upon his blood, and left their damnable scales sticking upon his left side, as a sure token and witnesse that he had given both his soul and body to their Governments after the date of his mortal life was finished.

In which enchanted Sepulchre we will leave him for a time conferring with his damnable Mates, and return to the Christian Knight where we left them travelling towards Babylon, to place the King again in his Kingdom.

CHAP. XIV.

How the seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto the Kingdom: and after how honourably they were received at *Rome*, where Saint *George* fell in love with the Emperours Daughter, being a professed Nun: of the mischief that ensued thereby, and of the desperate end of young *Lucius* Prince of *Rome*.

The valiant Christian Champions, having as you heard in the Chapter going before, performed the adventure of the Enchanted Monument, accompanyed the Babylonian King to his Kingdom of Assyria, as they had all solemnly promised him.

But when they approached the Confines of Babylon, and made no question of peacefull and Princely entertainment, there was neither sign of peace, nor likelihood of joyfull and friendly welcome, for all the Countrey raged with intestine War, four several Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of right belonged.

The unnatural causers and stirrers up to this blood devouring controversie, were four Noble men, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of his Realm, when he went in the Tragical pursuite of his fair Daughter, after his dreamed illusion that caused him so cruelly to seek her death. And the breaking out into this horliborly grew first to head in this manner following:

Two years after the Kings departure, these Deputies governed the publick Seat in great peace, and with prudent Policy, till after no tydings of the King could be heard, notwithstanding so many Messengers as were into every quarter of the World sent to enquire of him: then did Ambition kindle in all their hearts, each striving to wrest into his hand the sole possession of the Babylonian Kingdom.

To this end, they all made several Friends: for this had they contended in many fights; and now lastly, they intended to set all their hopes upon this main chance of War, intending to fight till three fell, and one remained Victor over the rest: whose Head should be beautified with a Crown.

But of Traytors and Treason the end is sudden and shameful: for no sooner had St. George (placing himself between the battels) in a brief Oration shewed the adventures of the King, and he himself to the People discovered his reverend Face, but they all shouted for joy, and haling the Usurpers presently to death, they re-installed him in his ancient dignity, their true, lawful, and long-lookt for King.

The King being thus restored, marryed Fidelia for her faithfulness: and after the Nuptial Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest request of St. Anthony) departed towards Italy: where in Rome the Emperour spared no cost honourable and most sumptuously to entertain those never daunted Knights, the famous wonders of Christendom.

At that time of the year when the Summers Quéen had beautified the Earth with interchangeable ornaments, Saint George (in company of the Emperour with the reſt of the Champions, chanced to walk along by the ſide of the River Tybur, to delight themſelves with the pleaſant Meads, and beautiful proſpect of the Country.

Before they had walked half a mile from the City, they approched unto an ancient Nunnery, which was very fair and of a ſtately Building, and likewiſe encompaſſed about with Chryſtal ſtreams and many gréen Medows, furniſhed with all manner of beautiful Trées and Fragrant Flowers.

This Nunnery was conſecrated to Diana the Quéen of Chaſtity, and none were ſuffered to live therein, but ſuch chaſt Ladies and Virgins as had vowed themſelves to a ſingle life, and to kéep their Virginities for ever unſpotted.

In this place the Emperours only Daughter, lived as a profeſſed Nun, and exempted her ſelf from all company, except it were the fellowſhip of chaſt and Religious Virgins.

This vertuous Lucina (for ſo was ſhe called) having intelligence before, by the Overſéers of the Nunnery, how that the Emperor her Father with many other Knights, were coming to viſit their Religious Habitation, againſt their approach ſhe attyred her ſelf in a Gown of white Sattin, all laid over with gold Lace, having alſo her golden locks of hair ſomewhat laid forth: and upon her head was knit a Garland of ſwéet ſmelling Flowers, which made her ſéem like ſome Celeſtial or Divine Creature.

Her beauty was ſo excellent, that it might have quailed the heart of Cupid, and her bravery exceéded the Paphyan Quéens. Never could nature with all her cunning ſtream more beauty in any one Creature, than was upon her Face: nor never could the flattering Syrens more beguile the Travellers, than did her bright countenance enchant the Engliſh Champion: for at his firſt entrance into the Nunnery, he was ſo raviſhed with her ſight, that he was not able to withdraw his eyes from her beauty, but ſtood gazing upon her roſie coloured Chéeks, like one bewitched with Meduſa's ſhadows. And to be ſhort, her beauty ſéemed ſo Angelical, and the burning flames

of

of love so fired his heart, that he must either enjoy her company, or give end to his life by some untimely means.

Saint George being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, dissembled his grief, and revealed it not to any one, but departed with the Emperour back again to the City, leaving his heart behind him closed in the stony Monastery with his lovely Lucina.

All that ensuing night he could not enjoy the benefit of sleep, but did contemplate upon the Divine Beauty to his Lady, and fraughted his mind with a thousand several cogitations how he might attain to her love, being a chast Virgin and a professed Nun.

In this manner spent he away the night, and no sooner appeared the mornings brightness in at the Chamber window, but he arose from his restless Bed, and attyred himself in watchet Velvet, to signifie his true Love, and wandred all alone unto the Monastery, where he revealed his deep affection unto the Lady, who was as far from granting to his Requests, as the Skies from the Earth, or the deepest Seas the highest Elements: for she protested while life remained within her Body, never to yield her love in the way of Marriage to any one, but to remain a pure Virgin, and of Diana's Train.

No other resolution could Saint George get of the chaste Nun, which caused him to part in great discontent, intending to seek by some other means to obtain her love, so coming to the rest of the Christian Champions, he revealed to them the truth of all things that had hapned: who in this manner counselled him, that he should provide a multitude of Armed Knights, every one bearing in their hands a Sword ready drawn, and to enter the Monastery at such time as she little mistrusted, and first with fair and promises and kind speeches to seek her love, but if she yielded not, to fill her ears with cruel threatnings, protesting that if she will not grant to requisite his love with like affection, he would not leave one Stone of that Monastery standing upon another, and likewise make her a bloody offering up to Diana.

This pollicy liked well Saint George, though he intended

not

not to prosecute such cruelty: so the next morning by break of day he went unto the Nunnery in company of no other but the Christian Champions, Armed in bright Armour with their glistering Swords ready drawn, which they carryed under their side Cloaks to prevent suspition.

But when they came to the Monastery, and had entred into the Chamber of Lucina (whom they found kneeling upon the bare ground at her Ceremoneous Orisons) Saint George first prokered her kindness by fair promises, but finding that thereby he nothing prevailed, he then made known his pretended unmerciful purpose, and thereupon all of them shaking their bright Swords against her vertuous breast, they protested (though contrary to their intents) then except she would yield to Saint George her unconquered Love, they would bath their Weapons in her dearest blood.

At which words the distressed Virgin being overcharged with fear, sunck down presently to the ground, and lay for a time in a dead agony, but in the end recovering her self, she lifted up her Angelical Face, shrouded under a cloud of pale sorrow, and in this manner declared her mind:

Most Renowned, and well approved Knight (said she) it is as difficult to me to climb up to the highest top of Heaven, as to perswade my mind to yeeld to the fulfilling of your requests. The pure and chast Goddess *Diana* that sits now crowned amongst the golden Stars, will revenge my perjured promise if I yield to your desires, for I have long since deeply vowed to spend my days in this Religious House, in honour of her Deity, and not to yeeld the flower of my Virginity to any one, which vow I will not infringe for all the Wealth of *Rome:* you know brave Champions, that in time the watry drops will mollifie the hardest Diamond, and time may root this resolution out of my heart. Therefore I request you by honour of true Knight-hood, and by the loves you bear to your native Countries, to grant me the liberty of seven days, that I may at full consider with my heart before I give an answer to your demands, and to the intent that I may make some publick Sacrifices, as well to appease the Wrath which the chast Goddess *Diana* may conceive against me, as to satisfie my own Soul for not fulfilling my Vow.

These words were no sooner ended, but the Champions incontinently

continently without any more delay joyfully consented, and moreover proffered themselves to be all present at the same sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great comfort.

The Champions being gone, Lucina called together all the rest of the Nuns, and declared to them the whole discourse of her assaylment, where after amongst this Religious company with the help of some other of their approved friend, they devised a most strange Sacrifice, which hath since bèn the occasion that so many inhumane and bloody Sacrifices have bèn committed.

The next morning after six days were finished, no sooner did bright Phœbus shew his golden Beams abroad, but the Nuns began to prepare all things in readiness for the Sacrifice: for directly before the door of the Monastery, they hyred cunning work-men to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with Cloath of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the middle thereof) was placed a fair Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloath of Gold, and upon it a Chafing-dish of Coals burning: all this being set in good order, the Emperour with the Christian Champions, and many other Roman Knights being present to behold the ceremonious Sacrifice, little mistrusted the doleful Tragedy that after hapned.

The assembly being silent, there was straight-ways heard a sweet and harmonious sound of Clarions and Trumpets, and sundry other kinds of Instruments: these entred first upon the scaffold, and next unto them were brought seven Rams, all adorned with fine white Wool more soft in fèeling than Arabian Silk, with huge and mighty charged Horns bound about with Garlands of Flowers, after them followed a certain number of Nuns attyred in black Vestures, singing their accustomed Songs in the honour of Diana: after them followed an ancient Matron drawn in a Chariot by four comly Virgins, bringing in their hands the Image of Diana: and on either side of her two ancient Nuns of great estimation each of them bearing in their hands rich vessels of gold, full of most precious and sweet wines: then after all this came the beautiful Lucina apparelled with a rich Robe of estate being of a great and inestimable value.

Thus

Thus ceremoniously she ascended the Scaffold, where the Matron placed the Image of Diana behind the Chafing-dish of Coals that was there burning: and the rest of the Nuns continued still singing their Songs and drinking of the precious Wines that were brought in the golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the necks of the Rams by cutting their throats, whose blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, and opened their bowels, and burned the inward parts in the Chafing-dish of Coals.

Thus with the slaughter, they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity: at the sight whereof was present the surfeiting Lover Saint George, with the other six Christian Knights Armed all in bright Armour, and were all very attentive to this that I have here told you.

The Sacrifice ended, this Lucina commanded silence to be made, and when all the Company were still, she raised her self upon her feet, and with a heavy voyce distilling many salt tears she said:

O most excellent and chast *Diana*, in whose blessed bosom we undefiled Virgins do recreate our selves: unto thy most Divine excellency do I now commend this my last Sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods, that I have done my best to continue a spotless Maiden of thy most beautiful Train.

O Heavens, shall I consent to deliver my Virginity willingly to him, whose Soul desires to have the use of it? or shall I my self commit my utter ruine and sorrowful destruction, which proceedeth only by the means of my flourishing beauty? the which I would it had been as black as the Night-Ravens, or like to the Tawny-tanned Moors in the fartheſt mountains of *India*.

O sacred *Diana* thou blessed Queen of Chastity, is it possible that that thou dost consent that a Virgin descended from so Royal a Race as I am, should suffer the worthiness of her predecessours to be spotted by yielding her Virgin honour to the conquest of Love, without respecting the Chast vow I made unto thy Deity?

Well, seeing it is so that I must needs violate my self against all humane nature, I beseech thee to receive the solemnity of this my death, which I offer up in Sacrifice to thy Divine excellency: for I am here constrained with mine own trembling hand to cut off the flourishing

flourishing Brances of these my days. For this I swear before the Majesty of *Diana*, that I had rather offer up my Soul into the society and sacred bosom of that great Goddess, than to yeeld the Castle of my Chastity to the conquest of any Knight in the World.

And now to thee I speak thou valiant Knight of *England*, behold here I yield unto thy hands my liveless Body, to use according to thy will and pleasure, requesting only this thing at thy hand, that as thou lovedst me living thou wilt love me dead, and like a merciful Champion suffer me to receive a Princely Funeral.

At last of all to thee Divine *Diana* do I speak, accept of this my bleeding Soul, that with so much blood is offered unto thee.

So in finishing this sorrowful speech, she drew out a fair and bright shining Sword, which she had hidden secretly under her Gown, and setting the Hilt against the Scaffold (little looked for of her Father and those that were present) she suddenly threw her self upon the point of that Sword in such furious manner, that it parted her bloody heart in sunder, and so rendred her Soul to the tuition of her unto whom she offered her most bloody and ruthful Sacrifice.

What shall I here declare the lamentable sorrows and pittiful lamentation that was there made by her Father and other Roman Knights that were present at this unhappy mischance? so great it was, that the Wall of the Monastery Echoed, and their pittiful shrieks ascended to the Clouds.

But none was more grieved in mind than the afflicted English Champion, who (like a man distraught of sense) in great fury rushed amongst the people, throwing them down on every side, till he ascended upon the Scaffold: and approaching the dead Body of Lucina, he took her up in his Arms, and with a sorrowful and passionate voyce he said: Oh my beloved joy, and late my only hearts delight, is this the Sacrifice wherein (through thy desperateness) thou hast deceived me, who loved thee more than thy self? is this thy respite that thou requiredst for seven days, wherein thou hast concluded thy own Death and my utter confusion.

Oh noble *Lucina* and my beloved Lady, if this were thy intent, why didst thou not first Sacrifice me thy Servant and Love, wholly subjected unto thy Divine Beauty? Woe be unto me, and woe be

unto my unhappy entreprize: for by it is she lost, who was made Soverain Lady of my heart.

Oh *Diana*, accursed be this Chance, because thou hast consented to so bloody a Tragedy: for I do here protest that never more shalt thou be Worshipped, but in thy stead in every Land and Countrey where the English Champion commeth shall *Lucina* be adored. For from henceforth will I seek to diminish thy Name, and blot it from the godral of the Firmament; yea, and utterly extinguish it for ever, so that there shall never more memory remain of thee for this thy bloody Tyranny, in suffering so lamentable a Sacrifice.

No sooner had he delivered these Spæches, but incensed with fury he drew his Sword and parted the Image of Diana into two pieces, protesting to ruinate the Monastery within whose Walls the divice of this blody Sacrifice was concluded.

The sorrow and extream grief of the Roman Emperour so exceeded for the murther of his Daughter, that he fell to the Earth in a senseless swound, and was carryed by certain of his Knights half dead with grief home to his Palace, where he remained spæchlesse by the space of thirty days.

The Emperor had a Son as valiant in Arms as any born Italian except St. Anthony. This young Prince whose name was Lucius, seeing his Sisters timelesse death and by what meany it was committed, he presently intended with a train of an hundred armed Knights which continually attended upon his Person, to assayl the discontented Champions, and by force of Arms to revenge his Sisters death.

This resolution so encouraged the Roman Knights, but especially the Emperor Son, that betwixt those two companies began as terrible a Battle as ever was fought by any Knights; the fiercenes of their blows so exceeded the one side against the other, that they did resound Ecchoes, which yielded a terrible noyse in the neighbouring Woods.

This Battle did continue betwixt them both sharp and fierce for the space of two hours, by which time the valour of the incensed Champions so prevailed, that most the Roman Knights were discomfited and slain: some had their Heads parted from their shoulders, some had their Arms and Legs lopped off, and some lay breathless, weltring in their own bloods, in which

encounter

encounter many a Roman Lady lost her husband, many a widdow was bereaved of her Son, and many a Child left Fatherless, to the great sorrow of the whole Country.

But when the valiant young Prince of Rome saw his Knights discomfited, and he left alone to withstand so many Noble Champions, he presently set Spurs to his Horse, and fled from them like a heap of Dust forced by a Whirle-wind.

After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no glory to their names to tryumph in the overthrow of a single Knight, but remained still by the Scaffold, where they buried the sacrificed Virgin, under a Marble stone close by the Monastery Wall. The which being done to their contentments, Saint George engraved this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the point of his Dagger, which was in this wise following.

Under this Marble Stone interr'd doth lie,
Luckless *Lucina*, yet of Beauty bright:
Who to maintain her spotless Chastity,
Against the assaylment of an English Knight,
Upon a blade her tender Breast she cast;
A bloody offring to *Diana* chaste.

So, when he had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-footed Steeds, and bade adue to the unhappy Confines of Italy, hoping to find better Fortunes in other Countreys. In which Travel we will leave them for a time, and speak of the Prince of Rome: who after the discomfiture of the Roman Knights, fled in such haste from the furies of the Warlike Champions. After which, he like a raging Lyon traversed along by the River of Tybris, filling all places with his melancholy passions, until such time as he entred into a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary Limbs, and lament his mis-fortunes. After he had in this solitary place unlaced his Helmet, and hurled it scornfully against the ground, the infernal furies began to visit him, and to sting his breast with motions of fiery revenge.

In the end he cast up his wretched eyes unto the Skies and said:

Oh you fatal Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournful Habiliments, to cloak my wandring steps in eternal darkness? Or shall I be made a scorn in *Rome* for my cowardise? or shall I return and accompany my Roman friends in death, whose blood me thinks I see sprinkled about the Fields of *Italy*? Me thinks I hear their bleeding Souls fill each corner of the Earth with my base flight: therefore will I not live to be tearmed a fearful Coward, but die couragiously by mine own hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtain the conquest of my death, nor tryumph in my fall.

This being said, he drew out his Dagger and clave his heart in sunder. The news of whose desperate death, after it was bruited to his Fathers ears, he enterred his body with his Sister Lucina's, and erected over them a stately Chapel, wherein the Nuns and ceremonious Monks during all their lives, sung Dirges for his Childrens souls.

After this, the Emperor made Proclamations through all his Dominions: that if any Knight were so hardy as to travel in pursuit after the English Champion, and by force of Arms to bring him back, or deliver his head unto the Emperour, he should not only be held in great estimation through the Land, but receive the Government of the Empire after his Decease. Which rich proffer so encouraged the minds of many adventurious Knights, that they went from sundry Provinces in the pursuit of Saint George, but their attempts were all vain.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Triumphs, Tilts, and Turnaments, that were solemnly held in *Constantinople* by the Grecian Emperour; and of the honourable adventures that were there atchieved by the Christian Champions, with other strange accidents that hapned.

IN the Eastern parts of the World the Fame and valiant Deeds of the Champions of Christendom was noised with their honourable Victories, Heroical Acts and feats of arms, naming them the Mirrour of Nobility, and the typs of bright honour. All Kings and Princes (to whose ears the report of their Valours were bruited) desired much to behold their Noble Parsonages. But when the Emperour of Grecia (keeping then his Court in the City of Constantinople) heard of their mighty and valiant Deeds, he thirsted after their sights, and his mind could never be satisfied with content until such time as he had devised a means to Train them unto his Court, not only in that he might enjoy the benefit of their Companies, but to have his Court honoured with the presence of such renowned Knights: and therefore in this manner it was accomplished.

The Emperor dispatched Messengers into divers parts of the World, giving them in charge to publish throughout every Countrey and Provinces as they went, of an honourable Turnament that should be holden in the City of Constantinople within six months following, thereby to accomplish his intent and to bring the Christian Champions (whose company he so much desired) unto his Court.

This charge of the Grecian Emperour (as he commanded) was spedily performed, with such diligence, that in a short time it came to the ears of the Christian Knights, as they travelled betwixt the Provinces of Asia and Africa, who at the time appointed, came in great Pomp and Majesty to Constantinople, to furnish forth the honourable Triumps.

At the Fame whereof likewise resorted thither a great number of Knights of great valour and strength: among whom

was

was the Prince of Ergier with a goodly company of Noble Persons: and the Prince of Fez with many well proportioned Knights: likewise came thither the King of Arabia in great state: and with no less Majesty came the King of Sicilia, and a Brother of his, who were both Gyants. Many other brave and valiant Knights (whose names I here omit) came thither to honour the Grecian Emperour, for that he was very well estæmed of by them all. And as they came to honour the Triumphs: so likewise they came to prove their fortitudes, and to get Fame and Name, and the praise that belongeth to Adventurous Knights. It was supposed of all the Company that the King of Sicilia would gain by his Prowesse the dignity from the rest, for that he was a Gyant of very big Limbs, although his Brother was taken to be the more furious Knight: who determined not to Just, for that his Brother should get the honour and praise from all the Knights that came, but it fell out otherwise, as hereafter you shall understand,

For when the day of Turnament was come, all the Ladies and Damsels put themselves in places to behold the Justing, and attyred themselves in the greatest bravery that they could devise, and the great Court swarmed with people that came thither to behold the triumphant Turnament.

What shall I say here of the Emperors Daughter, the fair Alcida, who was of so great beauty that she sæmed more liker a Divine substance then an Earthly creature, and sate glistering in rich Ornaments amongst the other Ladies, like unto Phœbus in the Christal Firmament, and was noted of all beholders to be the fairest Princesse that ever mortal eye beheld: so when the Emperour was seated upon his Imperial Throne under a Tent of grœn Velvet. The Knights began to enter into the Lists, and he that first entred was the Knight of Arabia mounted upon a very fair and well-adorned Courser, he was armed with black Armour, all to be spotted with silver knobs, and he brought with him fifty Knights all apparelled with the same Livery, and thus with great Majesty he rode round about the Palace, making great obedience unto all the honourable Ladies and Damsels.

After him entred a Pagan Knight, who was Lord of Syria,

and

and armed with Armour of Lyons Colour, accompany with an hundred Knights all apparelled in Velvet of the same Colour, and passed round about the Palace, shewing unto the Ladies great friendship and courtesie as the other did.

Which being done, he beheld the King of Arabia tarrying to receive him at the Just: and the Trumpets began to sound, giving them to understand that they must prepare themselves ready to the encounter: whereto these two Knights were nothing unwilling, but spurred their Coursers with great fury, and closed together with couragious valour.

The King of Arabia most strongly made his encounter, and strook the Pagan without missing upon his Breast: but the Pagan at the next Race (being heated with fury) strook him so surely with his Lance, that he heaved him out of his Saddle, and he fell presently to the ground, after which the Pagan Knight rode up and down with great pride and gladness.

The Arabian King being thus overthrown, there entred into the Lists the King of Argier, armed with no other Furniture but with silver Mail, and a Breast-plate of bright Steel before his breast; his pomp and pride exceeded all the Knights that were then present, but yet to small purpose his pride and arrogancy served: for at the first encounter he was overthrown to the ground: in like sort did that Pagan use fifteen other Knights of fifteen several Provinces, to the great wonder and amazement of the Emperor and all the assembly.

During all these valiant encounters Saint George with the other Christian Champions stood a far off upon a high Gallery beholding them, intending not as yet to be seen in the Tilt.

But now this valiant Pagan after he had rode some six courses up and down the place, and seeing none entred the Tilt-yard, he thought to bear all the fame and honour away for that day.

But at the same instant there entred the noble minded Prince of Fesse, being for courage the only pride of his Countrey, he was a marvellous well-proportioned Knight, and was armed all in white Armour, wrought with excellent knots of Gold, and he brought in his company a hundred Knights, all attyred in white Satten, and riding about the place he shewed his obedience

dience unto the Emperor, and to all the Ladies, and thereupon the Trumpets began to sound.

At the noyse whereof the two Knights spurred their Coursers, and made their encounters so strong, and with such great fury, that the proud Pagan was cast to the ground, and so departed the Lists with great dishonour.

Straight way entred the brave King of Sicilia, who was armed in a glistering Corslet of very fine steel, and was mounted upon a mighty and strong Courser, and brought in his Company two hundred Knights, all apparrelled with rich Cloth of Gold, having every one a several Instrument of Musick in their hands, sounding thereon a most delightsome Melody.

And after the Sicilian King had made his accustomed compasse and curtesie in the place, he locked down his Bevor, and put himself in readiness to Just.

So, when the sign was given by the chief Harrold at Arms, they spurred their Horses and made their Encounters so valiantly, that the first Race they made, their Lances shivered in the ayr, and the pieces thereof scattered abroad like Aspen leaves in a whirl-wind.

At the second course the young Prince of Fez was carryed over his Horse buttocks, and the Saddle with him betwixt his Legs, which was a great grief unto the Emperor and all the company that did see him, for that he was well beloved of them all, and held for a Knight of great estimation.

The Sicilian King grew proud at the Prince of Fesses overthrown, and was so enraged and furious, that in a small time he left not a Knight remaining on Horse-back in the Saddle that durst attempt to Just with him, but every one of what Country or Nation soever, he unhorsed in the attempt: so that there was no question among either Nobles or the multitude but that unto him the undoubted honour of the Victory in triumph would be attributed.

But being in this arrogant pride, he heard a great noyse in the manner of a Tumult drawing near, which was the occasion that he stood still, and expecting some strange accident, and and looking about what it should be, he beheld Saint George

entring

entring the Lists, as then come from the Galley, who was armed with his rich and strong Armour all of purple, full of golden stars, and before him rode the Champions of France, Italy, Spain, and Scotland, all on stately Coursers, bearing in their hands four silken Streamers of four several colours: and there followed him the Champion of Wales, carrying his Shield, whereon was portrayed a golden Lyon in a Sable Field; and the Champion of Ireland likewise carryed his Spear being of knotty Ash, strongly bound about with plates of Steel: all which shewed the highness of his discent, in that so many brave Knights attended upon him.

So when St. George had passed by the Royal Seat whereon the Emperour sate invested, in whose company were many Princes of great power, he rode along by the other side, whereas Alcida the Emperours fair Daughter sate amongst many gallant Ladies and fair Damsels, richly apparrelled in a Vesture of Gold, to whom he Valed his Bonet, shewing them the courtesie of a Knight, and so passed by Alcida, who at the sight of this noble Champion coul not refrain he self, but with an high and bold voyce she said unto the Emperor: Most mighty Emperor and my Royal Father, this is the Knight in whose power and strength all Christendom do put their Fortunes, and this is he whom the whole World admires for Chivalry. Which words of the lovely Princess, although Saint George heard them very well, yet passed he on as though he had heard nothing.

Now when he was come before the Face of his adversary he took his Shield and his Spear, and prepared himself in readiness to Just, and so being both provided, the Trumpets began to sound, whereat with great fury these two Warlike Knights met together, and neither of them missed their blows at their Encounter: but yet by reason that St. George had a desire to extol his Fame, and to make his name resound through the World, he strook the Gyant such a mighty blow upon his breast, that he presently overthrew him to the ground, and so with great state and Majesty he passed along without any shew of disdain, whereat the people gave so great a shout, that it resounded like and Eccho in the ayr, and in this manner said:

The great and furious Boaster is overthrown, and his mighty strength hath little availed him.

After this many Princes proved their Adventures against the English Champion, and every Knight that was of any estimation Justed with him, but with great ease he overcame them all in less than the space of two hours. So at such time as bright Phœbus began to make an end of his long journey, and the day to draw to an end, there appeared to enter into the Lists the brave and mighty Gyant, being Brother to the Sicilian King, with a mighty great Sphear in his hand, whose glimmering point of Steel glistered through all the Court, he brought with him but only one Squire, attyred in silver Maile bringing in his hand another Lance.

So this furious Gyant, without any care of courtesie due unto the Emperor or any of his Knights there present, entred the place, which being done the Squire that brought the other Sphear, went unto the English Champion and said: Sir Knight, yonder brave and valiant Gyant, my Lord and Master doth send unto thee this Warlike Sphear, and therewithal he willeth thee to defend thy self to the uttermost of thy power and strength, for he hath vowed before Sun-set, to be either Lord of thy Fortunes or a Vassal to thy Prowesse, and likewise saith that he doth not only defie thee in the Turnament, but also challenge thee to mortal Battel.

This braving Message caused Saint George to smile, and bred in his Breast a new desire of honour, and so returned him this answer: Friend, go thy ways and tell the Gyant that sent thee that I do accept his Demand, although it doth grieve my very soul to hear his arrogant Defiance, to the great disturbance of this Royal Company, in presence of so mighty an Emperor: but seeing his stomack is gorged with so much pride, tell him that *George* of *England*, is ready to make his defence, and also that shortly he shall repent him by the pledge of my Knight-hood.

In saying these words, he took the Sphear from the Squire, and delivered him his Gauntlet from his hand to carry to his Master, and so putting himself to the standing, awaiting for the encounter.

At that time he was very nigh the place where the Emperor sate, who heard the answer which the English Knight made unto the Squire, and was much displeased that the Gyant in such sort would defie St. George without any occasion.

But it was no time as then to speak, but to kéep silence, and to mark what event came to his great Pride and Arrogancy.

All this time the two Warriours (mounted upon their Stéeds) tarryed the Sign to be made by the Trumpets, which being given, they set forward their Courses, with their Spheares in their Rests, with so great fury and desire the one to Unhorse the other, that they both failed in their Encounter.

The Gyant who was very strong and pround, when he saw that he had missed his intent, he returned against St. George, carrying his Sphear upon his shoulder, and coming nigh unto him, upon a sudden before he could clear himself, he struck him such a mighty blow upon his Corslet, that his staffe brake in pieces, by reason of the fineness of his Armour, and made the English Knight to double his body backwards upon his Horses Crupper.

But when he saw the great villany that the Gyant used against him, his anger increased very much, and so taking his Spear in the same sort, he went towards the Gyant and said:

Thou furious and proud Beast, thou scorn of nature and enemy to true Knight-hood, thinkest thou for to entrap me trecherously, and to gore me at unawars like to a savage Boar? Now as I am a Christian Knight, if my knotty Sphear have good success, I will revenge me on thy uncivility.

And in saying this, he struck him so furiously on the breast, that the Sphear passed thorow the Gyant body and appeared forth at his back, whereby he fell presently down dead to the ground, and yélded his life to the conquest of the fatal Sisters. All that were présent were very much amazed thereat, and wondred greatly at the strength and force of St. George, accounting him the fortunatest Knight that ever wielded Lance, and the very pattern of true Nobility.

At this time the golden Sun had finished his course, having

ving nothing above the Horison but his glistering Beams, whereby the Judge of the Turnament commanded with sound of Trumpets, that the Justs should cease, and make an end for that day.

So the Emperour descended from his Imperial Throne into the Tilting place, where all his Knights and Gentlemen were, for to receive the Noble Champion of England, and desired him, that he would go with them into his Palace, there to receive all Honours due unto a Knight of such desart: to the which he could not make any denyal, but most willingly consented. After this the Emperours Daughter (in company of many Courtly Virgins) likewise descended from their places, where Alcida bestowed upon Saint George her Glove, the which he wore for her favour many a day after in his Burgonet.

The other six Christian Champions, although they merited no honour by this Turnament, because they did not try their adventures therein, yet obtained they such good liking among the Grecian Ladies, that every one had his Mistress, and in their presence they long time fired their chief delights, where we must leave the Champions in the Emperors Court for a time, surfeiting in pleasures, and return to St. George's Sons travelling the World to seek out Adventures.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How a Knight with two Heads tormented a beautiful Mayden that had betrothed her self to the Emperours Son of *Constantinople*: and how she was rescued by Saint *George*'s Sons; and after how they were brought by a strange adventure into the company of the Christian Champions, with other things that hapned in the same Travels.

THis Renowned Emperor (within whose Court the Christian Champions made their abodes) of late years had a Son named Pollemus, in all vertues and Knightly demeanours, equal with any living. This young Prince in the spring time of his youth, through the piercing darts of blind Cupid, fell in love with a Mayden of mean Parentage, but in beauty and other precious gift of nature, most excellent.

This Dulcippa (for so was she called) being but Daughter to a countrey Gentleman, was restrayned from the Emperours Court, and denyed the sight of her beloved Pollemus, and he forbidden to set his affection so low, upon the displeasure of the Emperour his Father: for he being the Son of so mighty a Potentate, and she the Daughter of so mean a Gentleman was thought to be a match unfit and disagreeable to the Laws of the countrey: and therefore they could not be suffered to manifest their loves as they would, but were constrained by stealth to enjoy each others beloved and much desired company.

So upon a time these two Lovers concluded to meet together in a Valey betwixt two Hils, in distance from the Emperors Court some three miles, whereas they might in secret (devoyd of all suspition) unite and tie both their hearts in one knot of true love, and to prevent the determination of their Parents that so unkindly thought to crosse them.

And so when the appointed day drew on, Dulcippa arose from her careful Bed, and attired her self in rich and costly Apparrel, as though she had bèn going to perform her Nuptial ceremonies.

And

And in this manner entred she the Valley, at such time as the Son began to appear out of his golden Horison, and to shew himself uponthe face of the Earth, glistring with his bright beams upon the silver-floating Rivers. Likewise the calmy Western Winds did very sweetly blow upon the grœn leaves, and made a delicate harmony, at such time as the fairest Dulcippa (accompanied with high thoughts) approached the place of their appointed mœting.

But when she found not Prince Pollemus present, she determined to spend the time away till he came, in trimming of her golden hair, and decking her delicate body, and such like delightful pleasures for her contentment and recreation.

So sitting down upon a grœn Bank under the shaddow of a Mirtle Trœ, she pulled a golden Cawl from her Head, wherein her hair was wrapped, letting it fall and disperse it self all abroak her back, and taking out from her Christalline breast an Ivory comb, she began to kemb her hair, her hands and fingers sœmed to be of white Alablaster, her Face staynıng the beauty of Roses and Lillies mired together, and the rest of her body comparable to Hyrens, upon whose love and beauty Mahomet did somewhat dote.

But now mark (gentle Reader) how frowning Fortune crossed her desires, and changed her wished joys into unexpected sorrows. For as she sate in this Divine and Angelical likenesse, there fortuned to come wandring by an inhumane Tyrant, surnamed the Knight with two Heads, who was a Ravisher of Virgins, an Oppresser of Infants, and an utter Enemy to vertuous Ladies and strange travelling Knights.

This Tyrant was bodied like unto a man, but covered all over with locks of hair. He had two Heads, two mouths, and four Eyes, but all red as blood. Which deformed creature presently ran unto the Virgin, and caught her up under his arms, and carryed her away over the Mountain into another Countrey, where he intended to torment her, as you shall hear more at large hereafter.

But now return we to Prince Pollemus, who at the time appointed likewise prepared to mœt his betrothed Love: but coming to the place, he found nothing but a silken Scarfe, the

which

which Dulcippa had let fall through the fearful frighting she took at the sight of the Two-headed Knight.

No sooner found he her Scarf, but he was oppressed extreamly with sorrow, fearing Dulcippa was murthered by some inhumane means, and had left her Scarf as a token that she infringed not her promise, but performed it, to the losse of her own life. Therefore taking it up, and putting it next his heart he breathed forth this woful lamentation.

Here rest thou neer unto my true loving heart, thou precious token and remembrance of my dearest Lady, never to be hence removed till such time as my eyes may either behold her Body, or my ears hear certain news of her untimely death, that I may in death consort with her.

Frown you glistering Lamps of brightnesse, that gave first light unto this fatal morning, for by your dismal light the pride of Earthly women is dishonoured. Come, come you wrathful Planets, descend the luckless Horison, and raine upon my head eternal vengeance, oppresse my body with continual misery, as once you did the wofully King of *Thebes*; for by my slothful negligence and overlong tarrying, this bloody Tragedy hath been committed.

And for her sake I vow to travel through the World, as far as ever golden *Phœbus* lends his light; filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of her name, and making the Elements resound with Ecchoes of my lamentation.

In which resolution he returned home to the Emperour his Fathers Palace, dissembling his grief in such manner that none could suspect his discontented sorrows, nor the strange accident that unto beauteous Dulcippa had hapned.

And so upon a day as he was meditating with himself, seeing the small comfort that he took in the Court, considering the want of her presence whom he so much desired, he determined in great secret, as soon as it was possible, to depart the Court.

Which determination he straight-ways put in practice, and took out of the Emperors Armory very secretly, an exceeding good Corslet, the which was all Russet, and Enamelled with black, and embroidered round about with a gilded edge, very curiously and artifically graven and carved.

Also he took a Sheild of the same making, saving that it was not graven as the Armour was, and commanded a young Gentleman that was Son unto an ancient Knight of Constantinople, of a good disposition and hardy, that he should keep them safely, and gave him to understand of his determined pretence.

Although it did grieve the young man very much, yet for all that, seeing the great friendship that he used towards him, in uttering his secrets unto him before any other, without replying to the contrary, he very deligently took the Armour and hid it, till he found convenient time to put it into a Ship very secretly.

So likewise, he put into the same Ship two of the best Horses which the Emperour had; and forth-with he gave the Prince to understand that all things were then in a readinesse, and in good order: Pollemus dissembling with the accustomed sorrow that he used, with-drew himself into his Chamber, till such time as the dark night came.

Which when it was come, he made himself ready with his apparel, and when all the people of the Court were at their rest and in their deep sleep, he alone with his Page, who was named Mercutio, departed the Palace and went to the Sea-side. His Page did call the Mariners of the Ship, who straight-way brought unto them their Boat, into the which they entred, and went strait aboard.

And being therein, for that the Wind was very fair, he command to weigh their Anchors, and to hoyse up Sayls, and to commit themselves to the mercy of the Waters: as he commanded all was done, and so in short time they found themselves ingulfed in the main Ocean, far from the sight of any Land.

But when the Emperor his Father understood of his secret departure, the Lamentation which he made was very much? and he commanded his Knights to go unto the Sea-side, to know if there were any Ship that departed that night? And when it was told them that there was a Barque that haled Anchor, and hoysed Sayl, they supposed straight-way that the Prince was gone away.

I cannot here declare the great grief and sorrow which the Emperor felt in his woful heart for the absence of his Son, which along time he always suspected and feared. But when the departure of Pollemus was bruited thorow all Constantinople all sports and Feasts ceased, and all the people of the Countrey were overcome with a general sorrow.

So Pollemus sayled through the deep Seas three day and three nights with a very fair and prosperous forewind.

The fourth day in the evening being calm, and no wind at all, the Marriners went to take their rests, some on the Poop, and some on the fore Ship, for to ease their weary Bodies. The Prince (who sate upon the Poop of the Ship) asked his Page for his Lute, the which strait-way was given him: and sung so sweetly, that it seemed to be a most Heavenly melody, and being in this sweet Musick, he heard a very lamentable cry as it were of a Woman, and leaving his delicate Musick, he gave a listning attentive eare to hearken what this sorrowful creature said, and by reason of the stillness of the night, he might easily hear as it were a woman uttering these words:

It will little profit thee thou cruel Tyrant this thy bold hardinesse, for that I am beloved of so Worthy a Knight, as will undoubtedly revenge this thy tyrannous cruelty profered me.

Then he heard another Voyce which seemed to answer:

Now I have thee in my power, there is no humane creature of strength able enough to deliver or redeem thee from the torments that (in my determination) I have purposed thou shalt endure.

Pollemus could hear no more by reason that the Bark wherein they were, passed by so swiftly, but he supposed that it was his Ladies voyce which he heard, and that she was carryed by force away. So (laying down his Lute) he began to fall into a great thought, and was very heavy and sorrowful, in that he knew not how to adventure for her recovery.

Being in this cogitation, he returned to his Page which was asleep, and struck him with his foot, and awaked him, saying: What, didst thou not hear the great lamentation that my

Lady *Dalcippa* made (as to me it seemed) being in a small Barque that it passed by, and gone forwards along the Seas? To the which the Page Mercutio answered nothing, for he was still in a sound sleep! To whom the Prince called again, saying: Arise I say bring forth my Armour, call upon the Mariners that they may lance their Boat into the Sea; for by the omnipotent *Jupiter*, I swear that I will not be called the Son of my Father if I do suffer such violence to be done against my Love, and not procure with all my strength to revenge the same.

Mercutio would have replyed unto him, but the furious countenance of the Prince would not give him leave; no, not once to look upon his face: so he brought forth his Armour and buckled it on.

In the mean time the Marriners had lanced their Boat into the Sea, where into he leaped with a hasty fury, and carryed with him his Page and four of the Marriners for to row the Barque, and he commanded them to take their way towards the other company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the night till such time as bright Phœbus with his glistering beams gave unto them such light, that they might discover and see the other Barque, although somewhat afar off.

So they laboured with great courage till two parts of the day was spent, at which time they saw come after them a Gally which was rowed with eight Oars upon a side, and it made so great speed, that with a trice they were with them, and he saw that there was in her three Knights, in bright Armour, to whom Pollemus called with a loud voyce, saying: Most courteous Knights, I request you to take me into your Gally, that being in her, I may the better accomplish my desire.

The Knights which were in the Gally passed by the Prince without making return of any answer, but rather shewed that they made but little account of him.

These three Knights were the sons of the English Champion, who departed from their Father in his journey towards Babylon, to set the King again in his Kingdom.

But now to follow our History, the Prince of Constantinople seeing the little account they made of him, with the great anger

and

and fury that he received, he took an Oar in one hand, and another in the other hand, and with such strength he struck the Water, that he made the loathful Barque to flie, and laboured so sore at the Oars, that with a trice they were equal with the Gally.

So leaving the Oars, with a light leap he put himself into the Gally with his Helm on, and his Shield at his shoulder, and being within, he said: Now shall you do that by force, which before (I using great courtesie) you would not yield unto.

This being said, one of Saint George's Sons took the Encounter in hand, thinking it a blemish to the honor of Knighthood, by multitudes to assayl him; so they two brave Knights without any advantage the one of the other, made their Encounters so Valiently, that it was a wonder to all the beholders.

The Prince of Constantinople struck the English Knight such a furious blow, that he made him to decline his head to his breast, and forced him to recoyl backwards two or three steps, but he came quickly again to himself, and returned him so mighty a blow upon his Helmet, that he made all his Teeth to chatter in his head, which was pittiful to see.

Then began betwixt them a marvellous and well fought Battel, that all that beheld them greatly admired: with great pollicy and strength they endured the bickering all day, and when they saw the dark and tenebrous night come upon them they strove with more courage and strength to finish their Battel.

The Prince of Constantinople, puffing and blowing like an enraged Bull, lift up his Sword with both his hands, and discharged it so strongly upon his Enemy, that perforce he made him to fall to the ground, and therewithal offered to pull his Helmet from his Head. But when the English Knight saw himself in that sort he threw his Shield from him, and very strongly caught the other about the neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them began a mighty and terrible wrestling,

tumbling and wallowing up and down the Gally, breaking their planks and Oars, that it was strange to behold.

At this time the night began to be very dark, wherefore they called for lights, which presently were brought them by the Marriners, in the mean time these Knights did somewhat breath themselves, although it was not much. So when the lights were brought, they returned to their old combate with new force and strength.

Oh Heavens, said *Pollemus*, I cannot believe to the contrary but that this is *Mars* the God of War, that doth contend in battle with me, and for the great envy he bears against me, he goeth about to dishonour me. And with these words they thickned their blows with great desperateness.

And although this last assault continued more than two hours, yet neither of them did faint, but at the last, they both together left up their Swords, and charged them together, the one upon the others Helmet, with so great strength that both of them fell down upon the Hatches without any remembrance.

The rest that looked upon them, did believe verily that they were both dead, by reason of the abundance of blood which came forth at their Visours, but quickly it was perceived that there was some hope of life in them. Then presently there was an agreement made betwixt the Knights of the Galley and Marriners of the Bark, that they should conjoyn together and travel whether Fortune should conduct them; in this order as you have heard, carried they these two Knights without any remembrance.

But when the Prince of Constantinople came to himself, with a loud voyce he said; Oh Love, is it possible to be true that I am overthrown in this first Encounter and assault of my Knighthood? here I curse the day of my Creation, and the hour when first I merited the name of a Knight; hence forth I'le bury all my honours in disgrace, and spend the remnant of my life in base cowardise; and in speaking these words, he cast his eye aside, and beheld the English Knight as one newly risen from a trance, who likewise breathed forth these discontented speeches; Oh unhappy

happy Son of Saint *George*, now a coward and of little valour; I know not how thou canst name thy self to be the Son of the valiantest Knight in the World, for that thou hast lost thy honour in this last assault.

This being said, the two weary Knights concluded a peace betwixt them, and revealed each to the other their names and living, and therefore they adventured to travel; the which when it was known, they sayled forward that way whereas the doleous woman went, so in this sort they travelled all the rest of the night that remained, till such time as the day began to be clear, and straitway they descryed Land, to which place with great haste they rowed.

And coming a Land, they found no used way, but one narrow Path, the which they kept: wherein they had not travelled long when they met with a poor simple Countrey man, with a new ground Hatchet in his hand, and he was going to cut some Fire-wood off the high and broad spreading Trees, and of whom they demanded what Countrey and Land it was.

This Countrey (said he) is called *Armenia*, but yet most courteous Knights you must pardon me, for that I do request you to return again, and proseed no further if you do esteem of your lives; for in going this way there is nothing to be had but death.

For that the Lord of this Countrey is a furious Monster, called the Two-headed Knight, and he is so furious in his Tyranny, that never any stranger could as yet escape out of his hand alive: And for proof of his cruelty, no longer than yesterday he brought hither a Lady Prisoner, who at her first coming on Shoar, he all to be whipt and beat her in such sort that it would make the most tyrannous Tyrant that is, to relent and pitty her distresse, swearing that every day he would so torment her, till her life and body did make their seperation.

Pollemus the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the old mans words, thinking the Lady to be his Dulcippa after whom he so long travelled: the grief he received at this report struck such a terrour to his heart, that he fell into a swound,

swound, and was not able to go any further. But Saint George's Sons, who knew him to be a Knight of much valour, encouraged him, and protested by the honour of their Knight-hoods, never to forsake his company, till they saw his Lady delivered from her torments, and he safely conducted home into his own Countrey.

So travelling with this resolution, the night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to séek some convenient place to take their rests, and laying themselves down under abroad branched Oak Trée, they passed the night, pondering in their minds a thousand imaginations.

So when the morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glister with his beams upon the Mountain tops, these martial Knights were not slothful, but rose up and followed their journeys.

After this they had not travelled scarce half a mile, when that they heard a pittiful Lamentation of a Woman, whose voyce by reason of her lowd shrieks, was very hoarse; so they stayd to hear from whence that lamentable noyse should come.

And presently afar off, they beheld a high Pillar of Stone, out of the which there came forth a spout of fair and clear water, and thereat was bound a woman all naked, her back fastned to the Pillar, her arms backward embracing it, with her arms fast bound behind her. Her skin was so fair and white, that if it had not béen that they heard her lamentation, they would have judged her to have béen an Image made artificially of Alablaster, and joyned to the Pillar.

These warlike Knights laced on their Helmets, and came unto the place where she was; but when the Prince of Constantinople saw her, he presently knew her to be his Lady and lovely Mistresse.

For, by reason of the colonesse of the night, and with her great lamentation and wéepings, she was so full of sorrows and affliction, that she could scarce speak. Likewise the Princes heart so yerned at the sight of his unhappy Lady, that almost he could not look upon her for wéeping.

But

But yet at last, with a sorrowful sigh he said: Oh cruell hands! is it possible that there should remain in you so much mischief; that whereas there is such great beauty and fareneſſe, you should use such baseneſſe and villany? she doth more deserve to be loved and served, than to be in this sort so evil intreated.

This woful Prince with much sorrow did behold her white skin and back all to bespotted with her red blood, and taking a Cloak from one of the Marriners, he threw it upon her, and covered her body, and took her in his Arms whilest the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, till such time as she was loosed from those bands, and in the Arms of her Lover. But yet she thought that she had been in the Armes of the Monstrous Two-Headed Knight, and therefore she gave a terrible sigh, saying: Oh *Pollemus*, my true betrothed Husband, where art thou now, that thou comest not to succour me? and therewithal ceased her speeches.

This Prince hearing these words, would have answered her, but he was disturbed by hearing of a great noyse of a Horse, which seemed to be in the Woods amongst the Trees.

The rest of the Knights intending to see what it should be, left the Lady lying upon the green grasse in the keeping of Prince Pollemus and the Marriners, and so Saint George's Sons went towards the place whereas they heard that rushing noyse, and as they diligently lookt about them, they beheld the Two-headed Monster mounted upon a furious and great Palfrey, who returned to see if the Lady were alive, for to torment her anew.

But when he came to the Pillar and saw not the Lady, with an ireful look he cast his eyes, looking round about him on every side, and at last he saw the three Knights coming towards him with a slow and quiet pace, and how the Lady was untyed from the Pillar where he left her, and in the arms of another Knight, making her sorrowful complaint.

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The Two-headed Knight seeing them in this order, with great wrath he came riding upon his furious Horse towards them: and when he was near them, he sayd: Fonds Knights, what wretched folly and madnesse hath bewitched you, that without any leave you have adventured to untie the Lady from the Pillar where I left her, or come you to offer up your blood in sacrifice upon my Fauchion! To whom one of the three valiant Brothers answered, and said: We be Knights of a strange Countrey, that at the sorrowful complaint of this Lady arrived at this place, and seeing her to be a fair and beautiful Woman, and without any desert to be thus evil intreated, it moved us to put our persons in adventure against them that will seem farther to mis-use her.

In the mean time that the Knight was speaking these words the ugly deformed Monster beheld him very precisely, knitting his brows with the great anger he received in hearing his speeches, and with great fury he spurred his monstrous Beast, that he made him give so mighty a leap, that he had almost fallen on the English Knight: who with great lightnes did deliver himself, and so drawing out his Sword, he would have stricken him, but the beast passed by with so great swiftnes, that he could not reach him.

Here began as terrible a Battle betwéen the Two-headed Knight and Saint George's Sons, as ever was fought by any Knights, their mighty blows seemed to rattle in the Elements like a terrible thunder, and their Swords to strike sparkling fire in such abundance, as though it had béen from a Smiths Anvil.

During this conflict, the English Knights were so grievously wounded, that all their bright Armour was stained with a bloody goze, and their Helmets bruised with their terrible stroaks of the Monsters Fauchion, whereat they grew more inraged, and their strength began to increase in such sort that one of them struck an overthwart blow with his trusty sword upon his knée, and by reason that his Armour was not very good, he cut it clean asunder, so that leg and all fell to the ground, and the Two-headed Knight fell on the other side to

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the Earth, and with great roaring he began to rage and stare like a beast, and to blaspheme against the Fates for this his sudden mishap.

The other two Brethren seeing this, presently cut off his two heads, whereby he was forced to yield to the mercy of imperious death.

There was another Knight that came with the Monster, who when he saw all that had passed, with great fear returned the way from when he came.

These Victorious Conquerers, when they saw that with so great ease they were delivered from the Tyrants cruelty, with joyful hearts they departed, with conquest to the Prince of Constantinople, where they left him comforting his distressed Lady.

So when they were altogether, they commanded the Marriners to provide them somewhat to eat, for that they had great need thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their Provision about them: of his Banquet the Knight were very glad, and rejoyced much at that which they had achieved, and commanded that the Lady should be very well looked to, and healed of her harm received.

So at the end of three days, when the Princely Lady had recovered health, they left the Countrey of Armenia, and departed back to the Seas, whereas they had left their Ships lying at road, that tarried their until their coming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entred, but the Marriners hoysed sail, and took their way towards Constantinople, as the Knights commanded. The Winds served them so prosperously that within a small time they arrived in Greece, and Landed within two days journey of the Court, which lay then at Paru about a mile from Constantinople.

Being aland, the Prince Pollemus consulted with Saint George's three Sons, what course were best to be taken for their proceeding in the Court. For, saith he, unlesse I may with the Emperor my Fathers consent, enjoy my dearest Dul-

cippa, I will live unknown in her company, rather than delight in the Heritage of ten such Empires.

At last, they concluded that the Lady should be covered in a black vail for being known, and Pollemus in black Arms, and the other Knights, all suitable should ride together: which accordingly they did, and about ten in the morning entred the Pallace: where they found the Emperour, the seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall: to whom one of Saint George's Sons thus spake:

Great Emperour and Noble Knights, this Knight that leadeth the Lady hath long loved her: in their births there is great difference, so that their Parents cross their affections: for him she hath endured much sorrow, and for her he will and hath suffered many hazards. His coming thus to your Court is to this end, to approve her the only desertful Lady in the World, himself the faithfullest Knight, against all Knights whatsoever, which with your Emperial leave, he, my self, and these two my Associates, will maintain: desiring your Majesty to give judgement as we shall deserve.

The Emperour condescended, and on the Green before the Palace, those four overthrew more than four hundred Knights: so that Saint George and three other of the Champions entred the Lists, and ran three violent Courses against the Black Knights, without moving them: who never suffered the points of their Spears to touch the Armour of the Champions: which the Emperour perceiving, guessed them to be of acquantance: wherefore giving judgement, that the Knight should possesse his Lady, at his request they discovered themselves.

To describe the delightful comfort that the English Champion took in the presence of his Children, and the joy that the Emperour received at the return of his lost Son, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tyred senses can afford. I am therefore here forced to leave the Flowers of Chivalry in the City of Constantinople. Of whose following Adventures I will at large Discourse hereafter: and

how

how all these Famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what cause they were called the seven Saints of Christendom.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the renowned and praise worthy Death of Saint *Patrick*, how he buried his own self: and for what cause the *Irishmen* to this day, do wear their red Crosse upon Saint *Patricks* day.

HEre must you suppose (gentle Readers) that time had ran a long Race before these aforesaid thrice-honoured Champions had purchased so many Right Worthy Victories: and being now wearied with Age, Death with his gloomy countenance began to challenge an end of all their Worldly Atchievements, and to draw their noble Names to a full perfection; therefore preparing a black Stage (for honour) to act his last scence out, thus it followed.

The Valiant Champion Saint Patrick fæling himself weakned with Time and Age, not able any longer to endure the bruises of Princely Atchievements, became an Hermit, and wandring up and down the World in poor Habiliments; he came at last to the Countrey of his Birth, which is now called Ireland, but in former times Hibernia, where instead of Martial Atchievements, he offered up (in the Name of his Redæmer) devout Orisons, dayly making petitions to the Deity of Glory, in behalf of his desired peace: a life more delightful to his aged heart, than all his former accomplishments. And now willing to bid farewel to the World, he desired a recloſure to be made, and to be pent up in a stony Wall from the sight of all Earthly objects. To which request of this Holy Father (now no souldier but a man of peace) the Inhabitants wholly condescended, and builded him a four-square

House of stone, without either Window or Dore, only a little hole to receive his food in, wherein they closed him up, never to be seen more alive by the eyes of mortal men. Also appointing divers of the Country to bring him at convenient times food to maintain nature, which they delivered in at the aforesaid hole, which they thought to be a deed of more than common charity, and he (the receiver) to be an honour to their Country, by the severe and strict course of life he put himself to. Thus lived he the servant of his God day and night kneeling on the bare ground, till thrice the Winters could had tane departure, and as oft the Summers warmth had cheared up the cold Earth, making his knees hard with kneeling, and his eyes dim with Lamentations for his former offences. In which time the Hairs of his Head were all over-grown and deformed, and the Nayls of his Fingers (as it were seemed) like the Talons and Claws of an old Raven, with the which by little and little he digged his own Grave, prepared against the hour of his death to be buried in: the which by process of time came thus to effect as followeth.

When he had wasted (as I said before) thrice twelve Months in Devine Contemplations, by Inspiration (as it seemed) he layd him down in the Grave that his own Nayls had digged: and feeling his body weak and feeble, ready to deliver up the eyre of Life, he began to speak as followeth.

World (quoth he) thou hast been long my kind friend, and hast graced my Name with many Titles of Honour, and making me Famous in thy large circumference: thou hast given me Victories over all mine Enemies, and weakened the boldness of all my withstanders, that my Life and Name might be charactred amongst the rest of our Christian Champions, for which I have thought my predestinated to a lasting happiness, in that the Tittle of my Fortunes challenge so long a memory. World (I say) fare thou well my life lingreth now to her last minute, which as willingly I here deliver up, as ever I brandisht Weapen against powerful Pagan. I need no Pompil Train of Princes to attend my Funeral, nor solemn Chimes of Bels to Ring me to my Grave, nor Troops of Mourners

Mourners in Sable Garments, to furnish out my Obsequy: my self here buries up my self, and all offices of Lamentations belonging to so bad a business is my own hand labour. Earth, I imbrace thee: thou gentle Mould my Bodies covering, with humility I kiss thee: no difference is between thy cold nature and my Lifes warm substance, we are both one, Emperours are but Earth, so am I. Thou Earth, gently do I yeeld my self unto thy mouldy bosom. I come, I come, sweet comforter, into thy hands I commend my Spirit. These and such like, were the last words that ever this good Champion delivered, so yeelding to death, the Earth of it self as it were buried up his Body, in the Grave which his own hands had digged.

Thus being changed from a lively substance to a dead Picture, his Attenders, as their usual custom was, came with Food to relieve him, and calling at the hole where he had wont to receive it, they heard nothing but empty eyre blowing in and out, which made them conjecture presently that death had prevailed, and the fatal Sisters finished up their labours: so calling together more company, they made an entrance there into, and finding what had hapned, how he had buried his own self, they reported it for a wonder up and down the Country being an accident of much strangeness: for before that time the like never chanced.

Whereupon, by a common consent of the whole Kingdom, they pulled down the aforesaid House or Tower, and in the same place, builded in process of time a most sumptuous Chappel, calling it Saint Patricks Chappel, and in the place where this Holy Father had buried himself, they likewise erected a Monument of much richness, framed upon Pillars of pure Gold, beautified with many artificial sights, most pleasant to behold: whereunto for many years after resorted distressed people, such as were commonly molested with loathsome Diseases, where making their Orisons at Saint Patricks Tomb, they found help, and were restored to their former healths. By which means the name of Saint Patrick is grown so Famous through the World, that to this day he is entituled one of our Christian Champions and the

Saint

Saint for Ireland, where in remembrance of him, and of his honourable atchievements done in his life time, the Irish-men as well in England as in that Countrey, do as yet in honour of his name kéep one day in the year Festival, holding upon the same a great solemnity, wearing upon their hats each of them a Crosse of red silk, in token of his many Adventures, under the Christian Crosse, as you have heard in the former History at large discoursed. Whose noble déeds both in life and death we will leave sléeping with him in his Grave, and speak of our next renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had allotted to Saint David, the Champion for Wales, at that time entituled Cambera-Brittannia.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the honourable Victory wone by Saint *David* in *Wales*: of his death, and cause why Leeks are by custom, of *Welchmen*, worn on Saint *Davids* day: with other things that hapned.

SOme certain Monthes after the departure of Saint Patrick from the City of Constantinople, from the other Champions, as you heard before in the last Chapter, Saint David having a heart still fired with Fame, thirsted even to his dying day for honourable Atchivements, and although age and time had almost wearied him away, yet would he once more make his adventure in the Field of Mars, and seal up his honours in the records of Fame with a Noble farewel.

So upon a morning framing himself for a Knightly Enterprize, he took his leave of the other Champions, and all alone well mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnished with sufficient Habiliments, for so brave an enterprize, he began a Journey home towards his own Countrey, accounting that his best joy, and the soyl of his most comfort.

But long had he not travelled, ere he heard of the distresses thereof: how Wales was beset with a people of a Savage nature, thirsting for blood, and the ruine of that brave Kingdom: and how that many Battels had bèn fought to the disparagement of Christian Knight-hood. Whereupon among himself with true resolution, he went forward with a courageous mind, either to redèm the same, or to lose his best blood in the honour of the adventure.

Whereupon all the way as he travelled, he drew into his ayd and assistance, all the best Knights he could find, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them promises of noble rewards, and such entertainment as befitted so worthy a fellowship. By this means before he came upon the Borders of Wales, he had

had gathered together the number of five hundred Knights, of such noble resolutions, that all Christendom could not afford better, the seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battel, entred the Countrey, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gallant Houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruinated, Fields of Corn consumed with Fire: yea, every thing so out of order, as if the Country had never been inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved mind the see the Region of his Birth place so confounded, and nothing but uprores of murder and death sounding in his ears, he summoned his Knights together, placing them in Battel Array, to travel high up into the Countrey, for the performance of his desired hopes. But as they marched along with an easie pace to prevent dangers, there resorted to them people of all Ages, both young and old, bitterly complaining of the wrongs thus done unto their Countrey. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of Wales, whom so long they had desired to see, their joys so exceeded, that all former woes were abolished, and they emboldned to nothing but revenge. The rest of the Knights that came with St. David, perceiving their forces and numbers to encrease, purposed a present onset, and to shew themselves before their Enemies, which lay incamped amongst the Mountains, with such strength and policy, that hard it was to make an Assaylment.

Whereupon the noble Champion, being then their General and leader, called his Captains together, and with a bold courage said as followeth:

Now is the time, brave Martialists, or never, to be Canonized the Sons of Fame: this is the day of dignity or dishonour, an Enterprize to make us ever live, or to the end our names in obscurity: let not chill fear, the Cowards companion, pull us back from the golden Throne where the Adventurous Souldier sits in glory deservedly: we are to trample in a Field of death and dead mens bones, and to buckle with an Enemy of great strength, a Pagans power that seeks to over-run all Christian Kingdoms, and to wash our *Cambrian* Fields with innocent blood. To Arms, I say, brave Followers, I will be the first to give death the onset, and for my Colours

or

or Ensign do I wear upon my Burgonet (you see) a green Leek beset with Gold, which shall (if we win the Victory) hereafter be an honour unto *Wales*, and on this day, being the first of *March*, be for ever worn by the *Welsh-men* in remembrance hereof: which words were no sooner spoken by the Champion, but all the Royal Army of every degree and calling got themselves the like Recognizance, which was each of them a green Leek upon their Hats or Beavers, which they wore all the time of the Battel, and by that means the Champions Followers were known from the others. This was not long a doing before Saint David and his Companies beheld descending from the Mountains, an Army of Pagans, as it seemed numberless, People of such mighty statures, whose sights might even have daunted their noble resolutions, had not the brave Champion still animated them forward with Princely encouragements. Time stayed not long ere the Battels joyned, and the Pagans with their Iron Clubs and Bats of Steel, so layd about them, that had not our Christian Army been preserved by miracle, such a slaughter had been made of the Champion and the Knights, that well might have caused the whole World to wonder at.

But the Queen of Chance so favoured Saint David and his Followers, that what with their nimble Lances, keen Darts, and Arrows shot from their quick Bows, and Welsh Hooks in great abundance, the Sun also lying in the Pagans Faces, to their great disadvantage, that in short time the Noble Champion won a worthy Victory. The ground lay all covered with mangled Carkasses, the Grassy Fields changed from green into red colour, with the mingled blood that ran from Horse and Man thus murthered. A noble Policy was it for all our Christians in that Battel to wear green Leeks in their Burgonets for their Colours, by which they were all known and preserved from the slaughter of one anothers Swords, only Saint David himself excepted, who being Victor, in the highest pride of his glory was last vanquished. Oh unhappy fate, to cut off his honour that was the only Darling of honour! Help me Melpomene to bewayl his losse, that having won all, lost his

deare life, a life that the whole world might well have misse of. Oh fatal chance! for coming from the Battel, over heated in blood, a sudden cold congealed in all his lifes members, that without recovery he was forced to yæld unto death to the great grief of all Knights and Followers, who for the space of forty days mourned for him in great heavines, and after attended him unto his Grave with much sorrow.

Which being done, in the honour of his Name they ordained a custom, that the day of his Victory should be Canonized, and called in all after Ages Saint Davids day, being holden still upon the first of March, and in remembrance thereof, upon the same day should likewise be worn by all Well-willers to the same Countrey, certain græn Læks in their Hats, or on their bosoms, in true honour of this noble Martialist, which is still a prayse worthy Custom in these our Northern Climates, which time beloved Souldier, we will now leave slæping in his Tomb in peace, and go forward in our other intended Tragical discourses.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

How Saint *Denis* was beheaded in his own Countrey, and how by a Miracle shewed at his death, the whole Kingdom of *France* received the Christian Faith.

SAint Denis being the third in this our Pelgrimage of death, was likewise desirous of the sight of his own Countrey, which he had not seen in many years, and purposing a toylsome Travel to the same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether willing to leave so noble a Champion: yet considering the desire of his mind, they quickly condescended, wishing him the best well-fare of Knight-hood: and so parting, they to their Princely Pavillions, and he to his restlesse Journey, as well mounted, and as richly furnished with habiliments of Knight-hood, as any Martialist in all Arabia, in which Countrey he was then: but leaving that place, and to satisfie his desires, he travelled day by day toward the Kingdom of France, without any adventure worth reporting, till he arrived upon the borders of that fair Countrey that he had so long wished to behold. But now see how Fate frowned: the welcome he expected was suddenly converted into a deadly hatred; for there was remaining in the French Kings favour a Knight of Saint Michaels Order who in former times hearing of the honourable Adventures of this noble Champion Saint Denis, and thinking this same to be a disparagement to his Knight-hood and the rest of that Order, conspired to betray him, and to bring all his former Honours with his life to a final overthrow.

Whereupon, this envious Knight of Saint Michaels, goes unto the King (being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no true knowledge of the Deity) and said, that there was come into his Kingdom a strange Knight, a false Believer, one that in time

would draw the love of his Subjects from him, to the worship of a strange God: and that in despight of him and his Countrey, he would establish a falsified opinion: and that he wore upon his breast the Christians Crosse, with many other things contrary to the Laws of his Kingdom.

Upon these afore-said false informations, the King grew so enraged, that without any more consideration, he caused the good Knight Saint Denis, to be attached in his Bed-chamber, otherwise a score of the best Knights in all France had not been sufficient to bring him Prisoner to the Kings presence: before whom being no sooner come, but with more than humane fury, without cause he adjudged him speedy death, and by Martial Law (without any further Tryal) to receive the same.

The good Champion Saint Denis, even in death having a most noble resolution, nothing at all dismayed, and knowing his cause to be good, and that he should suffer for the Name of his sweet Redæmer, he most willingly excepted of the same judgement, saying: Most mighty, but yet cruel King, think not but this thy exceeding Tyranny will be requited in a strange manner: thy censure I take with much joy, in that I die for him whose Colours I have worn from mine Infancy, and this my death seals up the obligation of all my comforts. And thou sweet Countrey where I first took life, receive it again as a Legacy due unto thee: for this my blood which here I offer up into thy bosom, is the best gift I can bestow upon thee. Farewel Knight-Hood, farewel honourable adventures and Princely Atchievements. Never may this dantlesse arm brandish Weapon more in the honour of the Christian Cross: for death awaiteth at my back to cut off all such noble hopes, and I by Tyranny am betrayed thereunto.

These speeches being uttered, he was forced to stand silent, and in the presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yeeld his body to the fatal stroak, where his head being layd upon the Block, was by a base Executioner quickly dissevered from the rest of his manly members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion lifeless, but the Elements, beset with cloudy exhalations, sent down such a ter-

a terrible Thunder-clab, that ſtruck preſently dead the Knight of Saint Michael that accuſed him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attachment; at which ſtrange and fearfull ſpectacle the King himſelf grew ſo amazed, that he deemed him to be a bleſſed Creature, and that he had ſuffered wrongfully, and how his cauſe for which he ſo willingly rendred up his life, was the true cauſe, which all muſt have a deſire to die in. Wherefore in continent from a Pagan, the King turned Chriſtian, and cauſed the ſame to be Proclamed through all his Provinces, ordaining Churches to be built in remembrance of this great man. And likewiſe in the place where he ſuffered, he cauſed with all ſpæd to be built an Hermitage of relief, for poor Pilgrims to find ſuccour in, and ſuch as travelled in the honour of that God, in whoſe name this good Champion dyed. Thus received France the true Faith, in which we leave it flouriſhing, and ſpeak of St. James the Spaniſh Champion, and how he dyed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Of the Tyrannous death that the *Spanish* Champion was put unto: and how God revenged the same in a strange manner: and of other things that hapned.

HEre gentle Reader, with a sad eye, prepare to give entertainment to the dolourous manner of the Spanish Champions death, who by tyranny and cruel dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For age and time, as upon the former grew upon him, and so enfeebled his strength, that he was no longer able to menage the Adventures of Chivalry, nor fight the Battels of his Saviour: Wherefore resolving to spend the remnant of his days in peace, he desired leave likewise to commit his fortunes to the Queen of Chance: which as the other did, he quickly obtained, and so leaving Constantinople, he put himself to travel toward the Countrey of his first being, not decked in his shining Armour, nor mounted on his Spanish Gennet: but poor and bare in outward habit, though inwardly furnished with gold and Jewels of an inestimable value, which he had sowed up in the patches of a russet Garberdin, the better to travel with: where instead of a bright shining Curtle-Axe, his Pilgrims staff served him to walk with, and for his Burgonet of glistring steel, he covered his head (now as white as Thistle down with age) with a Hat of gray colour, broached with a broad Scallop-shell, his Princely lodgings were changed to green pastures, and his Canopies to the Skies azured covering, where the Nightingale and Lark told the times passage. These were now his best contents and comforts, that time and age bestowed upon.

In which manner travelling many day and night, giving still as he went the poor and needy, such small pieces of silver as he well could spare; he arrived at last upon the Confines of Spain: wherein honour of that God, for whom he had fought so many Battels, he builded up at his own charge a most sumptuous Chappel, to this day bearing the name of Saint Jacques Chappel:

Chappel: and for the maintenance thereof purchased divers Lands adjoyning: with Quiristers to sing day and night therein Allelujah to his Redæmer.

This Celestial gift and glorious custom so prepared, begot such lode of the meaner sort of People, that they estœmed him more than a man, with a reverence of such regard bestowed upon him, that the very name of this noble Champion won greater admirations than the high Tilts of their Countrys King, who being then a cruel tyrant, and a proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government, grew so envious thereat, that he caused good St. Jacques, with the whole Quire of his Celestial Singers, to be closed up together in the Chappel which the Champion had erected, and so starved them to death. Oh bloody butchery, and inhumane cruelty! a death of more terrour than ever was heard of. Nero in ripping up his Mothers Womb to sée the Bed of his Creation, was not half so cruel. But to be short, hunger prevailed, and they dead, their bodies putrified and in time consumed away to dust and mould, whereupon the Lord to shew how they died in his favour, and the love of Heaven, inflicted such a light in the Chappel, that it shined day and night with such a glorious brightness, as if it had bèen the glorious Palace of the Sun: and likewise continually was heard therein (though no creature remaining) such a quire of melodious Harmony, as if it had bèen the sound of Celestial Musick. Which strange pleasures both to the eyes and ear, bred so great an amazement to the whole Countrey, that all with a common consent, accused their King for the tyrannous putting to death of these good men so cruelly murdered: but especially the noble St. Jacques, that they purposed to hold him for their Countreys Saint and Champion till the Worlds dissolution. The proud King perceiving now his own rashness, and his Commons hate against him for this dèed doing, took such an inward conceit of grief, that without taking any food ever after, he languished away and died: Thus have you heard the Tragedy of the Spanish Champion, whom we likewise commit to the swèet sleeps of Eternity, and pass on further to more deathful Accidents.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the Honourable and worthy death of the *Italian* Champion, how in the heigth of pleasure in his own Countrey, death by a Propheſie seized upon him.

After all theſe aforesaid proceedings. Nature the common nurse of us all, so wrought in the heart of Saint Anthony the Champion for Italy, that he undertook the next Tragical Entrepryze, and leaving Saint George with Saint Andrew, resting their crazed bones in the Emperours Court of Conſtantinople, where they lately atchieved so many praiſes of Knighthood, he took his journey towards Italy, and knowing by the course of nature, that his days were not many, he purposed there to set up his lives rest, and in death to finish up all Earthly troubles. So coming after long Journey to the City of Rome, where the Emperour Domition kept his Court, and the City being then in her chiefeſt pomp and glory, won great deſire in the Champions mind to see the Monuments of the same.

So upon a morning going from his Lodging, he walked up and down the streets with great admiration, and fed his eyes with many delightful objects. First, with great wonder he stood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the honour of all their famous Emperors, Conſuls, Orators, and Conquerors, things which yelded him great pleasure. The next thing that his eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve Sybels, a most miraculous building: in which Temple were all their Prophesies inrouled, as also the beginning and ending of the whole Catalogue of the Heathen Gods, as Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo. and such like, with their manner of worship. The next that he saw was the house of Remus and Romulus that builded Rome, a building of much worthiness. Next unto it stood an ancient Prison (an old rotten thing) where the

man

man lay that was condemned to death, and could have no body come to him and succour him, but was search't, yet was kept alive a long space by sucking of his daughters breasts. After this he saw Pompeys Theater, reputing one of the nine wonders of the World: the Emperor Nero's Tomb maintained with disgrace, for the offence he did in setting Rome on fire. To conclude, he spent many days in viewing the Martyrs Tombs and other Reliques brought from Jerusalem, amongst many other delightful sights, he came into a Chappel dedicated unto himself, called The Honour of St. Anthony: wherein was portrayed in Alablaster Pictures, the true forms of all the Champions of Christendom, with the stories of all their Adventures, Combats, Turnaments, and Battels, their Imprisonments, Dangers, and Enchantments, all Portrayed and Pictured up by Enchantments and Witchcraft, whereupon ran a Prophesie, that the Patron of this Chappel should ever live unconquered, and never embrace death, till his eyes were witnesses of the same Portraytures; which in golden Letters were subscribed over the Chappel door or entrance. All which when St. Anthony had beheld, and knowing by Inspiration himself to be the man, with a meek mind embraced his own end, and never after departed the Chappel, but remained kneeling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Orisons of repentance to the eternal Deity, till pale Destiny had cut off the threds of his old days.

And thus being converted to mouldy Earth, the Emperor caused him to be Intombed in the same Chappel: and over his Grave to be set a magnificent Chair, in which Chair for many years after, the Roman Conquerors receives their Laurel rewards of Martial Victory, under whose Banner and Name, even to this day they make their Adventures: so with high Honour and Fame, both lived and dyed this prayse worthy Champion St. Anthony of Italy.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the Martyrdom of St. *Andrew* the Scottish Champion, and how his death was revenged by the King of that Countrey, and by what means *Scotland* was brought unto the Christian Faith.

SAint George and St. Andrew were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as it seemed, the dearest love remained betwæn them two: but yet ruthy Time, with his swift course would nœds part them, and break this their united fellowship. For the summons of honour so animated the bould heart of the Scottish Champion, that he burned with desire to sæ his native Countrey, and to behold the place of his first being. For leaving Constantinople, only honoured with the presence of St. George and his thræ Sons, in great jollity of mind he travelleth moneth by moneth, wæk by wæk, day by day, till Time and Fate set him happly in the Kingdom of Scotland: where having not bæn in many years before, he received such entertainment as if he had bæn the greatest Emperor of the world: for all the stræts and passages as he went, were furnished with people of the best regard, to give a gracious wellcome to his native home: especially the King himself, who for the love and honour he bore unto his Name and Knight-hood, lodged him in his own Pallace, and Proclamed for his Noble welcom, a Princely Turnament to be holden for the space of fiftæn days: in which time all the Nobility and Martial Knights of Scotland performed such well approved Atchievements, that not Greece, Constantinople, Rome, nor Jerusalem could equal them in the least regard: but Saint Andrew being now grown aged, and unapt for such Princely Encounters, sat as a beholder, censuring of the best deserver, and gave such due commendations as befitted so gallant a company: and for a farewel of such time honoured Pastimes, he desired leave of the King to depart, and to spend the remnant of his life in private contemplations, for the good of his Soul, and to wash away with the water of true repentence, all the blood he had spilt in his

Travel

Travel about the World, in the maintenance of Knight-hood: a request so reasonable, that the King could not refuse but give his consent. So taking leave of his Majesty, and the rest of the Nobility and Knights there present, he departed up to a Mountain far remote from the Kings Court, under which by nature was erected a Cave or hollow Vault, wherein he remained therein for the space of a year studying Divinity, and the commands of his Redeemer, Scotland being then a rude and heathenish Countrey, where the common sort of people inhabited, by which means he was much admired, and suppose to be sent from some place unknown, as a Messenger to bring them evil tidings. Whereupon those misbelieving people by a common consent (taking him for some subtile conspirer against their Pagan Gods, which as then they Worshipped) put him secretly to death, and after cutting off his Head in hope of reward, bore it to the King, deeming they had done a deed of much deserved commendations. Which inhumane cruelty when the King saw, with much grief he lamented the loss of this good man, and with all speed in revenge of his death, raysed a power of his best resolved Knights of War, putting every one to the Sword, both man, woman, and child, that in any manner consented to the Champions Martyrdom: and after in processe of time, appointed a Monastery to be built in the same place where he died, causing the whole Kingdom to be brought in subjection to a quiet Government, and Christened in the right belief of this Holy Father. This was the last deed of Saint Andrew, by whose death Scotland received the true Faith, in which it now remaineth.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the Adventure performed by Saint *George*: how he received his death by the sting of a venemous Dragon: and of the Honours and Royalties done unto his Name, being Entituled our English Patron of Knight-hood.

NOw droops my weary Muse, for she is come unto her latest Tragedy; Saint George is summoned to the Bar of Death, where magnificent honour stands ready to give his Name a Noble Renown to all ensuing ages.

This illustrous Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the company of his three Sons Guy, Alexander, and David, strange imaginations day by day posessed his mind, that he could not rest nor sleep: sometimes supposing his companions were in great distresse: other while how they had won the chiefest goale of Honour, little needing his Knightly service and assistance: sometimes one thing, sometimes another so molested him, that he must needs make his adventure to follow them. Whereupon calling his three Sons together, he went to the Grecian Emperour and requested that they might all four depart with his leave and liking, for Knightly Adventures had challenged them all to appear in some forraign Region were noble Atchievements were to be performed; but where and in what Countrey his Destiny had not yet revealed to him. So furnishing them all four in habiliments of shining Steel, they left Constantinople, as it were guided by Fate, untill they came into England; then called Brittain, whose chalky Cliffs Saint George had not seen in twice twelve years, and now coming with a sweet embracement of his native Countrey, he gave his three Sons thereinto a most joyfull welcom, shewing them (to their great comfort) the brave

Situation

Situation of the Towns and Cities, and the pleasant prospects of the Fields as they passed, until they came within the sight of the City Coventry, where he was born, and received his first being: upon whose glistring Pinnacles no sooner casting his eye sight, but the Inhabitants interrupted his pleasurable Delights with a dolful Report, how upon Dunsmore-Heath, as then, remained an Infectious Dragon, that so annoyed the Countrey, that the Inhabitants there abouts could not passe the Heath without great danger: and how that fifteen Knights of the Kingdom had already lost their lives in adventuring to suppresse the same. Also giving him to understand of a Prophesie, That a Christian Knight never born of a Woman, should be the destroyer thereof, and his Name in after Ages for accomplishing the Adventure, should be holden for an eternal Honour to the Kingdom. Saint George no sooner hearing thereof, and what wrongs, his native Countrey received by this infectious Dragon, and knowing himself to be the Knight, grew so encouraged, that he purposed presently to put the adventure in tryal, and either to free his Countrey from so great danger, or to finish his days in the attempt; so taking leave of his Sons and the rest there present, he rode forward with as noble a spirit, as he did in Egypt, when he there combated with the burning Dragon. So coming to the middle of the Plain, where his infectious enemy lay couching the ground, in a deep Cave, who by a strange instinct of nature knowing his death to draw near, made such a yeling noyse, as if the Element had burst with Thunder, or the Earth had shook with a terrible Exhalation, so coming from his Den, and spying the Champion, he ran with such fury against him, as if he would have devoured both Man and Horse in a moment, but the Champion being quick and nimble, gave the Dragon such way, that he mist him, and with his sting ran full two foot into the Earth, but recovering, he turned again with such rage upon Saint George, that he had almost born his Horse over and over, but that the Dragon having no stay of his strength, fell with his back downward upon the ground, and

his

his feet upward, whereat the Champion taking advantage, kept him still down with his Horse standing upon him fighting as you see in the Picture of Saint George, with his Lance goring him thorow in divers parts of the body; and withall contrariwise the Dragons sting annoyed the good Knight in such sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slain and weltred in his Venemous Gore, but Saint Geroge likewise took his deaths wound by the deep throaks of the Dragons sting, which he received in divers parts of his Body, and bled in such abundance, that his strength began to enfeeble, and grow weak; yet retaining the true nobleness of mind, valiantly returned Victor to the City of Coventry, where his three Sons with the whole Inhabitants stood without the Gates in great Royalty to receive him, and to give him the Honour that belonged to so worthy a Conqueror, who no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dragons Head which so long had annoyed the Countrey, but what with the abundance of blood that issued from his deep wounds, and the long bleeding without stopping the same, he was forced in his Sons Arms to yeeld up his breath, for whom his three Princely Sons long lamented, making the greatest moan that ever was made in any Kingdom, and again they were so seconded with the grief of the whole Countrey, that all the Land from the King to the Shepheard, mourned for him for the space of a Monthy: which heavy time being ended, the King of this Countrey being a Vertuous and Noble Prince, advanced St. George's three Sons to Noble Offices: First, the eldest of them named Guy, to be Earle of Warwick, and high Chamberlain of his Houshold. The next named Alexander, according to his name, to be Captain General of his Knights of Chivalry. And the youngest named David, to be his Cup-bearer: and Controlar of all his Revels and Delights. And likewise in remembrance of their Noble Father the Christian Champion, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemn Procession about the Kings Court, by all the Princes and chief Nobility of the Countrey, upon the 23. day of April, naming it St. George's Day, upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the

City

City where he was born, and caused a stately Monument to be erected in Honour of him, though now by the ruines of Time defaced and abolished. He likewise decreed by the consent of the whole Kingdom, that the Patron of the Land should be named Saint George, our Christian Champion, in that he had fought so many Battels in the Honour of Christendom. All which we see (with many more Honours) to this day here maintained in remembrance of this good Knight, who (no doubt) resteth in eternal peace, with the other renowned Champions of Christendom: so God grant we may do all. Amen.

Elizabeth Inglis

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Allen u/c

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